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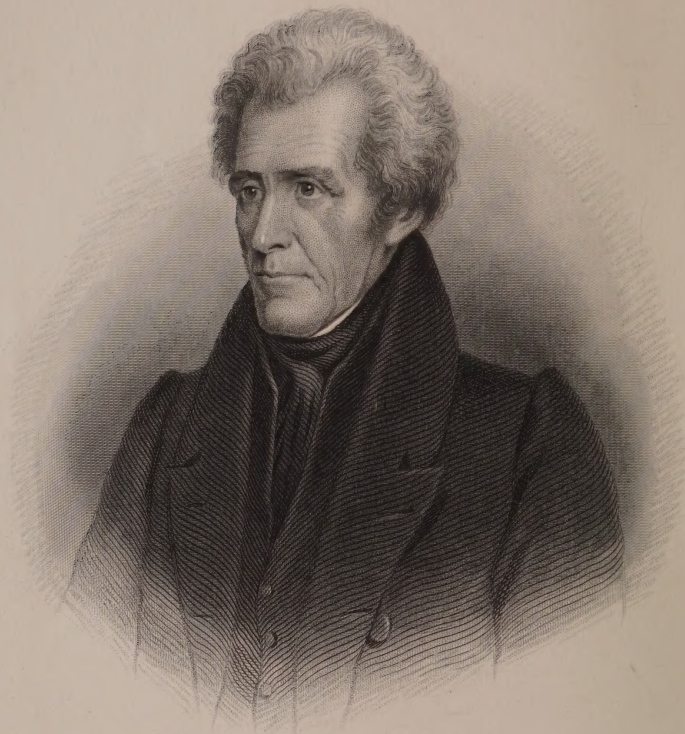

Andrew Jackson

LIFE

OF

ANDREW JACKSON.

BY

JAMES PARTON,

AUTHOR OF "LIFE AND TIMES OF AARON BURR," "LIFE AND TIMES OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN," ETC.

"Desperate Courage makes One a Majority."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

RIVERSIDE 1884

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TO

NORTH CAROLINA AND TENNESSEE,

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

ONE GAVE JACKSON BIRTH,

THE OTHER OPPORTUNITY.

PREFACE.

"Oh, hang General Jackson!" exclaimed Fanny Kemble one day, after dinner, in the cabin of the ship that brought her to the United States, in the summer of 1832; so wearied was the vivacious lady with the din of politics, and the incessant repetition of the name associated with all the topics of that stormy period. And what a scene was that, when the Old Man, victorious over Nullification, and about to deal his finishing blow at the Bank, visited New York, and was borne along Broadway on one roaring wave of upturned faces and flashing eyes; when it seemed, said a spectator, as if he had but to speak the word, and they would have proclaimed him on the spot a king!

To this hour, the fame of General Jackson is a capital item in the capital stock of a political party. It is one of our standing jokes, founded on fact, that in some of the remote rural districts, the ancient inhabitants still go to the polls under the impression that they are voting for old General Jackson. How many of the last eight Presidents would ever have taken up their residence in the White House, if they had not been helped towards it through him? Not one!

Of this man, who made such a stir in the world, who rendered to his country services which it will never cease to value, whose name is still a power among us, there has not yet appeared a biography which is both complete and credible. There is none which its own author thinks, or would claim, to be adequate to the subject. Hence these volumes, which attempt to supply the deficiency.

The value of a work of this kind depends, of course, wholly upon its credibility; and this is particularly the case with one which, besides containing much that is new, contains also much that is unexpected. A brief account of the author's labors will, perhaps, be the best way of enabling the reader to judge how far he may 'abandon himself' to the narrative before him.

To collect and examine all that has been previously written on his subject, is obviously the first duty of every author. After a few months' search among the libraries, bookstores, and bookstalls, there had risen round me those mountains of lies and trash (with some gems of truth and good sense shining from the midst thereof,) which are described in other preliminary pages of this volume. The greater part of these publications are what we term "Campaign literature," a peculiar product of the United States; less discreditable to us, perhaps, than the aids to an enlightened use of the franchise employed elsewhere—beer, bribes, ribbons, the honeyed talk of ladies, and such rougher arguments as unclean missives and broken heads. Nevertheless, campaign literature is dreadful stuff, particularly when it is cold. It can not be trusted at all. These cam-

paign Lives of General Jackson, for example, either pervert or suppress every act and trait of his, the frank statement of which could produce an unfavorable effect upon the mind of a single voter. Eaton's work, from which the rest are chiefly derived, does not mention the name of Aaron Burr, says nothing of the Benton affray, nor the Dickinson duel. Yet Eaton was one of the most honest of all the Jacksonian writers; for it was better to pass over these most influential affairs in silence, than to relate them with purposed falsehood.

For many months I was immersed in this unique, bewildering collection, reading endless newspapers, pamphlets, books, without arriving at any conclusion whatever. If any one, at the end of a year even, had asked what I had yet discovered respecting General Jackson, I might have answered thus: "Andrew Jackson, I am given to understand, was a patriot and a traitor. He was one of the greatest of generals, and wholly ignorant of the art of war. A writer brilliant, elegant, eloquent, without being able to compose a correct sentence, or spell words of four syllables. The first of statesmen, he never devised, he never framed a measure. He was the most candid of men, and was capable of the profoundest dissimulation. A most law-defying, law-obeying citizen. A stickler for discipline, he never hesitated to disobey his superior. A democratic autocrat. An urbane savage. An atrocious saint." So difficult is it to attain information respecting a man whom two thirds of his fellow-citizens deified, and the other

third vilified, for the space of twelve years or more.

In this condition of doubt, I set out on a tour of the southern and south-western States, in search of knowledge. At Washington I conversed with politicians of the last generation, who have now no longer an interest in concealing the truth. I visited North Carolina, where General Jackson was born, and where he studied law and was admitted to the bar ; South Carolina, where he grew from infancy into manhood ; Tennessee, where he lived so long and so happily ; Alabama, the scene of his early exploits ; and other States, a third of the Union in all ; receiving in each the recollections of men and women, bond and free, who knew him well, knew him at all periods of his life, lived near him, and with him, served him and were served by him. One woman still lingers in extreme old age, who thinks she remembers him an infant in his mother's arms. With her I conversed ; as also with the gentleman who caught the hero's head when it fell forward in death. I listened, also, to many who were always opposed to the man, and still like him not. Manuscript letters of the General's in great numbers were freely given me to copy, and other manuscripts only less valuable than these. Old files of Tennessee newspapers came to light, that were full of Jackson and his early wild career. It seemed sometimes in Nashville as if the city had formed itself into a Committee of the Whole, for the purpose of overwhelming the stranger with papers, reminiscences, and hospitality.

And thus it was that contradictions were reconciled, that mysteries were revealed, and that the truth was made apparent.

It would be a pleasure to record here the names of all those to whom the readers of these volumes are indebted for whatever renders them of any value. But the list could not be complete. Ladies object to the parade of their names in print. Some gentlemen think, with the Duke of Wellington, that the truth is something dangerous to tell, and may involve in harm even those who are remotely connected with the telling of it. "I should like much to tell the truth," said the Duke, when meditating the writing of his own memoirs, "but if I did, I should be torn in pieces." I believe his Grace underrated the quality of his own countrymen; as those Americans do theirs, who think that what the people of the United States want is the dull, respectable, half-truth, instead of the TRUTH. Some do, perhaps. The majority want the Life of General Jackson written, as he himself, in one of the last sentences he ever penned, said *he* wished it written—with simple fidelity.

Some years ago, a young English clergyman, fresh from the ecclesiastical dainties of Oxford, was appointed to one of the most rural of parishes, in a county that had as yet only heard of Dr. Pusey. The parish church was a picture. A fine, solid, old structure of the middle ages; with its ancient belfry, and climbing ivy, and cawing rooks, and niche for holy water, and venerable graveyard, and all the other antiquities most dear in the eyes of a clerical Oxonian of

that day. But the interior of the church was a sad disappointment, and to the young priest a perpetual sorrow. There were not wanting indications that it had been originally finished in a costly and superior manner. There were pillars, small and large; there was groining in the roof; there were tombs and monuments, and some dim remains of ancient carving. But the whole was covered with what appeared to be the dust of centuries, hardened into a dark and dismal crust.

How to restore the ancient edifice! How to make the interior correspond with the picturesque exterior!

The church-wardens, the parish-clerk, the sexton, all concurred in opinion on the subject; and that opinion was—WHITEWASH! With horror the fastidious pastor rejected the suggestion. But it led him to reflection, and reflection to inspection, and inspection to experiment, and experiment to discovery. The old church, he found, had been for centuries subject periodically to the sacrilege of whitewashing. The dismal crust with which the interior was covered was nothing more than the whitewash of ages. The proper way, then, to restore the edifice to its original character, was to remove with careful hand this odious accumulation from every part of the surface, and let out its character to the light.

It was a labor of years. With his own hands the zealous clergyman wrought. With his own revenues he kept the work in progress. At length, on an Easter morn, he saw his task complete, and the church was as fresh, and clean, and characteristic, as

when, six hundred years before, a Catholic bishop had chanted its consecration. What marvels were revealed! Marble pillars, tombs elaborately wrought and brilliantly colored, oaken carvings, and finely finished walls of yellow stone.

But yet the church was not a perfect church. The whitewash which had imprisoned many beauties, had concealed some flaws—some serious, nay, repulsive and shocking flaws. It was still an old church, a very old church, which the modern eye had to learn to allow for, and to like; and some there were in the parish who, after all, would have preferred the glare and monotonous perfection of a new and thick coat of whitewash. But the greater number saw with pleasure that now their old church, whatever its defects and faults, was honest, curious, interesting, real. Not a model to copy, but a specimen to study.

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS

CONTAINING INFORMATION RESPECTING ANDREW JACKSON, HIS TIMES AND CONTEMPORARIES.

The Life of Andrew Jackson, Major General in the service of the United States: comprising a history of the War in the South, from the commencement of the Creek Campaign to the termination of hostilities before New Orleans. By John Henry Eaton, Senator of the United States. Philadelphia, 1824. 8vo. 468 pp.

[Published originally about 1818. The basis of all the popular lives of Jackson; valuable for its full details of the Creek War. Not designedly false, but necessarily so, because written on the principle of omitting to mention every act and trait of its subject not calculated to win general approval. The author was a neighbor and friend of General Jackson, afterwards a member of his cabinet.]

Memoirs of General Andrew Jackson, together with the Letter of Mr. Secretary Adams, in vindication of the execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister, and the other public acts of General Jackson, in Florida. Bridgeton, N. J., 1824. 8vo. 40 pp.

[A pamphlet of the presidential campaign of 1824.]

The Life of Major General Andrew Jackson: comprising a history of the War in the South, from the commencement of the Creek Campaign to the termination of hostilities before New Orleans. Addenda: containing a brief history of the Seminole War and Cession and Government of Florida. By John Henry Eaton, Senator of the United States Congress. Philadelphia, 1828. 12mo. 335 pp.

[The original work of Major Eaton, with some additional pages, narrating such of the incidents of the Seminole War as the author thought proper.]

Civil and Military History of Andrew Jackson, late Major General in the Army of the United States, and Commander-in-Chief of the Southern Division. By an American Officer. New York, 1825. 12mo. 359.

[Contains a nearly complete set of General Jackson's military dispatches.]

A concise Narrative of General Jackson's First Invasion of Florida, and of his immortal Defense of New Orleans; with Remarks. Second edition, with Additions, by Aristides. New York, 1827. 12mo. 24 pp.

[A campaign pamphlet of the presidential election of 1828.]

Memoirs of Andrew Jackson, late Major-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Southern Division of the Army of the United States. Compiled by a Citizen of Massachusetts. Boston, 1828. 12mo. 270 pp.

[A reproduction of Eaton, with some errors of Eaton much exaggerated.]

A History of the Life and Public Services of Major General Andrew Jackson. Impartially compiled from the most authentic sources. 1828. 8vo. 37 pp.

[An Adams' pamphlet of the presidential campaign of 1828. An ingenious perversion.]

An Impartial and True History of the Life and Services of Major General Andrew Jackson. 1828. 12mo. 32 pp.

[Adverse to General Jackson. Ingeniously and laboriously done.]

Reminiscences; or an Extract from the Catalogue of General Jackson's "Juvenile Indiscretions," between the ages of Twenty-three and Sixty. Nashville and New York, 1828. 8vo. 8 pp.

[A list of General Jackson's alleged quarrels, fights, affrays, and duels, numbered from one to fourteen.]

The Jackson Wreath, or National Souvenir; containing a Biographical Sketch of General Jackson until 1819. By Robert Walsh, Jr., Esq.; with a continuation until the present day, embracing a view of the recent political struggle. By Doctor James M'Henry. Philadelphia, 1829. 8vo. 88 pp.

[A sort of Jacksonian Gift-Book—a catch penny enterprise.]

Biography of Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, formerly Major General in the Army of the United States. By Philo A. Goodwin, Esq. Hartford, 1832. 12mo. 421 pp.

[A "Campaign" Life, done as well as a thing of the kind can be.]

Life of Andrew Jackson, President of the United States of America. By William Cobbett, M. P. for Oldham. New York, 1834. 18mo. 196 pp.

[Taken verbatim from Eaton; with the addition of a few pages of matter designed for political effect in England. This is the work, in the dedication of which to the people of Ireland, Mr. Cobbett styles General Jackson "the bravest and greatest man now living in this world, or that has ever lived in this world, as far as my knowledge extends."]

Life of Andrew Jackson, Private, Military, and Civil, with Illustrations. By Amos Kendall. New York, 1844. 8vo. To be completed in fifteen numbers.

[Of this work seven numbers appeared, bringing the life down nearly to the end of the Creek War. Discontinued on account of

the expansion of the telegraphic business with which the author became connected at an early day.]

A Sketch of the Life of General Andrew Jackson, and of the Battle of New Orleans, with an engraving of the Battle-ground, written for the Knickerbocker Magazine. New York, 1845. 8vo. 16 pp.

[Written on the occasion of General Jackson's death.]

Memoirs of General Andrew Jackson, Seventh President of the United States: containing a full account of his Indian campaigns and defense of New Orleans; and numerous anecdotes illustrative of his character; together with his Veto of the Bank Bill, Proclamation to the Nullifiers, Farewell Address, etc., etc. To which is added the Eulogy of Hon. George Bancroft, delivered at Washington, D. C. Compiled by a Citizen of Western New York. Auburn, 1845. 12mo.

[A brief outline, founded on Eaton.]

Monument to the memory of General Andrew Jackson: containing Twenty-five Eulogies and Sermons delivered on the occasion of his Death. To which is added an Appendix, containing General Jackson's Proclamation, his Farewell Address, and a certified copy of his Last Will. The whole preceded by a short sketch of his life. Compiled by B. M. Dusenbery. Philadelphia, 1846.

[A volume of indiscriminate eulogies, mostly by interested politicians, valueless, except as showing the popular idea of Jackson's life and character.]

Pictorial Life of Andrew Jackson. By John Frost, LL. D. Philadelphia, 1847. 8vo. 560 pp.

[Compiled chiefly from Eaton and other easily accessible sources. Highly eulogistic.]

Jackson and the Generals of the War of 1812. By John S. Jenkins, A. M. Philadelphia, 1854. 12mo. 407 pp.

[Short Lives of Jackson, Brown, Gaines, Harrison, Macomb, Pike, and Scott.]

Addresses on the Presentation of the Sword of General Andrew Jackson to the Congress of the United States, delivered in the Senate and House of Representatives February 26, 1855. Washington, 1855. 8vo. 40 pp.

[Contains Colonel Thomas H. Benton's narrative of the events that called General Jackson to the field. Also the correspondence accompanying the presentation of the Sword to the nation.]

Life and Public Services of General Andrew Jackson, Seventh President of the United States; including the most important of his State Papers. Edited by John S. Jenkins, A. M.; with the Eulogy delivered at Washington City, June 21st, 1845, by Hon. George Bancroft. New York, 1857. 12mo. 391 pp.

[A short, popular Life; repeats all the old errors; adds a few new incidents.]

Harpers' New Monthly Magazine for January, 1855. New York.

[Article I. is a glowing narrative (beautifully illustrated) of the life of General Jackson, by Mr. B. J. Lossing, author of the Field-Book of the Revolution.]

The History and Antiquities of the County of the Town of Carrickfergus, from the earliest records to the present time; also a Statistical Survey of said County. By Samuel M'Skimin. Belfast, 1829. 8vo. 405 pp.

[The history of a county in which the ancestors of General Jackson lived for many generations.]

New and Popular History of Ireland, from the beginning of the Christian Era to the present time. London, 1851. 3 vols. in 1. 12mo.

[Notices of Carrickfergus and its early sieges.]

The Irish Sketch-Book. William M. Thackeray. New York, 1847. 8vo.

[Narrative of a tour in Ireland. The most enlightening book of its class. Gives many particulars of the contrast between the North of Ireland and the other Irish provinces.]

Historical Sketches of North Carolina, from 1584 to 1851. Compiled from Original Records, Official Documents, and Traditional Statements; with Biographical Sketches of her distinguished Statesmen, Jurists, Lawyers, Soldiers, Divines, etc. By John H. Wheeler, late Treasurer of the State. Philadelphia, 1851. 8vo.

[No mention of young Jackson, nor of his family, but details some of the events in which he and his brothers took part.]

Interesting Revolutionary Incidents, and Sketches of Character, chiefly in the "Old North State." By the Rev. E. W. Caruthers, D. D. First and Second Series. Philadelphia, 1856. 12mo.

[Abounds in revolutionary anecdotes, illustrative of the fierce partisan warfare that raged in North Carolina during the latter years of the Revolution, in the midst of which the boy, Andrew Jackson, grew to manhood.]

The annals of Tennessee to the end of the Eighteenth Century; comprising its settlement, as The Watauga Association, from 1769 to 1777; a part of North Carolina, from 1777 to 1784; the State of Franklin, 1784 to 1788; a part of North Carolina, 1788 to 1790; the Territory of the United States, South of the Ohio, from 1790 to 1796; the State of Tennessee from 1796 to 1800. By J. G. M. Ramsey, A. M., M. D., etc., etc. Philadelphia, 1853. 8vo.

[Gives very full details of the early history of Tennessee. Not much of Jackson.]

History of Middle Tennessee; or Life and Times of General James Robertson. By A. W. Putnam, Esq., President of the Tennessee Historical Society. Nashville, 1859. 8vo. 668 pp.

[A very full account of the settlement of the Cumberland Valley. Contains curious information respecting General Jackson's early career in Tennessee, and of the courts at which he practiced. Frequently quoted in these pages.]

A Short Description of the State of Tennessee, lately called the Territory of the United States, South of the River Ohio. To

accompany a map of that country. Philadelphia, 1796. 18mo. 36 pp.

[Shows the progress of Tennessee to the year 1796.]

Journal of a Tour in the Unsettled Parts of North America, in 1796 and 1797. By the late Francis Baily, F. R. S., with a Memoir of the Author. London, 1854. 8vo. 415 pp.

[The author traversed the entire length of Tennessee, and visited Nashville in 1797, and describes what he saw.]

Sketches of History, Life, and Manners in the West. By James Hall. 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia, 1835.

[Gives some glimpses of pioneer life.]

Western Characters; or Types of Border Life in the Western States. By T. L. M'Connel. New York, 1853. 12mo. 378 pp.

[Eleven set essays on border life.]

Autobiography of Peter Cartwright, the Backwoods Preacher. Edited by W. P. Strickland. New York, 1856. 12mo 525 pp.

[Contains anecdotes of General Jackson, and of the early days in Tennessee. A series of astounding pictures of frontier barbarism.]

The Republican Court. By Rufus W. Griswold. 4to. New York, 1853.

[Society in Philadelphia, when Andrew Jackson was member of Congress in 1796 and 1797.]

History of the Discovery and Settlement of the Valley of the Mississippi by the three great European Powers, Spain, France and Great Britain, and the subsequent Occupation, Settlement and Extension of Civil Government by the United States until the year 1846. By John W. Monette, M. D. 2 vols. 8vo. New York, 1846.

[Contains account of the Burr panic, Creek War, New Orleans campaigns and first invasions of Florida. Fullest on the Burr panic.]

Sketches and Eccentricities of Colonel David Crockett, of West Tennessee. New York, 1847. 12mo. 209 pp.

[Crockett fought in some of the battles of the Creek War, and served in the early legislature of Tennessee.]

A Picture of a Republican Magistrate of the New School; being a full-length likeness of his Excellency, Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States. To which is added a short Criticism of the Characters and Pretensions of Mr. Madison, Mr. Clinton and Mr. Pinkney. By John Thierry Danvers, of Virginia. New York, 1808. 8vo. 96 pp.

[A spirited and severe review of Mr. Jefferson's administration, including a defense of Aaron Burr. Endeavors to show that Burr was ruined by Jefferson for political and personal reasons. A curious relic of an old controversy.]

Life of Thomas Jefferson. By Henry S. Randall, LL.D. 3 vols 8vo. New York, Derby & Jackson, 1858.

[Mr. Jefferson's opinion of General Jackson, and other matters.]

Life of Tecumseh and of his Brother, the Prophet, with a historical Sketch of the Shawnee Indians. By Benjamin Drake. Cincinnati, 1850. 12mo. 235 pp.

[Important, because but for the machinations of Tecumseh, Jackson would never have become a famous general. It was Tecumseh who gave Jackson his opportunity.]

History of the Discovery of America, of the Landing of our Forefathers at Plymouth, and of their most remarkable Engagements with the Indians in New England from their first Landing, in 1620, until the final Subjugation of the Natives in 1679. To which is annexed the Particulars of almost every important Engagement with the Savages at the Westward to the Present Day, including the Defeats of Generals Braddock, Harmer and St. Clair by the Indians at the Westward, the Creek and Seminole Wars, etc. By Henry Trumbull. Boston, 1831. 8vo. 256 pp.

[A most miscellaneous collection, which happens to contain some early accounts of events preceding the Creek War; among others, one of the first narratives of the massacre at Fort Mims, written near the scene.]

History of Alabama, and, incidentally, of Georgia and Mississippi from the earliest Period. By Arthur James Pickett, of Montgomery. 2 vols. 12mo. Charleston, 1851.

[Contains information respecting Tecumseh, a minute account of the massacre at Fort Mims, and important particulars of the Creek War. A valuable work.]

Georgia Scenes, Characters and Incidents, etc., in the first Half Century of the Republic. By a native Georgian. New York, 1858. 12mo. 214 pp.

[A series of graphic sketches of wild southern life. One of the most popular of books in the South.]

Wild Western Scenes. A Narrative of Adventures in the western Wilderness, wherein the Exploits of Daniel Boone, the great American Pioneer, are particularly described, etc. etc. By J. B. Jones. Philadelphia, 1858. 12mo. 263 pp.

[A novel.]

The Life of Major General William H. Harrison, Ninth President of the United States. by H. Montgomery. Cleveland, Ohio, 1852. 12mo. 465 pp.

[Some information respecting Tecumseh. Account of General Harrison's resigning his commission; to which commission Jackson succeeded.]

Biography and History of the Indians of North America from its first Discovery. By Samuel G. Drake. Boston, 1851. 8vo. 720 pp.

[Account of the Creek Indians. Brief narrative of Jackson's Indian campaigns.]

Treaties between the United States and Indian Tribes from 1778 to 1837. Washington, 1837. 8vo.

[Contains the treaty of Fort Jackson and

other treaties negotiated by General Jackson with the Indians.]

The Life of Sam Houston. The only authentic Memoir of him ever published. New York, 1855. 12mo. 492 pp.

[Done in anticipation of General Houston's running for the presidency in 1856. Better than campaign lives generally. Gives true account of young Houston's exploits in Creek War.]

A Journal containing an accurate and interesting Account of the Hardships, Sufferings, Battles, Defeat and Captivity of those heroic Kentucky Volunteers and Regulars, commanded by General Winchester, in the years 1812 and 1813. Also two Narratives by Men that were wounded in the Battles on the River Raisin and taken captive by the Indians. By Elias Darnell. Philadelphia, 1854. 18mo. 98 pp.

[A curious narrative of a Kentucky volunteer, showing the nature of that service in the war of 1812.]

History of the late War between the United States and Great Britain; comprising a minute Account of the various military and naval Operations. By H. M. Brackenridge. Philadelphia, 1846. 12mo. 298 pp.

[One of the earliest, and much the best, of the shorter histories of the war of 1812. Judge Brackenridge was an old acquaintance of General Jackson, and served as his secretary and translator when the general was Governor of Florida.]

Memoirs of William Ellery Channing, with Extracts from his Correspondence and Manuscripts. 3 vols. 12mo. Boston, 1848.

[Shows feeling of New England during war of 1812, and the impression produced there by some of General Jackson's public acts.]

The Second War with England. By J. T. Headley, author of "Napoleon and his Marshals," etc., etc. 12mo. 2 vols. New York, 1854.

[Presents a rapid, vivid view of the whole war.]

An authentic History of the Second War for Independence; comprising Details of the military and naval Operations from the Commencement to the Close of the recent War; enriched with numerous geographical and biographical Notes. By Samuel R. Brown. 18mo. 2 vols. Auburn, 1815.

[Valuable chiefly for the large number of letters and documents in the appendices and notes.]

The Crisis on the Origin and Consequences of our political Dissensions. To which is annexed the late Treaty between the United States and Great Britain. By a Citizen of Vermont. Albany, 1815. 8vo. 96 pp.

[A pamphlet of the war of 1812. An essay on the evils supposed to result from the conflict of parties. A defense of the Federalists. Throws light upon the public feeling during the war.]

The United States and England; being a Reply to the Criticism on Inchiquin's Letters contained in the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1814. New York, 1815. 8vo. 115 pp.

[Shows the bitterness of feeling between the two countries during the war of 1812.]

Mr. Ingersoll's Speech on the Loan Bills. Tuesday, February 15th, 1814. 8vo. 23 pp.

[C. J. Ingersoll. Finances of War of 1812.]

Address to the People of the United States. By Touchstone. 1812.

[Anti war. Anti Madison. Pro De Witt Clinton.]

An Address of Members of the House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States to their Constituents on the Subject of the War with Great Britain. Raleigh, North Carolina. 1812.

[A temperate anti-war pamphlet signed by thirty-four members of the House of Representatives.]

An Exposition of the Conduct of France toward America. Illustrated by Cases decided in the Council of Prizes in Paris. By Lewis Goldsmith, Notary Public. New York, 1810. 8vo. 99 pp.

[A mass of facts and documents relating to French spoliations on American commerce during the reign of Napoleon I.; particularly during the operation of the Berlin and Milan Decrees. An important pamphlet. Its object was to show that France, not England, was America's real enemy.]

History of the Second War between the United States of America and Great Britain. Declared by Act of Congress the 18th of June, 1812, and concluded by peace the 15th of February, 1815. By Charles J. Ingersoll. 4 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia, 1852.

[A work of considerable interest and power, but wrongly entitled. It should have been called, *Recollections of the public and private Life of a Democratic Member of Congress*, or something to that effect. One volume is chiefly occupied by the author's conversations with Joseph Bonaparte.]

Historical Memoir of the War in West Florida and Louisiana in 1814 and 1815, with an Atlas. By Major A. Lacarriere Latour, principal Engineer in the late Seventh Military District, United States Army. Written originally in French, and translated for the author by H. P. Nugent, Esq. Philadelphia, 1816. 8vo. 256 pp. With 79 appendices.

[A work of the highest value and importance by an officer of United States Engineers, who served most usefully in the defense of New Orleans. Contains nearly all the documents relating to the campaign. It will remain the chief source of information with regard to the defense of the South-west in 1814 and 1815.]

Jackson and New Orleans. An authentic Narrative of the memorable Achievements of the American army, under Andrew Jackson, before New Orleans, in the Winter of 1814 and 1815. By Alexander Walker. New York, 1856. 12mo. 411 pp.

[This work is one of the best executed pieces of American history in existence—most rich in facts, told with spirit and effect. It needs only a thorough revision and a slight toning down, here and there, to be a work of classic excellence. To no single volume is the author of this work so much indebted as to "Jackson and New Orleans." By the older inhabitants of New Orleans its great merit has been fully appreciated.]

Notes on the War in the South, with biographical Sketches of the Lives of Montgomery, Jackson, Sevier, the late Governor Claiborne and others. By Nathaniel Herbert Claiborne, of Franklin county, Virginia, a Member of the Executive of Virginia during the late War. Richmond, 1819, 18mo. 112 pp

[A little volume much sought after by collectors because it is scarce; but it is of scarcely any value.]

Fifty Years in both Hemispheres; or, Reminiscences of the Life of a former Merchant. By Vincent Nolte, late of New Orleans. Translated from the German. New York, 1854. 12mo. 484 pp.

[The author served in the battle of New Orleans. His book, which abounds in curious and not ill-told anecdotes, has but one fault: you can not believe a word it says. That is, not implicitly. The author exaggerates and perverts. The desire of telling a good story is, at all times, too much for his sense of truth.]

The Manhattaner in New Orleans; or, Phases of "Crescent City" Life. By A. Oakey Hall. New York, 1851. 12mo. 190 pp.

[Describes the field as it now is, and gives an old soldier's version of the battle.]

National Intelligencer, of 1812, 1813, 1814 and 1815. Washington.

[The *Intelligencer* having been then the confidential organ of Mr. Madison's administration, contains more war matter than any other. It was the great source of domestic intelligence at that day.]

Evening Post, of 1812, 1813, 1814 and 1815. New York.

[A leading opposition or Federal paper at that day. Gives the *other* side of the war picture. Abounds in interesting matter.]

General Jackson's Fine. An Examination of the Question of Martial Law, with an Explanation of the Law of Contempt of Court. Suggested by Reflections on the Injustice of the Fine imposed on General Jackson by Judge Hall in 1815. By Charles J. Ingersoll. Washington, 1843. 8vo. 88 pp.

[An elaborate statement and defense of General Jackson's proceedings after the battle of New Orleans. Valuable documents in appendix.]

Recollections of a Lifetime; or, Men and Things I have Seen, in a Series of familiar Letters to a Friend, historical, biographical, anecdotical and descriptive. By S G. Goodrich, 2 vols. 12mo. New York and Auburn, 1856.

[Full account of Hartford Convention. Anecdotes of Monroe and Jackson. The peace rejoicings in 1815.]

Letters of General Adair and General Jackson relative to the Charge of Cowardice made by the latter against the Kentucky Troops at New Orleans. Lexington, Kentucky, 1817. 8vo. 62 pp.

[An angry and embittered correspondence. Adds a few facts to our knowledge of the battle of New Orleans.]

The Campaign of the British Army at Washington and New Orleans, in the years 1814 and 1815. By the author of the Subaltern. London, 1837.

[The best narrative of the New Orleans campaign, by a British officer. Full, temperate, gentleman like.]

A Narrative of Events in the South of France, and of the Attack on New Orleans, in 1814 and 1815. By Captain John Henry Cooke. London, 1835.

[A British officer's narrative of what he saw and experienced in the New Orleans campaign.]

Recollections of an Artillery Officer. By Benson Earle, H. U. 2 vols. 8vo. London, about 1830.

[The author served at the battle of New Orleans in the British army, and afterwards turned actor. He narrates personal incidents in a lively manner.]

Proceedings of the Court Martial upon Lieutenant Colonel Mullens, of the Forty-fourth Infantry. London, 1815.

[Mullens commanded the forty-fourth British infantry at the battle of the 8th of January, where he was greatly in fault. The proceedings of the court martial I have not been able to procure, but finding them quoted in English works, have used various parts of the evidence.]

A Full and Correct Account of the Military Occurrences of the Late War between Great Britain and the United States of America; with an Appendix and Plates. By William James, Author of "A Full and Correct Account of the Chief Naval Occurrences, etc. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1818.

[An English view of the war, angry and prejudiced; but containing a large number of dispatches and documents of the highest value.]

Official Record from the War Department, of the proceedings of the Court Martial which tried, and the Orders of General Jackson for shooting, the Six Militia-men; together with Official Letters from the War Department (ordered to be printed by Congress), showing that these American citizens were inhumanly and illegally massacred. Washington, 1828. 8vo. 32 pp.

[Contains all the documents, with a few pages of wild comment.]

Falsehood and Slander Exposed. The Case of the Six Militia-men, stated from official and authentic records. Published by order

of the Jackson Central Committee. 1828. 8vo. 15 pp.

[A defense of General Jackson's conduct, in ordering the execution of the Six Militia-men, at Mobile, in 1815.]

Monumental Inscription. Philadelphia, 1828. 8vo. 16 pp.

[A collection of the "Coffin Hand-bills," published by John Binns, of Philadelphia. Designed to keep alive (in the minds of voters) the memory of the Six Militia-men executed at Mobile, in 1815, by order of General Jackson.]

The Territory of Florida; or Sketches of the Topography, Civil and Natural History of the Country, the Climate, and the Indian Tribes, from the first discovery to the present time. By John Lee Williams. New York, 1837. 8vo.

[Has information respecting General Jackson's first and second invasions of Florida; but incomplete and unsatisfactory. In other respects a valuable work.]

Memoir upon the Negotiations between Spain and the United States of America, which led to the treaty of 1819, with a Statistical Notice of that country; accompanied with an Appendix, containing important documents. By D. Luis De Oris, late Minister Plenipotentiary near that Republic. Translated from the Spanish, with Notes, by Tobias Watkins. Baltimore, 1821. 8vo. 152 pp.

[Chiefly a description of the United States. Contains very little to justify the first part of its title. The author was a frequent protester against General Jackson's invasion of Florida. His work is nearly worthless; and the appendix contains but *one* document, and that of no value.]

General Jackson's conduct in the Seminole War, delineated in a History of that Period, affording conclusive reasons why he should not be next President. By Samuel Perkins, Esq. Brooklyn, Conn. 1828. 8vo. 39 pp.

[A temperate and well-written pamphlet, presenting the facts in a light unfavorable to General Jackson.]

Residence at the Court of London. By Richard Rush. Philadelphia, 1833. 8vo.

[Mr. Rush was the American Minister in England during General Jackson's second invasion of Florida, in 1818. He describes the effect produced in England by the news of the execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister.]

Royal Gazette and Bahama Advertiser of 1818. Nassau, New Providence.

[Contains the anti-Jackson view of the execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister, who went from New Providence to Florida. Contains all the documents relative to the descent of the band of adventurers upon Amelia Island in 1817.]

Speech of the Honorable James Tallmadge, Jr., of Dutchess county, New York, in the House of Representatives of the United States on the Seminole War. New York, 1819. 8vo. 31 pp.

[Defends the execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister.]

Trial of Arbuthnot and Ambrister. Proceedings of the Court Martial as transmitted to the President. 1818.

[Published in various forms. May be found at the end of "Civil and Military History of Andrew Jackson. By an American officer." Also in two or three Congressional documents of the session of 1818 and 1819.]

Message of the President of the United States, transmitting Copies of the Correspondence between the Governor of Georgia and Major General Jackson on the Subject of the Arrest of Captain Obed Wright. Washington, 1818. 8vo. 21 pp.

[A document of the Seminole War. Correspondence hostile.]

Message from the President of the United States, transmitting a Report of the Secretary of State, with the Documents relating to a Misunderstanding between Andrew Jackson, while acting as Governor of the Floridas, and Elijius Frometin, Judge of a Court therein; also the Correspondence between the Secretary of State and the Minister of Spain on certain Proceedings in that Territory, etc., etc. Washington, 1822. 8vo. 318 pp.

[Sufficiently described in the title page.]

Correspondence between General Andrew Jackson and John C. Calhoun, President and Vice President of the United States, on the Subject of the Course of the latter in the Deliberations of the Cabinet of Mr. Monroe on the Occurrences in the Seminole War. Washington, 1831. 8vo. 52 pp.

[This was the correspondence which terminated friendly relations between General Jackson and Mr. Calhoun.]

Sketches of St. Augustine, with a View of its History and Advantages as a Resort for Invalids. By R. K. Sewall. New York, 1848.

[Contains anecdotes of the cession of Florida.]

The Letters of Algernon Sidney in Defense of Civil Liberty and against the Encroachments of military Despotism. Written by an eminent Citizen of Virginia, and first published in the Richmond *Inquirer* in 1818 and 1819. Richmond, 1830. 8vo. 65 pp.

[Severe review of General Jackson's military career.]

Judge Brackenridge's Letters. Washington, 1832. 8vo. 13 pp.

[A series of Letters by H. M. Brackenridge, General Jackson's secretary and translator in Florida; giving the history of his connection with General Jackson, and accusing the general of inconsistency and deceit. Contains interesting information and documents.]

The Lives of James Madison and James Monroe, Fourth and Fifth Presidents of the United States. By John Quincy Adams. With historical Notices of their Administrations. Buffalo, 1851. 12mo. 432 pp.

[An enlargement of two orations. Mr. Adams's statements are too general and too guarded for the work to be of much biograph-

ical value. His object was rather to tell as little as possible than as much as possible. His success was complete. Madison and Monroe remain the mythical personages they were.]

Niles's *Weekly Register*. 73 vols. 8vo. Baltimore. From 1812 to 1848.

[Every volume, except the first and second, contains important matter respecting General Jackson's public acts. Innumerable documents.]

Abridgement of the Debates of Congress from 1789 to 1856. By the Author of the Thirty Years' View (Thomas H. Benton). 15 vols. 8vo. New York, 1857.

[All the volumes, except the third and fourth, contain Jacksonian matter.]

Congressional Documents. Washington.

[The documents containing information concerning the acts of General Jackson are too numerous for mention. See, in particular, those of the years 1815, 1818, 1821, 1828, 1829, 1830, 1831 to 1838.]

Ten Years of Preacher Life: Chapters from an Autobiography. By William Henry Milburn. New York, 1859. 12mo. 363 pp.

[Anecdotes of Gen. Jackson, Sketches of Southwestern Life, Official Life in Washingt'n.]

The Life and Times of Aaron Burr, Lieutenant Colonel in the Army of the Revolution, United States Senator, Vice President of the United States, etc. By J. Parton. New York, 1858. 12mo. 700 pp.

[A glimpse or two of General Jackson. Burr's opinion of Jackson. Burr's agency in the nomination of Jackson to the presidency.]

Memoirs of Aaron Burr, with miscellaneous Selections from his Correspondence. By Matthew L. Davis. 2 vols. New York, 1837.

[Contains Burr's brief account of his visits to General Jackson in 1805 and 1806, and his letter recommending Jackson as the democratic candidate for the presidency in 1816.]

The Letters of Wyoming to the People of the United States on the presidential election, and in favor of Andrew Jackson. Originally published in the *Columbian Observer*. Philadelphia, 1824.

[A series of spirited papers of the presidential campaign of 1824. Famous in their day. Very severe upon Crawford, the "regular" or "caucus" candidate of the Democratic party.]

Leisure Labors; or, Miscellanies, historical, literary and political. By Joseph B. Cobb. New York, 1858. 12mo. 408 pp.

[Valuable chiefly for a memoir of William H. Crawford, one of Jackson's competitors for the presidency in 1824; for the writing of which the author had peculiar advantages.]

An Address of Henry Clay to the Public, containing certain Testimony in Refutation of the Charges against him made by General Andrew Jackson touching the late presidential Election. New Brunswick, 1828. 8vo. 56 pp.

[Mr. Clay's defense against the charge of "bargain and corruption" in the election of President by the House of Representatives in 1825.]

Life and Times of Henry Clay. By Calvin Colton. 8vo. 2 vols. New York, 1846.

[Very full account of the "bargain and corruption" affair.]

Memoir of the Life of John Quincy Adams. By Josiah Quincy, LL.D. Boston, 1858. 8vo. 429 pp.

[Moderate, painstaking, accurate, colorless. Just such a life of Mr. Adams as Mr. Adams wrote of other men. No new light upon the vexed subjects. A valuable and creditable work, though written on the ancient principle of presenting the public with a perfect man.]

Life and Public Services of John Quincy Adams, Sixth President of the United States. With the Eulogy delivered before the Legislature of New York. By William H. Seward. Auburn, 1849. 12mo. 404 pp.

[An outside, eulogistic work; not such a book as the reader would naturally expect from Senator Seward. Throws no light on the vexed questions.]

Mr. Chilton's Letter to Mr. Wickliffe on the Expenditures of the last and present Administrations. Washington, 1830. 8vo. 8 pp.

[A defense of the administration of John Quincy Adams against the charge of extravagance.]

General Jackson and James Buchanan. Letter from Francis P. Blair to the Public. Washington, 1856. 8vo. 15 pp.

[A pamphlet written to reveal the agency of Mr. Buchanan in the "bargain and corruption" business of 1825. Contains information respecting General Jackson's pecuniary affairs after his retirement from the presidency.]

Truth's Advocate and Monthly Anti Jackson Expositor. By an Association of Individuals. Cincinnati, 1828.

[A campaign publication presenting the leading acts of General Jackson's life in the most unfavorable light, but valuable from the mass of documents given.]

Proceedings and Address of the New Jersey Delegates in favor of the present Administration of the General Government, assembled in Convention at Trenton, February 22, 1828. Trenton. 8vo. 18 pp.

[Nominated John Quincy Adams for President, and Richard Rush for Vice President. Address temperate and forcible.]

The Voice of Virginia on the Approaching Election. 8vo. 8 pp.

[For the reëlection of Adams in 1828. Dwells on the violence of Jackson, and his incapacity.]

Address of the Fayette County Corresponding Committee on the Proceedings in the Senate of Kentucky, against the President, Secretary of State, and Members of Congress; and on other subjects connected with the approaching presidential election. Lexington, Ky. 8vo. 40 pp.

[Warm anti-Jackson pamphlet of 1828; designed particularly to counteract the efforts of Amos Kendall and Francis P. Blair, who were striving to carry the State of Kentucky for General Jackson.]

An Address to the People of the United States; being an examination of a pamphlet, written by "Aristides," and designed to mislead the public mind in favor of General Jackson. By Brutus. 1828. 8vo. 28 pp.

[An electioneering pamphlet of the presidential campaign of 1828.]

Recollections of the Life of John Binns. Written by himself. Philadelphia, 1854. 8vo.

[Mr. Binns was an active anti-Jackson politician, who, in 1828, designed and published the famous "Coffin Handbills."]

The Presidential Question; addressed to the People of the United States. New York, 1828. 8vo. 16 pp.

[An anti-Jackson campaign pamphlet.]

Memoirs of James Gordon Bennett and his Times. By a Journalist. New York, 1855. 12mo. 488 pp.

[Contains notices of the presidential campaign of 1828 and 1832, a description of General Jackson's inauguration, and other scenes in Washington. Mr. Bennett was then the Washington correspondent of the *Courier and Inquirer*.]

Biography of Martin Van Buren, Vice President of the United States; with an Appendix containing selections from his Writings, including his Speeches in the Senate of the United States on the claims of the Soldiers of the Revolution, and in favor of abolishing imprisonment for debt, with other valuable documents, among which will be found the late Letter of Colonel Thomas H. Benton to the Convention of the State of Mississippi. Compiled and edited by William Emmonds. Washington, 1835. 12mo.

[Written to promote the election of Martin Van Buren to the presidency in 1836.]

Address of the Administration Standing Committee to their Fellow-Citizens of Indiana. 1828. 8vo. 22 pp.

[An Anti-Jackson pamphlet of 1828. Anticipates nullification; deonunces the anti-tariff men of the South; accuses Southerners of arrogance.]

The Votes and Speeches of Martin Van Buren on the subject of the Right of Suffrage, the Qualifications of Colored Persons to vote, and the Appointment or Election of Justices of the Peace. In the Convention of the State of New York (assembled to amend the Constitution in 1821.) Duly authenticated and verified. Albany, 1840. 8vo. 24 pp.

[Shows Mr. Van Buren to have been an opponent of universal suffrage as late as 1821. One ground of his opposition to it was, that it would give the right of voting to the rowdies, shoulder-hitters, and Pewter-muggians of the city of New York.]

Speech of the Hon. M. Van Buren, of the Senate, on the Act to carry into effect the Act of the 13th of April, 1819, for the Settlement of the late Governor's Accounts. Albany, 1820. 8vo. 37 pp.

[One of the most elaborate of Mr. Van Buren's early speeches. It defends Governor Tompkins against the charge of misusing the public money.]

The Life and Times of Martin Van Buren; the Correspondence of his Friends, Family and Pupils; together with brief Notices, Sketches and Anecdotes, illustrative of the public career of Polk, Calhoun, Jackson, Burr, etc., etc., etc. By William L. Mackenzie. Boston, 1846. 8vo. 308 pp.

[A formidable mass of letters and gossip. The volume presents a revolting view of interior politics.]

The Voice of the People and the Facts in Relation to the Rejection of Martin Van Buren by the United States Senate. Albany, 1832. 8vo. 40 pp.

[Contains the speeches of Messrs. Webster, Forsyth, Marcy and others in the Senate on the President's nomination of Mr. Van Buren to the London mission. Also the proceedings of a meeting at Albany to denounce the conduct of theSenate in rejecting the nomination.]

The Cabinet and Talisman. New York, 1829. 18mo.

[A kind of annual or gift book. Contains a memoir of General Jackson, of each member of his first cabinet and of General Macomb; the whole occupying two or three hundred pages. Extremely eulogistic.]

Correspondence. Letters of the Republican Members of the New York Legislature to the President. 8vo. 8 pp.

[Mr. Van Buren's rejection by the Senate is the subject of this correspondence. General Jackson justifies and commends Mr. Van Buren's conduct abroad.]

The Life of Martin Van Buren, heir apparent to the "Government," and the appointed Successor of General Andrew Jackson. Containing every authentic particular by which his extraordinary Character has been formed. With a concise History of the Events that have occasioned his unparalleled Elevation, together with a Review of his Policy as a Statesman. By David Crockett. Philadelphia, 1835. 12mo. 209 pp.

[A burlesque biography, containing truth, error, wit, sense and nonsense in about equal proportions.]

The House that Jonathan built; or, Political Primer for 1832. With twelve cuts. 8vo. 16 pp.

[A parody on the "House that Jack built." Designed to ridicule General Jackson and Mr. Van Buren.]

A History of the present Cabinet. Benton in Ambush for the next Presidency. Kendall coming in third best. An Exposition of Martin Van Buren's Reign. Washington, District Columbia, 1840. 8vo. 8 pp.

[Nothing.]

The Northern Man with Southern Principles, and the Southern Man with American Principles; or, a View of the comparative Claims of General William H. Harrison and Martin Van Buren. Esq., Candidates for the presidency, to the Support of the Citizens of the Southern States. Washington, 1840. 8vo. 40 pp.

[Accuses Mr. Van Buren of believing that black men *have* rights that white men are bound to respect.]

Speech of Mr. Holmes, of Maine, in the Senate of the United States, on his Resolutions calling upon the President of the United States for the Reasons of his removing from Office, and filling the Vacancies thus created, in the Recess of the Senate. Washington, 1830. 8vo. 28 pp.

[The best thing that appeared at the time against the removals. Contains a catalogue of all the removals from office by Presidents Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and John Quincy Adams, and the cause of each so far as known.]

Mrs. Barney's Letter to President Jackson. Baltimore, June 13th, 1829. 8vo. 4 pp.

[Commodore Barney was dismissed from office by General Jackson, and his family thus deprived of their means of support. This is Mrs. Barney's remonstrance.]

The Lives and Opinions of Benjamin Franklin Butler, United States District Attorney for the Southern District of New York, and Jesse Hoyt, Counselor at Law, formerly Collecter of Customs for the Port of New York. By William. L. Mackenzie. Boston, 1845. 8vo. 152 pp.

[A mass of the private letters of Butler, Hoyt, Swartwout, Martin Van Buren, John Van Buren, Cambreling, James Gordon Bennet, M. M. Noah and other New York politicians, connected by remarks gossippy and satirical. It is a book of gossip and scandal that never ought to have appeared, but contains some things not to be overlooked by an inquirer into the Jacksonian period. Throws light on office-seeking and appointments.]

Memoirs, Official and Personal, with Sketches of Travel among the Northern and Southern Indians; embracing a War Excursion and Descriptions of Scenes along the Western Border. By Thomas L. M'Kinney, late Chief of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. New York, 1846. 8vo. 2 vols. in 1.

[Narrates interviews between President Jackson and Colonel M'Kinney, throwing light on the manner in which offices were vacated and filled under General Jackson. Colonel M'Kinney was removed from office by General Jackson.]

Political Sketches of Eight Years in Washington. By Robert Mayo, M. D. Baltimore, 1839. 8vo. 214 pp.

[The tirade of a disappointed office-seeker against the administration of General Jackson, with here and there a glimpse of interesting fact, which gives the work a certain value.]

Fragments of Jacksonism, alias, Clandestine Van Burenism. By Robert Mayo, M. D. Washington, 1840. 8vo. 80 pp.

[Another rigmarole by the officious and disappointed Mayo. Reveals much of the office-slavery at Washington. Contains letters of General Jackson, Amos Kendall and others.

Reply to a Letter published by Henry Orne, in the Boston *Evening Bulletin*, with an Appendix. By Nathaniel Greene, late editor of the Boston *Statesman*. Boston, 1829. 8vo. 39 pp.

[An editorial quarrel. Some choice glimpses of interior politics.]

Candid Appeal to the American Public, in reply to Messrs. Ingham, Branch and Berrien, on the Dissolution of the late Cabinet. By John H. Eaton. City of Washington, 1831. 8vo. 55 pp.

[Major Eaton's version of the cabinet explosion of 1831.]

Courier and Inquirer. of 1831. New York.

[Contains all the documents of the affair of Mrs. Eaton.]

Essays on the Present Crisis in the Condition of the American Indians; first published in the *National Intelligencer* under the signature of William Penn. Boston, 1829. 8vo. 112 pp.

[Against the forcible removal of the Cherokees to the Indian Territory west of the Mississippi.]

Speeches on the passage of the Bill for the removal of the Indians, delivered in the Congress of the United States, April and May, 1830. Boston, 1830. 12mo. 304 pp.

[Ten speeches against the forcible removal of the Cherokees to the Indian Territory west of the Mississippi—the great question of 1830. The principal speech is by Edward Everett.]

Opinion on the Right of the State of Georgia to extend her Laws over the Cherokee Nation. By William Wirt, Esq. Baltimore, 1830. 8vo. 29 pp.

[This opinion was solicited by the Cherokee chiefs. Adverse to the claims of Georgia.]

The Argument of the Secretary of the Treasury upon the Constitutionality of a National Bank. Philadelphia, 1791. 8vo. 40 pp.

[By Alexander Hamilton. The earliest of innumerable bank pamphlets.]

Desultory Reflections upon the Ruinous Consequences of a non-renewal of the Charter of the Bank of the United States. By M. Carey. Philadelphia, 1810. 8vo. 44 pp.

[A relic of one of the early bank controversies; of no interest now.]

Observations on the State of the Currency, with suggestions for equalizing its value, and reducing the uniformity of the Banking System in the United States. January 1, 1829 8vo. 24 pp.

[Nothing to do with the bank war, which did not begin till some months later. Information respecting the bank.]

Notes on the Early Settlement of the North-western Territory. By Jacob Burnett. Cincinnati, 1847. 1 vol. 8vo.

[Has account of the commercial disasters caused by the sudden discontinuance of branch of the United States Bank at Cincinnati, in 1822.]

Bank of the United States. Report. House of Representatives, April 13, 1830. 8vo 30 pp.

[Report of the Committee of Ways and Means on the portion of the President's Message of 1829, relating to the Bank of the United States. Adverse to the bank.]

Bank of the United States. House of Representatives. Document 460. 1832. 8vo. 572 pp.

[A huge volume, containing: 1, Report of the majority of a select committee appointed by the House to inquire into the affairs of the bank; 2. Report of the minority; 3, Report of John Quincy Adams.]

Address to the Citizens of Middlesex. New Brunswick, N. J., 1837. 8vo. 15 pp.

[Sharp review of General Jackson's currency measures.]

Oration delivered at the Democratic Republican Celebration of the Fourth of July, 1838. By Edwin Forrest, Esq. New York, 1838. 8vo. 24 pp.

[Alludes to General Jackson's "Experiments" with regard to the currency. Extols Experiments in the abstract; meaning thereby General Jackson's.]

Society, Manners and Politics in the United States; being a series of Letters on North America. By Michael Chevalier. Boston, 1839. 8vo. 467 pp.

[M. Chevalier was in the United States during the bank war of General Jackson's Administration, and gives an outside French view of the same, which has some interest, but small value.]

Facts for the Laboring Man. By a Laboring Man. Newport, R. I., 1840. 8vo. 102 pp.

[Condemnatory review of General Jackson's and Mr. Van Buren's currency measures.]

Extracts from the Veto Message of General Andrew Jackson, and other Documents relating to the United States Bank, respectfully recommended to the particular attention of the independent electors of the city of New York. By a Committee especially appointed for this purpose. New York, 1832. 8vo. 31 pp.

[A campaign pamphlet of 1832, to promote the reëlection of General Jackson.]

The War on the Bank of the United States; or a Review of the Measures of the Administration against that institution, and the prosperity of the country. Philadelphia, 1834. 8vo. 155 pp.

[One of the most powerful and elaborate of our political pamphlets. Against the Administration.]

Considerations on the Currency and Banking System of the United States. By Albert Gallatin. Philadelphia, 1831. 8vo. 108 pp.

[An enlarged edition of Mr. Gallatin's essay. This is one of the publications which the bank was accused of disseminating at the expense of the stockholders.]

Thirty-Seven and Fifty-Seven: a brief Popular Account of all the Financial Panics and Commercial Revulsions in the United States, from 1690 to 1857. By members of the New York Press. New York, 1857. 12mo. 59 pp.

[Contains a sketch of General Jackson's currency measures, with the opinions of leading men as to their agency in producing the revulsion of 1837.]

Napoleonic Ideas. By the Prince Napoleon Louis Bonaparte. Illustrated by James A. Dorr. New York, 1859. 12mo. 154 pp.

[The author was in the United States during General Jackson's war with the United States Bank, and briefly indicates his impressions of the same.]

General Jackson Vetoed; being a Review of the Veto Message of the Bank of the United States. 12mo. 24 pp.

[Presidential campaign of 1832.]

Review of the Veto; containing an Enunciation of the Principles of the President's Message, and his Objections to the Bill to Modify and Continue the Act rechartering the Bank of the United States. Philadelphia, 1822. 8vo. 66 pp.

[An able and temperate bank pamphlet.]

Essay on the Spirit of Jacksonism, as exemplified in its deadly hostility to the Bank of the United States, and in the odious calumnies employed for its destruction. By Aristides. Philadelphia, 1835. 8vo. 151 pp.

[A series of newspaper articles collected. Very bitter against Jackson and his friends. Severe review of the Portsmouth affair Valueless.]

An Account of Colonel Crockett's Tour to the North and Down East, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four; his object being to examine the grand manufacturing establishments of the country, and also to find out the condition of its literature and morals, the extent of its commerce, and the practical operation of "the Experiment." Written by himself. Philadelphia, 1835. 12mo. 216 pp.

[An electioneering tour, humorously related, for the purpose of preventing the succession of Mr. Van Buren to the presidency. Crockett turneed against his old commander on the currency question.]

Narrative and Correspondence concerning the Removal of the Deposits, and Occurrences connected therewith. Philadelphia, 1838. 8vo. 176 pp.

[By W. J. Duane, Secretary of the Treasury under General Jackson, but dismissed because he would not remove the public money from the United States Bank. This is Mr. Duane's narrative of the events that led to his dismissal. Two hundred and fifty copies only were printed, which were distributed among the author's friends. Very scarce. One copy in Astor Library.]

Speech of the Honorable Nathaniel P. Tallmadge, of New York, on the Subject of the Removal of the Deposits from the Bank of the United States. Delivered in the Senate of the United States, March, 1834. City of Washington, 1834. 8vo. 34 pp.

[A defense of the administration against Mr. Clay's resolutions of censure.]

Speech of Mr. Rufus Choate on the Question of the Removal of the Deposits. Delivered in the House of Representatives, March 28th, 1834. Washington, 1834. 8vo. 28 pp.

[Against the removal.]

Report of the Committee of the Directors of the Bank of the United States. 12mo. 48 pp.

[The Bank's reply to the accusations of the President contained in the paper read to the cabinet in 1833, in which the President justified the removal of the deposits. Documents in the appendix.]

Speech of the Honorable Mr. Porter, of Louisiana, in opposition to the Motion made by Mr. Benton to expunge from the Journal of the Senate the Resolution of the 24th of March, 1834, disapproving of the Removal of the Deposits by the President. Delivered on Tuesday, March 22d, 1836. 8vo. 28 pp.

[Against the administration.]

Cabinet Literature, the President's Consistency, etc. Baltimore, 1832. 8vo. 18 pp.

[A series of articles, from the Baltimore *Patriot*, criticising the first term of General Jackson.]

The Conduct of the Administration. Reprinted from the Boston *Daily Advertiser and Patriot*. Boston, 1832. 8vo. 86 pp.

[A very severe review of the measures of General Jackson's first term. Said to have been written by Mr. Alexander Everett.]

Important Facts for the People. Philadelphia, September, 1832. 8vo. 8 pp.

[A stirring anti-Jackson sheet designed to win votes for Clay and Sargent.]

The Crisis. By Edmund Pendleton. 1832.

[A series of letters addressed to Senator J. S. Johnson upon the administration of General Jackson. Opposition.]

United States Telegraph Extra. Washington, 1832.

[A campaign paper, by Duff Green, published in the interest of the Calhoun faction, and designed to prevent the reëlection of General Jackson. Contains much amusing trash of various kinds; curious, like the wreathed lava of an extinct volcano.]

Proceedings of the National Republican Convention of Young Men which assembled in the City of Washington, May 7th, 1832. Washington, 1832. 8vo. 24 pp.

[This convention nominated Henry Clay and John Sargent to run against Jackson and Van Buren.]

Address to the People of the United States, Washington, 1832. 8vo. 4 pp.

[A pamphlet of the presidential campaign of 1832. By a Senator—Webster apparently.]

An Address to the People of Maryland from their Delegates in the late National Republican Convention. Made in obedience to a Resolution of that Body. Baltimore, 1832. 8vo. 62 pp.

[A severe and able review of General Jackson's first term. Dwells upon Rotation, the Cabinet Explosion and the Bank Veto.]

The Beauties of "Reform;" or, the munificent Blessings of the great Reformation. By Telemachus. New Brunswick, New Jersey. 1832. 8vo. 16 pp.

[Mere denunciation. A campaign pamphlet.]

Works of John C. Calhoun. 6 vols. 8vo. New York, 1854.

[Comments on General Jackson's measures. Defense of Nullification. Hostility between Calhoun and Jackson.]

The Life of John Caldwell Calhoun. By John S. Jenkins, Author of the Life of J. K. Polk, etc., etc. Auburn, 1850. 12mo. 454 pp.

[Says nothing of what it ought to have said most. Superseded by a later publication.]

The Calhoun Text-Book. New York. 1843 12mo. 36 pp.

[A collection of newspaper articles commendatory of Mr. Calhoun, published in anticipation of his being a candidate for the presidency in 1844.]

Obituary Addresses delivered on the occasion of the Death of the Hon. John C. Calhoun, a Senator of South Carolina, in the Senate of the United States, April 1, 1850. Printed by order of the Senate of the United States. Washington, 1850. 8vo. 39 pp.

[Speeches by Messrs. Butler, Clay, Webster, Rusk and Clemens. Funeral sermon by Rev. C. M. Butler.]

Message from the President of the United States, transmitting copies of the Proclamation and Proceedings in relation to South Carolina, January 16th, 1833. 8vo. 112 pp.

[Contains all the documents relating to the Nullification movement.]

Memoirs of a Nullifier; written by himself. By a Native of the South. Columbia, S. C. 1832. 12mo. 110 pp.

[A tolerably executed satire; one of the products of the Nullification excitement, illustrative of the feelings of the South Carolinians, and showing their dislike of the people of New England.]

A Yankee among the Nullifiers; an Autobiography. By Elnathan Elmwood, Esq. New York. 1833. 12mo. 152 pp.

[A retort to the "Memoirs of a Nullifier;" equally well done, and in a better spirit.]

The Dissolution of the Union; a sober Address to all those who have any interest in the Welfare, the Power, the Glory or the Happiness of the United States. By a Citizen of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia, August 25, 1832. 8vo. 30 pp.

[An anti-nullification pamphlet. Gives a history of the movement from its beginning. Not a party publication.]

Proceedings at the Republican Celebration,

at Washington, on the extinguishment of the National Debt and the Victory at New Orleans. Washington, 1835. 8vo. 16 pp.

[Speeches of Benton, R. M. Johnson and others. More than one hundred toasts. Shocking adulation of President Jackson by expectant politicians.]

Works of Daniel Webster. Boston, 1853. 8vo. 6 vols.

[Contains Mr. Webster's opinions on all the important measures of General Jackson's administration.]

Private Correspondence of Daniel Webster. Edited by Fletcher Webster. Boston, 1857. 2 vols. 8vo.

[Contains much that is interesting respecting General Jackson and his contemporaries.]

The National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans, conducted by James Herring, New York, and James B. Longacre, Philadelphia, under the Superintendence of the American Academy of the Fine Arts. 2 vols. New York, 1834.

[Contains portraits and short eulogistic lives of many of General Jackson's leading advisers.]

Biography of Isaac Hill, of New Hampshire; with an Appendix, comprising selections from his Speeches and Miscellaneous Writings. Concord, N. H. 1835. 18mo. 245 pp.

[Isaac Hill was an important man in General Jackson's Administration, and the occasion of much embittered controversy. He was supposed to be a member of the Kitchen Cabinet.]

Letters of J. Downing, Major Downingville Militia, Second Brigade, to his old friend, Mr. Dwight, of the *New York Daily Advertizer*. New York, 1834. 18mo. 306 pp.

[A burlesque on General Jackson's Administration. Prodigiously popular in its day.]

Society in America. By Harriet Martineau. Author of "Illustrations of Political Economy." 2 vols. New York, 1837.

[Interview with President Jackson. Lively female portraiture of Clay, Webster, Calhoun and others. Glimpses of life in Washington. Account of the attempt to "assassinate" the President, of which the authoress was an eye-witness.]

A Collection of the Political Writings of William Leggett, selected and arranged with a preface. By Theodore Sedgwick, Jr. 2 vols. New York, 1840.

[As one of the editors of the *Evening Post*, Mr. Leggett supported the Administration of General Jackson until it permitted southern postmasters to retain pamphlets and newspapers containing matter adverse to slavery. Mr. Leggett then maintained the right of his southern fellow-citizens to a free and equal mail. His writings, of course, are full of matters Jacksonian.]

Journal by Frances Anne Butler. 2 vols. Philadelphia, 1835.

[Shows the vast popularity of General Jackson during his presidency. Narrates interview with him.]

Messages of General Jackson, with a short Sketch of his Life. Concord, N. H., 1837. 12mo. 429 pp.

[Published by subscription on the eve of General Jackson's retirement from the presidency. Contains all but the Farewell Address.]

Sketch of the Life and Public Services of General Lewis Cass, with the Pamphlet on the Right of Search, and some of his Speeches on the great political questions of the day. By William T. Young, Michigan. Detroit, 1852. 8vo. 420 pp.

[The life of one who was for six years a member of General Jackson's Cabinet. A campaign life—tells nothing—and tells it more voluminously than usual.]

The United States Magazine and Democratic Review. Washington, D. C.

[This periodical, once so famous and influential, was started December, 1837. Most of its early numbers contain articles upon General Jackson, his successors or their policy.]

Life and Letters of Joseph Story, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Dane Professor of Law at Harvard University. Edited by his Son, William W. Story. Boston, 1851. 8vo. 2 vols.

[Contains letters written by Judge Story from Washington during the administration of General Jackson, in which are allusions to public affairs.]

A Memoir of Hugh Lawson White, Judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, Member of the Senate of the United States, etc. etc. With Selections from his Speeches and Correspondence. Edited by Nancy N. Scott, one of his Descendants Philadelphia, 1856.

[The Life of a man greatly instrumental in General Jackson's elevation, and afterward his opponent. Important information respecting Jackson's second cabinet, removal of the deposits, presidential campaign of 1836, etc., etc.]

The United States Manual of Biography and History. Containing Lives of the Presidents and Vice Presidents of the United States, and the Cabinet Officers, etc., etc., etc. By James V. Marshall. Philadelphia, 1856 8vo. 712 pp.

[Useful in the absence of a better book.]

The Private Correspondence of Henry Clay. Edited by Calvin Colton, LL.D. Professor of Public Economy, Trinity College. New York, 1855. 8vo. 642 pp.

[Contains numberless allusions to General Jackson, his measures and his advisers.]

Speeches of the Honorable Henry Clay. 2 vols. 8vo. Compiled and edited by Daniel Mallory. New York, 1844.

[Comments upon all of General Jackson's public acts.]

Thirty Years' View; or, a History of the Workings of the United States Government for thirty years, from 1820 to 1850. By a

Senator of thirty years (Thomas H. Benton). 2 vols. 8vo. New York, 1854.

[Nearly one half of this voluminous work is devoted to the administration of Andrew Jackson.]

American Annual Register. Boston. 8vo.

[Abounds in information respecting General Jackson's public conduct.]

Famous Persons and Places. By N. Parker Willis. New York, 1854. 12mo. 492 pp.

[Describes General Jackson as he appeared at the inauguration of Mr. Van Buren. Glimpses of Washington life.]

Plain Facts for the Democracy. 1834. 8vo.

[An effective anti-Jackson and Van Buren sheet.]

An Oration delivered on the Occasion of the Inauguration of the Bust erected to the Memory of General Andrew Jackson in the city of Memphis, January 8th, 1859. By Honorable Andrew Ewing, of Nashville. Nashville, 1859. 8vo. 26 pp.

[Contains some interesting personal recollections of the General, and a discriminating estimate of his character.]

Spirit of '76. Nashville, Tennessee. June 30th, 1840, to January 20th, 1841.

[A campaign paper of 1840, devoted to General Harrison. Contains a large number of articles relating to the policy of General Jackson, and some letters of the General's. A few grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff.]

The Life of James K. Polk, late President of the United States. By John S. Jenkins. Hudson 1850. 12mo. 395 pp.

[A life of a man closely allied to Jackson politically. It has a campaign flavor, and does not add much to our knowledge of the man or of the part he played.]

The Life and public Services of James Buchanan, late Minister to England, and formerly Minister to Russia, Senator and Representative in Congress, and Secretary of State, including the most important of his State Papers. By R. G. Horton. New York, 1856. 12mo. 428 pp.

[A campaign life of the deepest dye, casting not a gleam of light where alone light was wanted.]

Authentic Biography of Colonel Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky. Boston, 1834. 12mo. 93 pp.

[A brief memoir of a man long intimately allied with Jackson. It tells nothing that we particularly wish to know. Reprints Colonel Johnson's celebrated Sunday-mail report.]

The Political Mirror; or Review of Jacksonism. New York, 1835. 18mo. 315 pp.

[A severe review of General Jackson's administration, designed to assist in the defeat of Martin Van Buren in 1836. This is the most elaborate thing of the kind yet produced among us, also one of the ablest.]

Defense of the Whigs. By a Member of the Twenty-seventh Congress. New York, 1844. 18mo. 152 pp.

[A review of the measures of General Jackson and his successor.]

The Statesman's Manual. Containing the President's Messages, inaugural, annual and special, from 1789 to 1858, with their Memoirs, and Histories of their Administrations; together with a valuable collection of national and statistical documents, etc. Compiled from official sources by E. Williams and B. J. Lossing. 4 vols. 8vo. New York.

[An invaluable work, fully justifying its title.]

Report of the Committee of Arrangements of the Common Council of the city of New York upon the Funeral Ceremonies in Commemoration of the Death of General Andrew Jackson, Ex-President of the United States. New York, 1845. 8vo. 169 pp.

[A specimen of corporation job printing. Contains funeral oration by Benjamin F. Butler, Correspondence, etc., spread out to the utmost possible extent, so as to make a volume instead of a pamphlet.]

In the collection of the above the author was greatly aided by the friendly and intelligent zeal of Mr. William Gowans (81 Center street, New York), the king of the second-hand book trade of the United States. No one can go far in an undertaking of this kind without availing himself of Mr. Gowans' wonderful stock, and his still more wonderful knowledge of books.

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THE PIONEER.

CHAPTER I.

NORTH OF IRELANDERS.

The traveler in Ireland, we are told, on approaching its northern province from the south, observes an agreeable change coming over the aspect of the country. The hovels of the peasantry and the cabin-suburbs of the towns gradually improve. Clean and comfortable inns take the place of the slatternly taverns of middle and southern Ireland, in which nothing is what it professes to be, and nothing does what it was intended to do. Well-cultivated farms, with substantial farm-houses in good repair, with orchards and gardens, are seen on every side. An air of thrift and comfort, seldom observed elsewhere in the Emerald Isle, pervades the scene, and the tourist draws a long breath of relief, and thanks Heaven that he has come once more to a region where man is fighting the battle of life, not defeated and apathetic, but with vigor, wisdom, and resolution—a victor!

The appearance of the people, too, has changed. The troops of beggars that lie in wait for the jaunting car at the foot of every hill in less favored parts of Ireland, have vanished. The loose-haired, ragged, and bare-legged girls of the south are no longer seen. The girls of Ulster wear their hair neatly braided, have dresses clean and whole, and are rarely seen without stockings. The men discard the "old well of a hat which covers the popular head at the other end of the island," as well as the knee-breeches, and the long, loose, ill-made coat; and appear in a costume less picturesque, perhaps, but far better adapted to every purpose but idling in

the sun. The faces of the people, as Mr. Thackeray remarked,* "are sharp and neat—not broad, lazy, knowing-looking, like that of many a shambling Diogenes who may be seen lounging before his cabin in Cork and Kerry." A Scotch twang is noticed in the brogue of the people, and they speak more simply and to the point. A man gives you a downright answer, says the author just quoted, without any grin, or joke, or attempt at flattery. Nor do the small shopkeepers exhibit great bragging sign-boards, and name their places of business emporiums and repositories.

The contrast is strongly marked, also, between Dublin, with its dingy magnificence, its picturesque desolation, and Belfast, the metropolis of the North—plain, solid, thriving, and densely peopled; a city of humming factories; of small counting-houses and immense business; of finished streets and elegant villas in the outskirts; of reading rooms, Athenæums, and courses of lectures; a city with all the modern improvements, in which a North-of-England man, or a New England man, finds himself at home. Belfast, says our humorist, "looks hearty, thriving, and prosperous, as if it had money in its pockets and roast beef for dinner; it has no pretensions to fashion, but looks, mayhap, better in its honest broadcloth, than *some people* in their shabby brocade. The houses are as handsome as at Dublin, with this advantage, that people seem to live in them. They have no attempt at ornament, for the most part, but are grave, stout, red-brick edifices, laid out at four angles in orderly streets and squares."

Whence this contrast between two adjacent sections of a small island? Why has Ulster prospered, while Ireland languished? Why was it that, when Ireland starved, there was comparative plenty in Ulster? Why, when a paternal government, fearful for its revenues, forbade Ireland to manufacture woolens, did the men of Ulster "have a dash at" flax, and gain such victories over it, that now Belfast exports

* Thackeray's Irish Sketch-Book.

annually a hundred million yards of linen, while the wharves of Dublin are deserted? Why should a province which was for ages desolated by internal broils and foreign inroads, a common fighting-ground of Irish, Scotch, and English, so wild and poor as not to be represented in some early Parliaments, the last province to feel the effects of orderly rule, a region less favored in climate and soil than the counties of the south, have been the first to share in the modern prosperity of the British empire, and the only one which, through all discouragements and hindrances, has held on its prosperous way?

Because King James I., of various memory, did one wise thing. He found the north of Ireland subdued, but lying waste and unpeopled from the long wars. Instead of bestowing the forfeited lands upon courtiers and soldiers in large tracts, he divided them into small portions, which he granted to settlers, especially ordaining that "*no one shall obtain grants of land which he is unable to plant with men.*" This was the essential feature of his plan: the details are not important to us. Large numbers of Protestant Scotchmen, who had but to cross a narrow frith to get to this more genial region, availed themselves of the king's wise procedure. They settled in Ulster; made another and a nobler conquest of it than the royal troops had made; intermarried with the natives of the isle; and founded that remarkable race, which so curiously blends diverse qualities, and is at once named and described by the compound, Scotch-Irish.

The Irishman is a very familiar character to us all. His rollicking fun, his ready wit, his eloquence, his fierce resentments, his ardent affections, his wonderful sacrifices for those he loves, his inexact intellect, (the liveliness of his imagination overpowering his sense of truth,) his careless habits and love of ease—who does not know? The truth is, the Irishman belongs nearer the sun, whence he came; where man *can* lounge, and laugh, and play away half the summer days, without being brought to such a strict account as that to which winter subjects the men of the North. Add to the stern

necessities of winter, the exactions of a northern land-system, and the decrees of a long unsympathizing government, and you reduce the Irishman to the condition in which we find him in the southern counties of the green island.

But, if he gives up the struggle of life, he supplies the world with half its fun and fancy: himself often miserable, but always interesting and picturesque; the chosen of novelists, the delight of the stage, the sketching tourist's best friend, and never wanting to the comic corner of newspapers.

The Scotchman, on the contrary, is just the man to extract a livelihood from a hard soil and an ungenial clime. He must have been indigenous to the North, one would think. The most orderly, the most truthful, the most persistent of men; slow to feel, though susceptible of the deepest feeling; capable of enthusiasm, but not easily roused; as brave as the bravest, but unacquainted with the shilalah; not slow to take offense, but moody in his wrath; not jocular nor witty, though social and fond of his own quaint and quiet humor. Sir Walter Scott seems scarcely to do justice to his countrymen, when he says that they are insensible to humor. "How is it," he asked, "that our solemn, proud, dignified Celt, with a soul so alive to what is elevating, and even elegant, in poetry and feeling, is so super-eminently dull as respects all the lighter play of fancy? The Highlander never understands wit or humor. Paddy, despite all his misery and privations, overflows with both. I suppose he is the gayest fellow in the world, except the only worse-used one still, the West India nigger."*

The Scotch-Irish are a tough, vehement, good-hearted race, who have preserved in full measure the Scotch virtues of honesty, prudence, and perseverance, but exhibit the showing traits of the Irish, subdued and diminished. A plain, simple, and pure people, formed to grapple with practical affairs; in dealing with which they often display an impetuosity which is Irish, and a persistence which is Scotch.

* Lockhart's Life of Scott, chap. lxiii.

They have not the taste or gift for art, of which no Irishman of pure blood seems to be quite destitute. Our traveler tells us, that in the south and middle of Ireland, when he was sketching out-of-doors, he was always surrounded by a crowd of spectators, watching the progress of his picture with the keenest delight. But in the north, he might sketch all day without attracting the slightest attention. The people were too busy to linger on their way, and wholly indifferent to an occupation which they would feel to be a frivolous misuse of time. Their genius shines in other pursuits. They possess a sturdiness of understanding, and sometimes a certain quick and piercing intelligence, which throws a Drummond glare upon a limited space, though it leaves the general scene in darkness.

One trait in the character of these people demands the particular attention of the reader. It is their nature to *contend* for what they think is right with peculiar earnestness. Some of them, too, have a knack of extracting from every affair in which they may engage, and from every relation in life which they form, the very largest amount of contention which it can be made to yield. Hot water would seem to be the natural element of some of them, for they are always in it. It appears to be more difficult for a North-of-Irelander than for other men to allow an honest difference of opinion in an opponent; so that he is apt to regard the terms *opponent* and *enemy* as synonymous. Hence, in the political and sectarian contests of the present day, he occasionally exhibits a narrowness, if not ferocity of spirit, such as his forefathers manifested in the old wars of the clans and the borders, or in the later strifes between Catholic and Protestant. It is strange that so kind and generous a people should be so fierce in contention. "Their factions," says Sir Walter Scott, speaking of the Irish generally, "have been so long envenomed, and they have such a narrow ground to do their battle in, that they are like people fighting with daggers in a hogshead."

Not less envenomed are the controversies of the Scotch-

Irish. Judge how much fighting blood lurks in the veins of these steady-going weavers of linen, from the following paragraph from Mr. Thackeray's inimitable Sketch-Book :—

"The three churches are here pretty equally balanced—Presbyterians, 25,000, Catholics, 20,000, Episcopalians, 17,000; each party has two or more newspaper organs; and the wars between them are dire and unceasing, as the reader may imagine. For whereas, in other parts of Ireland, where Catholics and Episcopalians prevail, and the Presbyterian body is too small, each party has but one opponent to belabor; here, the Ulster politician, whatever may be his way of thinking, has the great advantage of possessing two enemies on whom he may exercise his eloquence; and in this triangular duel all do their duty nobly. Then there are subdivisions of hostility. For the Church, there is a High-church and a Low-church journal; for the Liberals, there is a Repeal journal and a No-repeal journal. For the Presbyterians, there are yet more varieties of journalist opinion, on which it does not become a stranger to pass judgment. If the *Northern Whig* says that the *Banner of Ulster* 'is a polluted rag which has hoisted the red banner of falsehood,' (which elegant words may be found in the first-named journal of the 13th October,) let us be sure the *Banner* has a compliment for the *Northern Whig* in return; if the Repeal *Vindicator* and the priests attack the Presbyterian journals and the Home Missions, the reverend gentlemen of Geneva are quite as ready with the pen as their brethren of Rome, and not much more scrupulous in their language than the laity. When I was in Belfast, violent disputes were raging between Presbyterian and Episcopalian Conservatives with regard to the Marriage Bill; between Presbyterians and Catholics on the subject of the Home Missions; between the Liberals and Conservatives, of course."*

All this shows a people earnest and sincere in their convictions, capable of taking the deepest interest in subjects which have nothing to do with the price of linen.

And these very people, apart from their strifes, are singularly tender in their feelings, liberal in gifts and hospitality, and most easy to be entreated. On great questions, too, which lift the mind above sectarian trivialities, they will, as a people, be invariably found on the anti-diabolic side: equally strenuous for liberty and for law, against "mobs and monarchs, lords and levelers," as one of their own stump ora-

* Irish Sketch-Book, vol. ii., chap. xii.

tors expressed it. The name which Bulwer bestows upon one of his characters, *Stick-to-rights*, describes every genuine son of Ulster.

A curious humor, however, relieves the rough and bristling character of these people. Their clergymen, for example, will utter dry jokes upon points of theology, which would shock the divines of a graver race ; but, with the light of the jest still playing about their faces, they would go to the stake for their faith, or cleave the skull of a Catholic who stood in arms against it.

It is to be observed, also, of these remarkable people, that the two races whose good and less good qualities they share, are blended in different proportions in every individual. Some are Scotch-Irish, and others are Irish-Scotch. Some come to their Scotch traits only after sowing a plentiful crop of the most Irish wild-oats. Some are canny Scots in repose, and wildly Irish in contention. Some, at times of keen excitement, exhibit, in a surprising manner, an Irish dash and daring, controlled by Scottish wariness. And some will imbibe an opinion or a prejudice with Irish readiness, and then cling to it with Scotch tenacity.

It could not but be that a race so bold and enterprising should have contributed its proportion to the tide of emigration which has peopled America. Transferred to the wider sphere afforded on this continent, the North-of-Irelanders have, upon the whole, done great honor to their blood and instincts, their love of liberty and regard for right. Such of them as have attained distinction here have done so, not so much by originality of thought or project, as by originality of career. There is an abounding *energy* in these men which enables them to do ordinary things in an extraordinary and memorable manner ; exhibiting a rare union of enterprise, perseverance and prudence. In most of them there is a touch of eccentricity.

Among the men of North-of-Ireland stock whose names are familiar to the people of the United States, the following may serve to illustrate some of the foregoing remarks : John

Stark ; Robert Fulton ; John C. Calhoun ; Sam Houston ; David Crockett ; Hugh L. White ; James K. Polk ; Patrick Bronté ; Horace Greeley ; Robert Bonner ; A. T. Stewart ; Andrew Jackson.

CHAPTER II.

CARRICKFERGUS.

Carrickfergus is an old, old town on the northern coast of Ireland, nine miles from Belfast ; which latter was an unknown hamlet when Carrickfergus was one of the antiquities of Europe. The name means Crag of Fergus. A rocky promontory extends into the bay there, upon which, sometime between the Flood and Anno Domini, one king Fergus was cast away and drowned. His body was tossed upon the Crag by the waves, and the place has ever since borne his name. In the course of ages, a castle was built upon this commanding height ; a little town gathered at its base along the shore, which was walled by sods and stone ; and the Crag of Fergus, during the centuries of the battle-ax, was the stronghold of the north of Ireland. How often it was attacked by land and sea, by Scot, by English, and by native king ; how many times it was besieged and stormed and razed and rebuilt ; what ancient kings held there their rude court ; how often it was the sole place of refuge in a province ravaged by war ; how long it was the terror of that province when it had been conquered, but would not submit ; many an Irish chronicler has essayed to record.

When the trading era dawned, and the battle-ax began to give precedence to the shuttle and the improved plow, Carrickfergus was outstripped by its young neighbor Belfast, and lost much of its importance. A hundred years ago, when our interest in it commences, it was a third-rate seaport

town, of a thousand inhabitants, supported chiefly by fishing and the manufacture of linen. The old castle on the crag was falling to ruin, and was garrisoned only by a hundred and fifty men. Small farmers tilled the adjacent land. The music of the loom was heard in nearly every house of town and country. Carrickfergus was remarkable for nothing but the orderly diligence of its people, and the chronic fury with which they carried on the party contests of the day.

In this town and its vicinity, for an unknown number of generations, lived the forefathers of Andrew Jackson. Andrew Jackson's grandfather, Hugh Jackson, was a linen-draper there in the year 1660, and suffered in a "siege" of the town which occurred in that year. Hugh Jackson was the father of four sons, all of whom were settled in the neighborhood as farmers. The youngest of his sons, Andrew by name, the father of the subject of this work, was a married man in 1765, and had two sons, Hugh and Robert. Beyond these few facts, which were derived from General Jackson's recollection of conversations with his mother, nothing is known, or can now be discovered, of the Jacksons in Carrickfergus.

The siege of Carrickfergus, which figures as a terrible affair in some of the biographies of General Jackson, was, in reality, of so trifling a nature as to be almost ridiculous. After the fierce and bloody storming of the town in 1689, by the adherents of King William, Carrickfergus enjoyed repose, disturbed only by a brief flurry of alarm in 1745, when a rumor prevailed that the Pretender was coming. The loyal Protestants of Carrickfergus formed new companies of militia and prepared to defend the place. But the Pretender came not, and the town soon fell again into the even tenor of its way. Fifteen years passed, in which there was neither war nor rumor of war. One morning in February, 1760, to the equal astonishment and consternation of the people, a French fleet, of three large armed vessels, sailed into the bay, and, anchoring near the town, proceeded to land a force of seven hundred troops. The officer in command of the castle would

have yielded without a struggle, had not the valiant mayor of the town insisted, Jackson-like, on his making a defense. The French marched in, and assaulted the castle ; where they were so warmly received that fifty of their number fell dead before the gate, and fifty more were wounded. They retired to the shelter of the adjoining houses. But the garrison having expended their ammunition, were compelled to parley ; which terminated in surrender upon honorable terms. When all was over, it appeared that the fleet had put in in distress for provisions ; upon obtaining a supply of which from Belfast, it took its peaceful departure, and was captured, a few days after, by an English squadron in the Channel.

The good people of Carrickfergus were much frightened, but little hurt by this bold dash of the French commodore. "On the first alarm of an enemy intending to attack the town," says the local historian, "some timid people fled ; and those who remained generally shut up their doors and windows, and quietly remained within. In the evening, guards were stationed on the different roads leading into the town, and sentinels placed on the houses of the principal inhabitants to prevent their being plundered ; yet many houses were broken into and despoiled of their most valuable effects, and even the church was robbed of its plate. During the night, so many of the enemy were intoxicated in houses or about the streets, that fifty resolute men could have made them all prisoners."*

The Irish Parliament afterwards granted four thousand two hundred pounds to compensate the people for their losses, of which sum six hundred pounds was returned to the government ; an act characteristic of this most honest race. The "sufferings" of Hugh Jackson in the siege of Carrickfergus could not have been very severe or prolonged. The presence, however, of a regiment of drunken soldiers, and their midnight plunderings, may have left an impression of

* McSkimin's History of Carrickfergus, page 84.

terror upon the mind of General Jackson's mother, which caused the siege to assume great importance in her narratives of the old country. The siege, it appears, was duly celebrated or burlesqued in a play, a ballad and a pantomime, which were long familiar to the people of Carrickfergus and Belfast. Snatches of the ballad were among the lullaby songs with which the mother of General Jackson soothed her children to sleep.

The history of Carrickfergus by Mr. McSkimin enjoys some celebrity in Ireland as one of the best works of its kind extant. It is certainly executed with extraordinary labor and pains. A leading feature of this work is its numerous lists of names ; lists of mayors, members of Parliament, freemen of the town, juries, collectors of the port, clergymen, old people, tradesmen, artificers and others. The book contains many thousands of the names of people who have lived and flourished in Carrickfergus. So many, indeed, that scarcely a family of the slightest note or importance can have escaped mention. Upon searching this voluminous work for some trace of the family of General Jackson, I find the name recorded but once. In a small foot-note appended to the account of a transaction which took place in 1708, the name, John Jackson, occurs in a list of the grand jury of the county. Whether this John Jackson was a connection of the family in which we are interested, can not be known. But one thing is certain, there is no transaction mentioned in Mr. McSkimin's book in which an ancestor of General Jackson would have been more *likely* to take part than that with which we find the name of John Jackson associated.

Party spirit, during the reign of Queen Anne, raged in Carrickfergus. Whig and tory, churchmen and dissenters, were peculiarly embittered against each other in a town where the energetic business men were whigs and dissenters, and the presence of a garrison, and the residence of a noble family or two gave a certain assurance and audacity to the "high-flying" tories. The grand object of the dissenters was the repeal of the Test Act, which placed them under several

odious disabilities. In 1708, the "quarter-sessions grand jury" of the county unanimously signed an address to the queen, recounting the grievances of the act, and urging its repeal. It is mentioned as an extraordinary piece of condescension on the part of Queen Anne, that she received this address graciously, and permitted its publication in the Gazette. The tories of Carrickfergus, upon learning that the queen had bestowed "such a distinction," as Mr. McSkimin styles it, upon the dissenters, were indignant, and gave out that the address was a forgery, and so denounced it in the *Flying Post.* Whereupon, the grand jury issued a certificate or proclamation of its genuineness, signed by each juror. One of the jurors thus signing was John Jackson. And this is the only glimmer of light upon our subject which the history of Carrickfergus affords.

Upon the general character of the people inhabiting that corner of Ireland, Mr. McSkimin gives us much information. Note well these illustrations of the party spirit which prevailed in Carrickfergus when General Jackson's father was a school-boy:

"The government being apprehensive that the Pretender meditated the invasion of some part of these kingdoms, an array of the militia of this place was ordered, in common with those of the county of Antrim. Soon after, the Rev. Edward Mathews, curate of Carrickfergus, circulated a report that the Rev. Patrick Adair had left the town when the militia were about to be sworn in, although requested to stay by the mayor, who dreaded a disturbance among the dissenters, on account of a false report having gone abraad, that 'they must all swear to be Churchmen.' This statement, on the authority of Mr. Mathews, also appeared in the pamphlet called 'The Conduct of the Dissenters;' but was immediately contradicted, not only by Mr. Adair, but also by Richard Horseman, mayor, and William Wilkinson, a respectable inhabitant. These false reports, as might be expected, led to some disagreeable incidents. Mr. Mathews and Mr. Adair, meeting soon after at the south end of Essex street, had such warm words respecting the above statement, that blows ensued—when the former is said to have been overcome.

"Tradition likewise affirms, that in the summer of 1714, the tories went so far as to take up by force the Dissenters' Catechism, when exposed for sale in the market-place, and even threatened to nail up their

place of worship; and that a military officer, proceeding to put this threat into execution, fell dead on Gravott's bridge, West street.

"The rancorous spirit of intolerance and persecution appears to have been pretty generally abroad about this time. On the 17th July, same year, the grand jury of the county of Antrim assembled at assize, with other gentlemen and freeholders of said county, prepared an address, to be presented to her Majesty Queen Anne. In this address, they highly approved of the before-mentioned test; strongly reprobated any secession from the established Church; and declared their unshaken loyalty to her 'Sacred Majesty,' in opposition to those who, as they said, would 'transfer it to *their* Sovereign Lord—THE PEOPLE.' They concluded by declaring that they would, 'with the utmost zeal and indignation, pursue those factious spirits,' whom they represented as endeavoring to undermine the throne. Her Majesty died on the 1st August following, and this address fell to the ground.

"The news of her Majesty's decease was received here by those parties with very opposite sensations. Some of the whigs flew to the parish church, and began ringing, on its bell, 'a merry peal.'"

The reader is not to infer from such scenes as these, that the citizens of Carrickfergus loved contention for its own sake. The grievances of which the dissenters complained were such as a high-spirited people can not submit to in silence. The dissenters, largely in the majority as they were, were denied participation in the government, were taxed for the support of the established Church, and were scarcely recognized as fellow-subjects by the dominant party. In later days, since the most offensive of the distinctions between dissenters and churchmen have been abolished, they have lived in comparative peace and friendliness with the still privileged sect. At least, there is no further record of the Church curate and the dissenting clergyman coming to blows in the street.

As early as 1756, when the father of General Jackson may have been old enough to be a member of it, there was a Patriot Club in Carrickfergus, which declared in its Plan of Association, that it was ready "to defend the king and constitution," and to oppose "all measures tending to infringe the Sacred Right of the People." Mr. McSkimin's work contains abundant proof of his assertion, that the people of Carrickfergus "have evinced a due share of public spirit, which

has been always conspicuous when the interests of the nation appeared to be concerned. On those occasions, they have ever been amongst the foremost to declare their approbation or disapprobation of the measure in question; and have invariably supported the popular side, as far as in their power."

The people in the adjacent country appear to have been remarkably simple in their character and manners. When Andrew Jackson, the elder, tilled his few hired acres there, a hundred years ago, the people still believed in witches, fairies, brownies, wraiths, evil eyes, charms, and warning spirits. They had only just done trying people for witchcraft; and the ducking-stool for scolding wives* still existed, and may have been occasionally used. They nailed horse-shoes to the bottoms of their churns; they had faith in a seventh son; they trembled when a mirror was broken, or a dog howled; they undertook no enterprise on Friday, nor would change their residence on Saturday. Some of their customs, as described by the historian of Carrickfergus, were exceedingly curious. The following may interest some of their innumerable descendants in the United States:—

"A kind of punishment was formerly inflicted occasionally, called *Riding the Stang*, meaning riding upon a sting, that is, receiving chastisement for some offense of which the common law did not take any cognizance. On those occasions some low fellow, who represented the delin quent, was mounted on a long pole carried on men's shoulders, and in this way he was taken about the streets, the bearers occasionally halting, and he making loud proclamation of the person's real or alleged offense, the crowd huzzaing. They afterwards repaired to the residence of the offender, where a grand proclamation was made of his crime, or misdemeanor; after which the company dispersed, giving three hearty cheers.

"Although the people are generally Protestants, yet if a person is suddenly deranged, or a child *overseen*, the lower orders rarely apply to their

* The following is an extract from the ancient records of Carrickfergus:— "October, 1574, ordered and agreede by the hole Court, that all manner of Skoldes which Shal be openly detected of Skolding or evill wordes in manner of Skolding, & for the same shal be condemned before Mr. Maior and his brethren, Shal be drawne at the Sterne of a boate in the water from the ende of the Peare rounde abought the Queenes majesties Cassell in manner of ducking," etc., etc.

own minister for relief, but to some Roman Catholic priest, and receive from him what is termed a *priest's book*. This book, or paper, is sowed in the clothes of the afflicted person, or worn as an amulet about the neck; if lost, a second book is never given to the same person.

"On the death of a person, the nearest neighbors cease working till the corpse is interred. Within the house where the deceased is, the dishes, and all other kitchen utensils, are removed from the shelves, or dressers; looking-glasses are covered or taken down, clocks are stopped, and their dial-plates covered. Except in cases deemed very infectious, the corpse is always kept one night, and sometimes two. This sitting with the corpse is called the Wake, from *Like-wake* (Scottish), the meeting of the friends of the deceased before the funeral. Those meetings are generally conducted with great decorum; portions of the Scriptures are read, and frequently a prayer is pronounced, and a psalm given out fitting for the solemn occasion. Pipes and tobacco are always laid out on a table, and spirits or other refreshments are distributed during the night. If a dog or cat passes over the dead body, it is immediately killed, as it is believed that the first person it would pass over afterwards, would take the *falling sickness*. A plate with salt is frequently set on the breast of the corpse, and is said to keep the same from swelling.

"On Shrove Tuesday, called also *Fasten's e'en*, or pancake eve, it is customary to eat pancakes. Formerly the barbarous practice of throwing sticks at cocks was practiced on this day. The devoted bird was tied to a stake, and persons standing off a few perches, threw at him with a staff, his brutal owner receiving one penny for each throw till he was killed. The custom ceased about 1794.

"Easter Monday is a day of very general festivity, and on it cock-fights are usually held. In the afternoon, if the weather is fine, young men and women resort to a green, south of the town, called Ranbuy, and join in some rustic sport, which concludes by their return into town late in the evening, playing *thread the needle*. Same day, children dye eggs various colors, and repairing to some gentle declivity, trundle them till they break, on which they are eaten.

"On May eve, young boys and girls resort to the fields and gather Mayflowers, which they spread outside of their doors. Sprigs of rowan tree were formerly gathered same eve, and stuck above the inside of the out-door heads, to keep off the witches. The herb yarrow (*milfolium*) is gathered to cause young girls to dream of their future husbands. Some females who have cows, rise very early on May morning, and proceed to the nearest spring well, and bring home a portion of its water. This is called, 'getting the flower of the well,' and those who practice it believe that their cattle are thus secured against charms for that season.

"In harvest, when the last of the farmer's corn is about to be cut, a

small portion of the best is plaited and bound up. The men then stand at a certain distance, and throw their hooks at it till it is cut, on which they give three cheers. This is generally called winning the *churn*, but in some parts of the parish it is called the *hare*. It is carried home and laid above the door: the name of the first young woman who enters afterwards, it is said, will be that of the wife of the young man who has put it there. A like custom is observed in Devonshire, and in all likelihood it came here with the settlers from thence.

"On winning the *churn*, the reapers are usually regaled with a special feast, also called the *churn*. Formerly this feast consisted of a profusion of homely fare, such as bread, cheese, butter, cream, etc., and generally concluded with a dance, the master and mistress joining without distinction in the general festivity. Of late years, this rustic feast has been corrupted by the introduction of tea and whiskey, and the former simplicity of the entertainment is in a great measure lost.

"Formerly a custom prevailed, which was termed calling the *Waits*. A short time before Christmas, young men or boys assembled each morning about five o'clock, and proceeded with music to the houses of the most respectable persons, where they played some lively tunes. One of the party then bade good morning to each of those within, beginning with the master, and ending by calling out the hour of the morning, and state of the weather. These visits were continued till some days after Christmas, when they called in daylight, and received a donation in silver, which was always spent in the ale-house. This custom ceased in 1796, or 1797, when all nocturnal meetings were prohibited.

"Late on Christmas eve, young men and boys assemble and collect carts, cars, gates, boats, planks, etc., with which they block up the Irish or West gate of this town. There is a vague tradition that the custom originated in the Protestant inhabitants shutting the gates on the Roman Catholics, when they went out to mass on Christmas eve.

"Within memory, it was common with boys to assemble early at their school-house on the morning before Christmas, and to *bar* out the master, who was not admitted till he promised a certain number of days' vacation. Early on Christmas day, the boys set out to the country in parties of eight to twelve, armed with staves or bludgeons, killing and carrying off such fowls as came in their way. These were taken to their respective school-rooms, and dressed the following day. To this feast many persons were invited, who furnished liquors, or other necessaries; the entertainment usually continued for several days. As civilization increased, these marauding feasts became less popular.

"During the Christmas holidays it is yet common with young boys to assemble at night, fantastically dressed with paper ornaments, and to proceed to the different houses, each repeating in turn the words of some

character in the well-known *Christmas rhymes*. After these orations, halfpence are solicited, and usually given, which are spent in liquors or sweetmeats.

"Formerly great numbers of men and boys resorted to the fields on this day to play at *shinny*, which game was sometimes warmly contested between the inhabitants of different townlands; the custom has almost entirely ceased, a few boys only assembling to this diversion.

"The following things are generally observed here as prognostics of the weather, on which the moon is believed to have great influence at all seasons. If the new moon appears with her disk nearly upright, or what is termed on her back, rough weather is considered certain during her time. Saturday's change is thought to forebode storms and rain; hence the remark, 'a Saturday's change is enough in seven years.' At the full and quarters of the moon's age, change of weather is expected. When a circle appears about the moon, called a *brough*, stormy weather is looked for within twenty-four hours; hence it is said, 'a far off *brough* and a near hand storm.' If small floating white clouds appear, which are called *cat hair*, rain is looked for next day; and when a meteor is seen at night, called a *shot star*, it is thought that it will be wet or stormy the day following.

"The singing of the red-breast in the evening on the top of a tree or bush, is deemed a token of fine weather. Swallows flying low are believed to indicate rain; flying high, the reverse. The dor-beetle, or bum-clock, seen abroad in the evening, is supposed to forebode good weather. When the roaring of Strangford bar is heard in this lough by the fishers, they conclude that the wind will blow hard from the south. If Scotland is distinctly seen with the naked eye, and the Copeland Islands appear high, a gale is expected from the eastward. When the sun appears nearly encompassed by a circle, severe weather is expected, and the wind from that direction where the breach was in the circle. If a figure appears in the morning in the clouds, like part of a rainbow, which the fishers call a *Dog*, they expect stormy weather; if seen in the evening, the reverse;—hence their adage,

> "'A dog at night is a sailor's delight,
> A dog in the morning will bark before night.'

"By some, this appearance is called a weather-gaw. If a star is seen near the moon, which they call *Hurlbassey*, tempestuous weather is looked for by them."

Among the descendants of the Scotch-Irish in New Hampshire and North Carolina, some traces of these rustic customs and beliefs may still be observed. General Jackson

himself, to the end of his life, never liked to begin any thing of consequence on Friday, and would not, if it could be avoided without serious injury to some important interest.

CHAPTER III.

THE EMIGRANTS.

In 1765, Andrew Jackson the elder, with his wife and two sons, emigrated to America. He was accompanied by three of his neighbors, James, Robert, and Joseph Crawford, the first-named of whom was his brother-in-law. The peace between France and England, signed two years before, which ended the "old French war"—the war in which Braddock was defeated and Canada won—had restored to mankind their highway, the ocean, and given an impulse to emigration from the old world to the new. From the north of Ireland large numbers sailed away to the land of promise. Five sisters of Mrs. Jackson had gone, or were soon going. Samuel Jackson, a brother of Andrew, afterwards went, and established himself in Philadelphia, where he long lived, a respectable citizen. Mrs. Suffren, a daughter of another brother, followed in later years, and settled in New York, where she has living descendants.*

When Andrew Jackson emigrated, George III. had reigned five years. America was resisting the Stamp Act, which was repealed a year later when Chatham came into power, and Franklin had borne his testimony against it at the bar of the House of Commons. Frederic II. was beginning to be "called the Great," and the death of Pompadour had just left the throne of France vacant. Washington was learning how to govern himself and his country in the school

* Kendall's Life of Jackson, page 10.

in which genuine statesmanship is learned—the management of a private estate.

Andrew Jackson was a poor man, and his wife, Elizabeth Hutchinson, was a poor man's daughter. The tradition is clear and credible among the numerous descendants of Mrs. Jackson's sisters, that their lot in Ireland was a hard one. They were weavers of linen, the price of which fluctuated in the early day of its manufacture more injuriously than it now does. The grandchildren of the Hutchinson sisters remember hearing their mothers often say, that in Ireland some of these girls were compelled to labor half the night, and sometimes all night, in order to produce the requisite quantity of linen. Linen-weaving was their employment both before and after marriage; the men of the families tilling small farms at high rents, and the women toiling at the loom. The members of this circle were not all equally poor. There is reason to believe that some of them brought to America sums of money which were considerable for that day, and sufficient to enable them to buy negroes as well as lands in the southern wilderness. But all accounts concur in this: that Andrew Jackson was very poor, both in Ireland and in America. Besides this, tradition has nothing of importance to communicate respecting him, except that he and his wife were Presbyterians, as their fathers were before them. The Hutchinson sisters, however, are remembered as among the most thrifty, industrious and capable of a race remarkable for those qualities. There is a smack of the North-Irish brogue still to be observed in the speech of their grandchildren and great-grandchildren. "He went *till* Charleston," and "there never was seen the *like* of him for mischief," are specimens of their talk. General Jackson himself, to a very nice ear, occasionally betrayed his lineage by the slightest possible twang of Scotch-Irish pronunciation.

I may as well remark here as anywhere, that the features and shape of head of General Jackson, which ten thousand sign-boards have made familiar to the people of the United States, are common in North Carolina and Tennessee. In

the course of a two months' tour in those States among the people of Scotch-Irish descent, I saw more than twenty well-marked specimens of the long, slender, Jacksonian head, with the bushy, bristling hair, and the well-known features. There is a member of the North Carolina Legislature, and a judge in Tennessee, so strongly resembling General Jackson, that it could scarcely fail to be remarked in any company where they were, if the name of Jackson should be mentioned. The venerable Dr. Felix Robertson, of Nashville, the first man born in that part of the Cumberland valley, who is still living to wonder at what two generations of men have wrought in that garden of the South-west, has often been accosted in the street as General Jackson, though he is not so much like the General as many other gentlemen whom I have seen. In Carrickfergus, there are probably many Jacksons walking about the streets unrecognized; the type being evidently one from which nature has been in the habit of taking impressions for many generations. I think it probable, for the same reason, that Andrew Jackson the elder strongly resembled his son in form and feature. The General's mother, moreover, according to tradition, was a "stout woman," and among the numerous descendants of her sisters there is no likeness to General Jackson to be observed.

The party of emigrants from Carrickfergus landed at Charleston, and proceeded, without delay, to the Waxhaw settlement, a hundred and sixty miles to the north-west of Charleston, where many of their kindred and countrymen were already established. This settlement was, or had been, the seat of the Waxhaw tribe of Indians. It is the region watered by the Catawba river, since pleasantly famous for its grapes. A branch of the Catawba, called the Waxhaw Creek, a small and not ornamental stream, much choked with logs and overgrowth to this day, runs through it, fertilizing a considerable extent of bottom land. It is a pleasant enough undulating region, an oasis of fertility in a waste of pine woods; much "worn" now by incessant cotton-raising, but showing still some fine and profitable plantations. The word Wax-

haw, be it observed, has no geographical or political meaning. The settlement so called was partly in North Carolina and partly in South Carolina. Many of the settlers, probably, scarcely knew in which of the two provinces they lived, nor cared to know. At this day, the name Waxhaw has vanished from the maps and gazetteers, but in the country round about the old settlement, the lands along the creek are still called "the Waxhaws."

Another proof of the poverty of Andrew Jackson is this: the Crawfords, who came with him from Ireland, bought lands near the center of the settlement, on the Waxhaw Creek itself, lands which still attest the wisdom of their choice; but Jackson settled seven miles away, on new land, on the banks of Twelve Mile Creek, another branch of the Catawba. The place is now known as "Pleasant Grove Camp Ground," and the particular land once occupied by the father of General Jackson is still pointed out by the old people of the neighborhood. How large the tract was, I have not been able to ascertain; as, since that day, there have been so many changes in the counties of that part of North Carolina, that a search for an old land-title is attended with peculiar difficulty. The best information now attainable confirms the tradition which prevails in the Waxhaw country, that Andrew Jackson, the elder, never *owned* in America one acre of land. General S. H. Walkup, of Union county, a distinguished member of the Senate of North Carolina, a lawyer in the region where he has lived from his birth, has made this matter a subject of special and laborious investigation. "I have examined," he writes to me, "the offices of the Register of Deeds at Wadesborough in Anson county, and Charlotte in Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, to find out whether General Jackson's father ever owned any land, and I have also examined the old papers of the tract on which he once lived. But I can not find that he ever owned any land. No evidence of any title in him can be found. My own opinion is, that he never did own any land, and it is well known that he was extremely poor; and therefore it

was that after his death his widow removed to Waxhaw Creek among her relatives." On Twelve Mile Creek, however, Andrew Jackson planted himself, with his family, and began to hew out of the wilderness a farm and a home. The land is in what is now called Union county, North Carolina, a few miles from Monroe, the county seat. The county was named Union, a few years ago, in honor of the Union's indomitable defender, and in rebuke of neighboring nullifiers. It was proposed to call the county Jackson, but Union was thought a worthier compliment ; particularly as the patriotic little county juts into South Carolina.

For two years Andrew Jackson and his family toiled in the Carolina woods. He had built his log-house, cleared some fields, and raised a crop. Then, the father of the family, his work all incomplete, sickened and died : his two boys being still very young, and his wife far advanced in pregnancy. This was early in the spring of 1767.

In a rude farm-wagon the corpse, accompanied, as it seems, in the same vehicle by all the little family, was conveyed to the old Waxhaw church-yard, and interred. No stone marks the spot beneath which the bones have moldered ; but tradition points it out. In that ancient place of burial, families sleep together, and the place where Andrew Jackson lies is known by the grave-stones which record the names of his wife's relations, the Crawfords, the McKemeys and others.

A strange and lonely place is that old grave-yard to this day. A little church (the third that has stood near that spot) having nothing whatever of the ecclesiastical in its appearance, resembling rather a neat farm-house, stands, not in the church-yard, but a short distance from it. Huge trees, with smaller pines among them, rise singly and in clumps, as they were originally left by those who first subdued the wilderness there. Great roots of trees roughen the red clay roads. The church is not now used, because of some schism respecting psalmody and close communion ; and the interior, unpainted, unceiled, and uncushioned, with straight-backed

pews, and rough Sunday-school benches, looks grimly wooden and desolate as the traveler removes the chip that keeps the door from blowing open, and peeps in. Old as the settlement is, the country is but thinly inhabited, and the few houses near look like those of a just-peopled country in the northern States. Miles and miles and miles, you may ride in the pine woods and "old fields" of that country, without meeting a vehicle or seeing a living creature. So that when the stranger stands in that church-yard among the old graves, though there is a house or two not far off, but not in sight, he has the feeling of one who comes upon the ancient burial-place of a race extinct. Rude old stones are there that were placed over graves when as yet a stone-cutter was not in the province; stones upon which coats-of-arms were once engraved, still partly decipherable; stones which are modern compared with these, yet record the exploits of revolutionary soldiers; stones so old that every trace of inscription is lost, and stones as new as the new year. The inscriptions on the grave-stones are unusually simple and direct, and free from sniveling and cant. A large number of them end with Pope's line (incorrectly quoted) which declares an honest man to be the noblest work of God. One of the inscriptions, the longest of them all, I copied, because it seemed a good illustration of the character of this virtuous, but consciously-virtuous race. The history thus bluntly recorded was that of many who lie in old Waxhaw church-yard, and the character portrayed is Jacksonian:

"Here lies the body of Mr. William Blair, who departed this life in the 64th year of his age, on the 2d of July, A. D. 1821, at 9 P. M. He was born in the county of Antrim, Ireland, on the 24th of March, 1759. When about thirteen years old, he came with his father to this country, where he resided till his death.

"Immediately on his left are deposited the earthly remains of his only wife, Sarah, whose death preceded his but a few years.

"He was a revolutionary patriot, and in the humble station of private soldier and wagon-master, he contributed more to the establishment of American independence than many whose names are proudly emblazoned on the page of history.

"With his father's wagon he assisted in transporting the baggage of the American army for several months. He was in the battles of the Hanging Rock, the Eutaw, Ratliff's Bridge, and the Fish Dam Ford on Broad River. In one of these battles (it is not recollected which) he received a slight wound, but so far was he from regarding it, either then or afterwards, that when it was intimated to him that he might avail himself of the bounty of his country, and draw a pension (as many of his camp associates had done) he declared, that if the small competence he then possessed failed him, he was able and willing to work for his living, and, if it became necessary, to fight for his country without a penny of pay.

"In the language of Pope, 'The noblest work of God is an honest man.'

> "No further seek his merits to disclose,
> Or draw his frailties from their dread abode.
> There they alike in trembling hope repose,
> The bosom of his father and his God."

The bereaved family of the Jacksons never returned to their home on the banks of Twelve Mile Creek, but went from the church-yard to the house, not far off, of one of Mrs. Jackson's brothers-in-law, George McKemey by name, whose remains now repose in the same old burying-ground. A few nights after, Mrs. Jackson was seized with the pains of labor. There was a swift sending of messengers to the neighbors, and a hurrying across the fields of friendly women ; and before the sun rose, a son was born, the son whose career and fortunes we have undertaken to relate. It was in a small log house, in the province of North Carolina, less than a quarter of a mile from the boundary line between North and South Carolina, that the birth took place.

Andrew Jackson, then, was born in Union county, North Carolina, on the 15th of March, 1767.

General Jackson always supposed himself to be a native of South Carolina. "Fellow-citizens of my *native* State!" he exclaims, at the close of his proclamation to the nullifiers of South Carolina ; but it is as certain as any fact of the kind can be that he was mistaken. The point is one of small importance, but as it may be questioned, and as the people of the Carolinas have shown much interest in it, I will give the

briefest possible summary of the evidence* which fixes the birth of General Jackson in North Carolina. The evidence was collected and drawn up in convincing array by General S. E. Walkup, a most worthy gentleman. Born and brought up in the neighborhood, General Walkup was aided in his inquiries by a perfect knowledge of the country and of the unimpeachable character of his witnesses. I went afterward myself over the same ground, and heard the same story from many of the same persons; but the whole credit of setting this matter right belongs to the honorable and patriotic gentleman just named.

First, let us establish the fact that the birth took place at the house of George McKemey.†

Benjamin Massey, an old resident of the vicinity (as are, or were, the other testifiers), gives his recollections of what he heard Mrs. Lathen, who was present at the birth, say on the subject. Mrs. Lathen said

"That she was about seven years older than Andrew Jackson; that when the father of Andrew Jackson died, Mrs. Jackson left home and came to her brother-in-law's, Mr. McCamie's, previous to the birth of Andrew; after living at Mr. McCamie's awhile, Andrew was born, and she was present at his birth; as soon as Mrs. Jackson was restored to health and strength she came to Mr. James Crawford's, in South Carolina, and there remained."

John Carnes says:—

"Mrs. Leslie, the aunt of General Jackson, has often told me that General Jackson was born at George McCamie's, in North Carolina, and that his mother, soon after his birth, moved over to James Crawford's, in South Carolina; and I think she told me she was present at his birth; but at any rate, she knew well he was born at McCamie's."

James Faulkner, second cousin of General Jackson, states

"That old Mr. Jackson died before the birth of his son, General Jack-

* Published, in part, in the *North Carolina Argus* of September 23d, 1858, and the rest deposited in the Historical Society of North Carolina.

† This name is spelt in various ways in the depositions. I follow the spelling of his tombstone in Waxhaw church-yard.

son, and that his widow, Mrs. Jackson, was quite poor, and moved from her residence on Twelve Mile Creek, North Carolina, to live with her relations on Waxhaw Creek, and while on her way there, she stopped with her sister, Mrs. McCamie, in North Carolina, and was there delivered of Andrew, afterward President of the United States; that he learned this from various old persons, and particularly heard his aunt, Sarah Lathen, often speak of it and assert that she was present at his, Jackson's, birth; that she said her mother, Mrs. Leslie, was sent for on that occasion, and took her, Mrs. Lathen, then a small girl about seven years of age, with her, and that she recollected well of going the near way through the fields to get there; and that afterward, when Mrs. Jackson became able to travel, she continued her trip to Mrs. Crawford's, and took her son Andrew with her, and there remained."

John Lathen, second cousin of General Jackson, says :—

"The following is about what I have heard my mother, Sarah Lathen, say in frequent conversation about the birth-place of Andrew Jackson, President of the United States. She has often remarked that Andrew Jackson was born at the house of George McCamie, and that she, Mrs. Lathen, was present at his birth. She stated that the father of Andrew Jackson, viz., Andrew Jackson, Sr., lived and died on Twelve Mile Creek in Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, and that soon after his death, Mrs. Jackson left Twelve Mile Creek, North Carolina, to go to live with Mr. Crawford, in Lancaster district, South Carolina. That on her way, she called at the house of George McCamie, who had married a sister of hers, Mrs. Jackson, and while at McCamie's, she was taken sick, and sent for Mrs. Sarah Leslie, her sister, and the mother of Mrs. Sarah Lathen, who was a midwife, and who lived near McCamie's. That she, Mrs. Lathen, accompanied her mother, Mrs. Sarah Leslie, to George McCamie's; that she was a young girl, and recollects going with her mother; they walked through the fields in the night, and that she was present when Andrew Jackson was born. That as soon as Mrs. Jackson got able to travel after the birth of Andrew she went on to Mr. Crawford's, where she afterward lived."

Thomas Faulkner, second cousin of General Jackson, says :—

"My recollection of what Mrs. Sarah Lathen said of the birth-place of Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, was about this: I have often heard her say that Mrs. Betty Jackson, the mother of Andrew Jackson, 'was taken sick at the house of George McCamie, and sent for Mrs. Sarah Leslie at the time when she was delivered of Andrew Jackson,

and that she, Mrs. Leslie, took her daughter, Mrs. Lathen, with her on the night of Jackson's birth; and that they walked through the fields, the near way, from Mrs. Leslie's to George McCamie's.' I have often heard my grandmother, Sarah Leslie, say 'that she was sent for on the night of the birth of Andrew Jackson by her sister, Mrs. Betty Jackson, who was taken sick at the house of her brother-in-law, George McCamie, and that she took her daughter, Sarah Lathen, then a small girl, with her; that they walked the near way, through the fields, to McCamie's, and that she was present when Andrew Jackson was born at the house of said George McCamie.' These women were both of sound minds and excellent memories and characters up to the time of their deaths. Mrs. Leslie died about fifty years ago, and Mrs. Lathen died thirty-five years ago. I am now seventy years of age, and reside now, where I have ever since my birth, in Lancaster district, South Carolina, near Craigsville post office, and about two miles from the old Waxhaw church."

To the same effect testify Samuel McWhorter, Jane Wilson and others.

James D. Craig, formerly a resident of Waxhaw, now of the State of Mississippi, states that he remembers hearing old James Faulkner say that once while sleeping with Andrew Jackson at the McKemey house, Andrew told him that he was born in that house. Mr. Craig further says that he has heard Mrs. Cousar, a very aged lady, long a near neighbor of McKemey, say that she remembered perfectly the night of Andrew Jackson's birth, as she was sent for to assist, and reached the McKemey house before the infant was dressed. Mr. Craig has also heard Charles Findly, deceased, say that he "assisted in hauling" the corpse of Andrew Jackson from his house on Twelve Mile Creek to the Waxhaw churchyard, and in interring it there; that he brought Mrs. Jackson and her boys with the corpse, and, after the funeral, conveyed them to the residence of George McKemey, where, soon after, Andrew was born.

This testimony leaves no reasonable doubt that the birth took place at the house of McKemey. Nor is there the least difficulty in finding the precise spot where that house stood. The spot is as well known to the people of the neighborhood as the City Hall is to the inhabitants of New York. The

testimony of the late Thomas Cureton, Esq., long the owner of the place, and father of its present proprietor, will suffice to satisfy the reader on this point :—

"I, Thomas Cureton, senior, being about seventy-five years of age, do hereby certify that my father, James Cureton, came to this Waxhaw Settlement from Roanoke River, in North Carolina, about seventy-three years ago, as I am informed and believe, when I was about one year old; and my brother, Jeremiah Cureton, who was about twenty years older than myself, came with him. My brother, Jeremiah Cureton, bought the George McCamie place some time after he came to this county, in about 1796, and settled down on the same place and in the same house where George McCamie lived. He remained there a few years, and until he bought the place where William J. Cureton now lives. I know the George McCamie place well. It lies in North Carolina, about a quarter of a mile east of the public road leading from Lancaster Court House, South Carolina, to Charlotte, North Carolina, and to the right of said road as you travel north; and lies a little east of south from Cureton's Pond on said public road, and a little over a quarter of a mile from said pond. My brother, Jeremiah Cureton, always called that the McCamie house, and the McCamie place. My brother, Jeremiah Cureton, was of the opinion, from information derived from old Mrs. Molly Cousar, the mother of Richard Cousar, that Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, was born at the George McCamie place as above described. Mrs. Cousar was a neighbor, and lived then, at the time of the birth of General Andrew Jackson, and until her death, in South Carolina, about one mile west from the George McCamie house, and was a very old woman when she died, which was about thirty-five years ago. She was a woman of undoubted good moral character, and her veracity was unquestionable. The Leslie houses lay about half a mile in a southern direction from the McCamie house, and north of Waxhaw Creek, and east of the public road. I have lived for the last seventy-two or three years within three or four miles of the McCamie place."

To this add the following from Thomas J. Cureton, Esq., the present hospitable proprietor of the place :—

"This McCamie house lies about half a mile south-east of where I now live, and is in Union county, North Carolina, formerly called Mecklenburg county, North Carolina; and is a little over a quarter of a mile south-east of what is called Cureton's Pond, and about a quarter of a mile east

of the State line, and the public road leading from Lancaster Court House, South Carolina, to Charlotte, North Carolina, and about one and a half miles north of Waxhaw Creek. I have the old land papers for said tract, which was patented to John McCane, 1761, upon a survey dated 8th September, 1757; conveyed by McCane to Repentance Townsend, 10th April, 1761, and by Townsend to George McCamie, 3d January, 1766; and by George McCamie to Thomas Crawford, 1792; and from Crawford and wife, Elizabeth, to my father, 23d July, 1796; and by my father to myself, and which I still own. My father came from Virginia with my grandfather, James Cureton, to Roanoke, North Carolina, and from there to Waxhaws, South Carolina, and purchased the McCamie place, where he lived a few years, and then removed to the place where I now reside in Lancaster district, South Carolina, where he remained until his death in 1847; being then eighty-four years of age."

And so we dismiss this unimportant but not wholly uninteresting matter.

In a large field, near the edge of a wide, shallow ravine, on the plantation of Mr. W. J. Cureton, there is to be seen a great clump, or natural summer-house, of Catawba grape vines. Some remains of old fruit trees near by, and a spring a little way down the ravine, indicate that a human habitation once stood near this spot. It is a still and solitary place, away from the road, in a red, level region, where the young pines are in haste to cover the well-worn cotton fields, and man seems half inclined to *let* them do it, and move to Texas. Upon looking under the masses of grape vine, a heap of large stones showing traces of fire is discovered. These stones once formed the chimney and fire-place of the log-house wherein George McKemey lived and Andrew Jackson was born. On that old yellow hearth-stone, Mrs. Jackson lulled her infant to sleep, and brooded over her sad bereavement, and thought anxiously respecting the future of her fatherless boys. Sacred spot! not so much because there a hero was born, as because there a noble mother suffered, sorrowed and accepted her new lot, and bravely bent herself to her more than doubled weight of care and toil.

Mrs. Jackson remained at this house three weeks. Then, leaving her eldest son behind to aid her brother-in-law on his

farm, she removed, with her second son and the new-born infant, to the residence of another brother-in-law, Mr. Crawford, with whom she had crossed the ocean, and who then lived two miles distant. Mrs. Crawford was an invalid, and Mrs. Jackson was permanently established in the family as housekeeper and poor relation.

CHAPTER IV.

MISCHIEVOUS ANDY.

To the old people in the Carolinas who are descended from the sisters of Mrs. Jackson, Andrew Jackson is not so much the famous President and the victorious General, as he is little Andy, the mischief-loving son of good aunt Betty. *Andy* did this ; and *Andy* went there ; when *Andy* was at New Orleans, and when *Andy* was President—they say in familiar talk about him by the huge fire-places of their old farm-houses. He is well remembered in that part of the country, as there are twenty people living there who were in the habit for many years of hearing their parents tell stories of him ; simple, honest, hospitable people, whom to hear is to believe. So changeless is the South, so secluded do the farmers there live from the world of men and books, that these kind people are evidently just what their grandfathers were before the Revolution, and their great-grandfathers in Carrickfergus.

In the family of his uncle Crawford, Andy spent the first ten or twelve years of his life. Mr. Crawford was a man of considerable substance for a new country, and his family was large. He lived in South Carolina, just over the boundary line, near the Waxhaw Creek, and six miles from the Catawba River. The land there lies well for farming ; level, but not flat ; undulating, but without hills of inconvenient height. The soil is a stiff, red clay, the stiffest of the stiff,

and the reddest of the red ; the kind of soil which bears hard usage, and makes the very worst winter roads anywhere to be found on this planet. Except where there is an interval of fertile soil, the country round about is a boundless continuity of pine woods, wherein, if you lose your way, you may wait long for a chance to inquire. To this day, wild turkeys and deer are shot in those woods, and the farmers in Waxhaw take their cotton to market in immense wagons of antique pattern, a journey of half a week, and camp out every night. As evening closes in, the passing traveler sees the mules, the negro driver, the huge covered wagon, the farmer, and sometimes his wife with an infant, grouped in the most strikingly picturesque manner, in an opening of the forest, around a blazing fire of pine knots, that light up the scene like an illumination. Just so, doubtless, did the farmers in Andy's day transport their produce ; and, many a time, I doubt not, he slept by the camp-fire ; for the Carolina boys like nothing better than to go to market with their fathers, and share in the glorious adventure of sleeping out-of-doors. In such a country as this, with horses to ride, and cows to hunt, and journeys to make, and plenty of boys, black and white, to play with, our little friend Andy spent his early years.

There is an aged slave woman known in the neighborhood as old Aunt Phyllis, living still on the Crawford farm, who lived there when Mrs. Jackson, ninety-two years ago, brought her infant to her sister's house. Aunt Phyllis appears to remember her coming vividly. I saw the old lady in her cabin, one of a small street of negro-cabins, pottering over the fire, and keeping an eye on half a dozen small images of God cut in ebony, while their parents were abroad in the fields. She is bent half double, but is otherwise remarkably well preserved. At the mention of the name of Jackson, every wrinkle in her old face laughed ; but her recollections of the boy and his mother are scanty in the extreme. She remembers Mrs. Jackson as a stout woman who was always knitting or spinning ; " a very good woman, and very much respected."

Of the boy she has one distinct reminiscence, which the polite reader must excuse me for repeating. As every eye sees what it is capable of seeing, so every memory retains what belongs to it to retain ; and the memory of Aunt Phyllis is a memory in point. What she recollects of Andy is, that she assisted to cure him of a disease which she called the "big itch."

"There is two itches," she explained, "the big itch and the little itch ; the little itch aint nothing to the big itch ; the big itch breaks out all over you, and do frighten a body powerful."

Her general recollection of the boy is, that he was the most mischievous of all the youngsters thereabouts ; always up to some prank and getting into trouble. Beyond this, nothing could be obtained from Aunt Phyllis, except a gentle hint to her visitors tending to remind them that tobacco is the solace of old age.

In due time the boy was sent to an "old-field school," an institution not much unlike the road-side schools in Ireland, of which we read. The northern reader is, perhaps, not aware that an "old field" is not a field at all, but a pine forest. When crop after crop of cotton, without rotation, has exhausted the soil, the fences are taken away, the land lies waste, the young pines at once spring up, and soon cover the whole field with a thick growth of wood. In one of these old fields, the rudest possible shanty of a log-house is erected, with a fire-place that extends from side to side, and occupies a third of the interior. In winter, the interstices of the log walls are filled up with clay, which the restless fingers of the boys make haste to remove in time to admit the first warm airs of spring.* An itinerant schoolmaster presents himself

* The author of "Georgia Scenes" describes an edifice of this kind : "It was a simple log-pen, about twenty feet square, with a doorway cut out of the logs, to which was fitted a rude door, made of clapboards, and swung on wooden hinges. The roof was covered with clapboards also, and retained in their places by heavy logs placed on them. The chimney was built of logs diminishing in size from the ground to the top, and overspread inside and out with red clay and

in a neighborhood ; the responsible farmers pledge him a certain number of pupils ; and an old-field school is established for the season. Such schools, called by the same name, exist to this day in the Carolinas, differing little from those which Andrew Jackson attended in his childhood. Reading, writing, and arithmetic were all the branches taught in the early day. Among a crowd of urchins seated on the slab benches of a school like this, fancy a tall, slender boy, with blue bright eyes, a freckled face, an abundance of long sandy hair, and clad in coarse copperas-colored cloth, with bare feet dangling and kicking—and you have in your mind's eye a picture of Andy as he appeared in his old-field school days in the Waxhaw settlement.

But Mrs. Jackson, it is said, had more ambitious views for her youngest son. She aimed to give him a liberal education, in the hope that he would one day become a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church. It is possible that her condition was not one of absolute dependence. The farm of her deceased husband may have been held, though not owned by her ; and either let to a tenant, or worked on shares, may have yielded her a small income. The tradition of the neighborhood, however, says nothing of this, but represents her as a poor, dependent woman. It is possible, too, that her relations in Ireland may have contributed something to her support. General Jackson had a distinct recollection of her receiving presents of linen from the old country, and, particularly, one parcel, the letter accompanying which was lost, to the sore grief of the good lady ; for, in those days, a letter from "home" was a treasure beyond price. The impression that she was not quite destitute of resources is strengthened

mortar. The classic hut occupied a lovely spot, overshadowed by majestic hickorys, towering poplars, and strong-armed oaks. * * * A large three inch plank (if it deserve that name, for it was wrought from the half of a tree's trunk entirely with the ax), attached to the logs by means of wooden pins, served the whole school for a writing-desk. At a conveniant distance below it, and on a line with it, stretched a smooth log, resting upon the logs of the house, which answered for the writers' seat."

by the fact, that Andrew, at an early age, attended some of the better schools of the country—schools kept by clergymen, in which the languages were taught, and young men prepared for college and for the ministry.

The first school of this kind that he attended was an academy in the Waxhaw settlement, of which one Dr. Humphries was master. The site of the large log-house in which Dr. Humphries kept his school is still pointed out, but no traces of it remain; nor can any information respecting the school, its master, or its pupils, be now obtained. There is also a strong tradition that young Jackson attended a school in Charlotte, N. C., then called Queen's College, a school of renown at that day. The inhabitants of the pleasant town of Charlotte all believe this. Jackson himself once said that he went to school there. When a delegation went from Charlotte to Washington to ask Congress to establish a mint in the gold region, President Jackson was told by one of them that gold had been found in the very hill on which Queen's College had once stood. To which the President replied, "Then it must have grown since I went to school there, for there was no gold there then;" a remark which the geologists of Charlotte still facetiously quote when the question of the origin of gold is discussed among them. I was also assured that young Jackson attended the famous school of Dr. Waddell, one of whose pupils was John C. Calhoun, and was inclined to believe the story, until I discovered that Dr. Waddell did not open his academy until after Jackson had left school for ever.

In proof that Jackson had once been a pupil of Dr. Waddell, an anecdote was related to me by one of the General's most intimate friends and fellow-soldiers. General Jackson, as his associates remember, had certain peculiarities of pronunciation, to which he always adhered. For example, he *would* pronounce the word *development*, as though it were written, devil-*ope*-ment, with a strong accent upon *ope*. One day, during his presidency, he so pronounced it, when in conversation with a foreign minister, who, though not English,

had been educated in England, and plumed himself upon his knowledge and nice pronunciation of the English language. "Devil-*ope*-ment," said the General, with emphasis. The ambassador lifted his eyebrows slightly, and, in the course of a sentence or two, took occasion to pronounce the word correctly. The President, seeming not to remark his excellency's benevolent intention, again said "Devil-*ope*-ment;" whereupon the fastidious minister ventured once more to give the word its proper accent. No notice was taken of the impolite correction.

"I repeat it, Mr. ——," continued the President; "this measure is essential to the devil-*ope*-ment of our resources."

"Really, sir," replied the ambassador, "I consider the de-*vel*-opment of your country"—with a marked accent upon the *vel*.

Upon this, the General exclaimed, "Excuse me, Mr. ——. You may call it de-*vel*-opment, if you please; but *I* say devil-*ope*-ment, and *will* say devil-*ope*-ment as long as I revere the memory of good old Dr. Waddell!"

The inference from this story, that Jackson attended Dr. Waddell's school, was natural. But that Dr. Waddell's school did not exist during Jackson's school-days, we have incontrovertible evidence.* Waddell, however, was a famous preacher as well as teacher, and the youth may have imbibed a reverence for his character and caught his pronunciation, without having been under his instruction.

There are yet living several persons whose fathers were schoolmates of Andrew Jackson; and though none of them can say positively where he went to school, nor who were his teachers, nor what he learned, yet all of them derived from their fathers some general and some particular impressions of his character and conduct as a school-boy. Such incidents and traits as have thus come down to us, will not be regarded, I trust, as too trivial for brief record.

* See Memoir of Dr. Waddell in Sprague's Annals of the American Pulpit, Allen's Biographical Dictionary, etc.

Andy was a wild, frolicsome, willful, mischievous, daring, reckless boy; generous to a friend, but never content to submit to a stronger enemy. He was passionately fond of those sports which are mimic battles; above all, wrestling. Being a slender boy, more active than strong, he was often thrown.

"I could throw him three times out of four," an old schoolmate used to say; "but he would never *stay throwed.* He was dead game, even then, and never *would* give up."

He was exceedingly fond of running foot-races, of leaping the bar, and jumping; and in such sports he was excelled by no one of his years. To younger boys, who never questioned his mastery, he was a generous protector; there was nothing he would not do to defend them. His equals and superiors found him self-willed, somewhat overbearing, easily offended, *very* irascible, and, upon the whole, "difficult to get along with." One of them said, many years after, in the heat of controversy, that of all the boys he had ever known, Andrew Jackson was the only bully who was not also a coward.

But the boy, it appears, had a special cause of irritation in a disagreeable disease, name unknown, which induces a habit of—not to put too fine a point on it—"slobbering." Woe to any boy who presumed to jest at this misfortune! Andy was upon him incontinently, and there was either a fight or a drubbing. There is a story, too, of some boys secretly loading a gun to the muzzle, and giving it to young Jackson to fire off, that they might have the pleasure of seeing it "kick" him over. They *had* that pleasure. Springing up from the ground, the boy, in a frenzy of passion, exclaimed:

"By G—d, if one of you laughs, I'll kill him!"

And no one dared to laugh. He was a swearing lad from an early age; and indeed he needed to begin early, in order to acquire that wonderful mastery of the art to which he attained in after life, surpassing all known men in the fluency and chain-shot force and complication of his oaths. It was a swearing age, the reader will remember. Our army had not long been home from Flanders. The expression, "By

G—d," was almost as familiar to the men of that day as *mon Dieu* now is to Frenchmen, or *mein Gott* to Germans. It was used commonly by fox-hunting clergymen, there is reason to believe. So, at least, we may infer from the comedies and novels of the period.

Frolic, however, not fight, was the ruling interest of Jackson's childhood. He pursued his sports with the zeal and energy of his nature. No boy ever lived who liked fun better than he, and his fun, at that day, was of an innocent and rustic character, such as strengthens the constitution, and gives a cheery tone to the feelings ever after. It is a way with boys to have certain cant words, or gibberish, which they delight to repeat fifty times a day, to the wonder of their elders, who, forgetting their own childhood, can not conceive what pleasure there can be in saying over without object a form of words without meaning. There is no pleasure in it perhaps; but healthy boys are so bursting with life that they must have an escape-valve of some kind that can be turned at any moment. A specimen of Andy's gibberish is remembered by one of his surviving second cousins, who heard it from his father. The reader may make what he can of it.

"Set the case: you are Shauney Kerr's mare, and me Billy Buck; and I should mount you, and you should kick, fall, fling and break your neck; should I be to blame for that?"

Imagine this roared out by young Sandy-head as he came leaping headlong from the school-house door, ready to defy all young creation to a race, a wrestle or a jumping match, while he playfully laid sprawling as many of his friends as he could trip unawares, comforting each with the judicial formula, "Set the case: you are Shauney Kerr's mare, and me Billy Buck; and I should mount you, and you should kick, fall, fling and break your neck; should I be to blame for that?" There you have Andy Jackson.

Of his conduct within the school-room there is little to

report. A letter to the author from Dr. Cyrus L. Hunter, of Lincoln county, North Carolina, contains the substance of all that can now be gathered on this subject :—

"My father, the late Rev. Humphrey Hunter, of Gaston county, emigrated from Ireland to this country, when only four years old, with a widowed mother, and landed at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1759. Soon afterward, they continued their journey, and settled in the extreme southeastern part of Mecklenburg, now Union, county, North Carolina. About this period, and subsequently, the fertile lands of the Catawba river and its tributaries were attracting a numerous emigration from the northern States. In this section of country my father and Andrew Jackson attended school together. Jackson was several years the younger. He boarded, for a time, at my grandmother's. There was a school about this time, of considerable notoriety, in the Waxhaw settlement. I can not positively now say, from my father's narration, whether it was there, or at some other primary school, they spent a portion of their youthful days in a similar pursuit—that of a useful education. It is possible some one of the oldest inhabitants in that vicinity may be traditionally enabled to point out the precise location of the venerable school-house, as the chimney spot of the humble mansion in which Jackson was born, *within the limits of North Carolina*, is still visible, like a simple but enduring mound which chronicles an important event in history, and calls up time-honored remembrances. In that neighborhood my father and Jackson, of the same Scotch-Irish stock, imbued with the same religious sentiments and reared under the same moral training, prosecuted their studies together with that cordiality of feeling which pertains to kindred souls. I have no recollection of my father narrating any remarkable passages of Jackson's boyhood. He spoke of his making commendable progress in his studies, of his ardent and rather quick temperament. The impression left upon my mind would lead me to say that he was an impulsive youth, ambitious, courageous and persevering in his undertakings. My father also spoke of him being remarkably athletic. They frequently engaged in wrestling and jumping—two of the most prominent sports of that early period. After the close of this school, my father entered the army in defense of liberty, and thus was separated in future life from his youthful schoolmate."

To this I can only add a second-hand reminiscence of a rainy-day debate between Andy and one of his uncles, related to me by a son of that uncle. The subject of discussion was, What makes the gentleman? The boy said, Education; the uncle, Good Principles. The question was earnestly de-

bated between them, without either being able to convince the other.

If our knowledge of the school-life of Jackson is scanty, we are at no loss to say what he learned and what he failed to learn at school. He learned to read, to write, and cast accounts—little more. If he began, as he may have done, to learn by heart, in the old-fashioned way, the Latin grammar, he never acquired enough of it to leave any traces of classical knowledge in his mind or his writings. In some of his later letters there may be found, it is true, an occasional Latin phrase of two or three words, but so quoted as to show ignorance rather than knowledge. He was never a well-informed man. He never was addicted to books. He never learned to write the English language correctly, though he often wrote it eloquently and convincingly. He never learned to spell correctly, though he was a better speller than Frederic II., Marlborough, Napoleon, or Washington. Few men of his day, and no women, were correct spellers. Indeed, we may say that all the most illustrious men have been bad spellers, except those who could not spell at all. The scrupulous exactness in that respect, which is now so common, was scarcely known three generations ago. Even in the manuscripts of Jefferson, Burke, Pope, and Addison, there are errors of spelling and capital letters which it is difficult to attribute to careless penmanship. Jackson's bad spelling has, of course, been much exaggerated, but he frequently misspelled what boys call "hard words;" and sometimes spelled the same word in two or three different ways in the same letter. His mistakes, however, during the last forty years of his life, did not average more than five to a page. His style, when he wrote at leisure and for purposes merely formal, was that of a person unaccustomed to composition. Awkward repetitions occur, and mistakes in grammar, as well as spelling. But when his feelings were excited, he could pour a flood of vehement eloquence upon paper, and with such rapidity, that his manuscript would be wet two or three pages behind. But even this required correction. Not one public

paper, of any description, signed "Andrew Jackson," ever reached the public eye exactly as Jackson wrote it. Often, he would write a letter or a dispatch, have it *copied* by a secretary, and then re-write it himself. Some of his most famous passages—those which are supposed to be peculiarly Jacksonian—he never so much as suggested a word of, nor saw till they were written, nor required the alteration of a syllable before they were dispatched. It is nevertheless a fact, as before remarked, that he was more truly the author of his public writings than almost any others of our public men have been of the documents which bear their names. His secretaries wrote with *his* fiery mind, though with their own practiced hands, and wrote with more nerve and warmth when writing for him than they ever could for themselves. Just as sub-editors will so catch the spirit and manner of their chief, as to write articles that are universally taken for his —articles, too, more forcible and pointed than the juniors could write for a journal of their own. The secret was, that Jackson supplied the COURAGE—a prime ingredient of powerful composition. "I take the responsibility," he would say on all occasions, when a subordinate faltered.

The schools, then, contributed little to the equipment of this eager boy for the battle of life. He derived much from the honest and pure people among whom he was brought up. Their instinct of honesty was strong within him always. He imbibed a reverence for the character of woman, and a love of purity, which, amid all his wild ways, kept him stainless. In this particular, I believe, he was without reproach from youth to old age. He deeply loved his mother, and held her memory sacred to the end of his life. He used often to speak of the courage she had displayed when left without a protector in the wilderness, and would sometimes clinch a remark or an argument by saying, "*That* I learned from my good old mother." He once said, in speaking of his mother: "One of the last injunctions given me by her, was never to institute a suit for assault and battery, or for defamation; never to wound the feelings of others, nor suffer my own to

be outraged: these were her words of admonition to me; I remember them well, and have never failed to respect them; my settled course through life has been to bear them in mind, and never to insult or wantonly to assail the feelings of any one; and yet many conceive me to be a most ferocious animal, insensible to moral duty, and regardless of the laws both of God and man." *

And so ends our too meager account of the school life of this remarkable man.

He was nine years old when the Declaration of Independence was signed. By the time the war approached the Waxhaw settlement, bringing blood and terror with it, leaving desolation behind it, closing all school-houses, and putting a stop to the peaceful labors of the people, Andrew Jackson was a little more than thirteen. His brother Hugh, a man in stature, if not in years, had not waited for the war to come near his home, but had mounted his horse a year before, and ridden southward to meet it. He was one of the troopers of that famous regiment, to raise and equip which, its colonel, William Richardson Davie, spent the last guinea of his inherited estate. Under Colonel Davie, Hugh Jackson fought in the ranks of the battle of Stono, and died, after the action, of heat and fatigue. His brother Robert was a strapping lad, but too young for a soldier, and was still at home with his mother and Andrew, when Tarlton and his dragoons thundered along the red roads of the Waxhaws, and dyed them a deeper red with the blood of the surprised militia.

* Eaton's Life of Jackson, page 434.

CHAPTER V.

THE WAR IN THE CAROLINAS.

The yeoman's service which Andrew Jackson's small exploits in the revolutionary war were made to perform in three presidential campaigns, have rendered them more familiar than credible to the people of the United States. For the same reason, there is a certain unbelief in the New Orleans campaign, the finest defense of native land recorded in recent history. I will confess that it was to me a surprise to discover that the stories of Jackson's revolutionary adventures, when simply told, are both probable and true. The authority for them is General Jackson himself. Most of those heretofore published, and some not yet in print, I have heard narrated by surviving friends of the General, as they were accustomed to hear them told by him. Some additional incidents I gathered in those counties of the Carolinas wherein he wandered and suffered during the war.

It was on the 29th of May, 1780, that Tarleton, with three hundred horsemen, surprised a detachment of militia in the Waxhaw settlement, and killed one hundred and thirteen of them, and wounded a hundred and fifty. The wounded, abandoned to the care of the settlers, were quartered in the houses of the vicinity; the old log Waxhaw meeting-house itself being converted into a hospital for the most desperate cases. Mrs. Jackson was one of the kind women who ministered to the wounded soldiers in the church, and under that roof her boys first saw what war was. The men were dreadfully mangled. Some had received as many as thirteen wounds, and none less than three. For many days Andrew and his brother assisted their mother in waiting upon the sick men; Andrew, more in rage than pity, though pitiful by nature, burning to avenge their wounds and his brother's death.

Tarleton had fallen upon the Waxhaws like a summer storm, which bursts upon us unawares, does its destructive work, and rolls thundering away. The families who had fled returned soon to their homes, and the wounded men recovered, or found rest in the old church-yard. Then came rumors of the approach of a larger body of royal troops under Lord Rawdon, who soon arrived in the Waxhaw country, demanding of every one a formal promise not to take part in the war thereafter. Mrs. Jackson, her boys, the Crawfords and a majority of their neighbors, abandoned their homes and retired a few miles to the north, rather than enter into a covenant so abhorrent to their feelings. A few days later, Rawdon was compelled to retrace his steps, and the Waxhaw people returned to their farms again. Once more that summer they were alarmed by a hostile assemblage a few miles distant, and prepared for a third flight; but the "murderous tories" were dispersed in time, and our friends still clung to their homes. The men who were able to bear arms were generally away with their companies, and the women, children and old men passed their days and nights in fear, ready at any moment for flight.

Tarleton's massacre at the Waxhaws kindled the flames of war in all that region of the Carolinas. Many notable actions were fought, and some striking though unimportant advantages were gained by the patriot forces. Andrew Jackson and his brother Robert were present at Sumpter's gallant blundering attack upon the British post of Hanging Rock, near Waxhaw, where the patriots half gained the day, and lost it by beginning too soon to drink the rum they captured from the enemy. The Jackson boys rode on this expedition with Colonel Davie, a most brave, self-sacrificing officer, who, as we have said, commanded the troop of which Hugh Jackson was a member when he died after the battle of Stono. Neither of the boys were attached to Davie's company, nor is it likely that Andrew, a boy of thirteen, did more than witness the affair at the Hanging Rock. If he was in a position to observe the movements of the troops, or if he over-

heard the comments of Colonel Davie upon the battle, he received a lesson in the art of war. Colonel Davie attributed the failure of the attack to the circumstance that the men dismounted a hundred yards too late. "Dismounting under fire is an operation that tasks the discipline of the best troops, and is sure to discompose militia," maintained Colonel Davie in the council. Sumpter thought it best to dash in on horseback to a point near the enemy's works ; *then* dismount, and rush upon them on foot. This was attempted, but the attempt was only half successful, owing to the confusion caused by dismounting under fire. The rum finished what error began, and the affair ended in a debauch instead of a victory.

This Colonel Davie, Hugh Jackson's old commander, was the man, above all others who led Carolina troops in the Revolution, that the Jackson boys admired. He was a man after Andrew's own heart ; swift, but wary ; bold in planning enterprises, but most cautious in execution ; sleeplessly vigil ant ; untiringly active ; one of those cool, quick men who apply mother-wit to the art of war ; who are good soldiers because they are earnest and clear-sighted *men*. So far as any man was General Jackson's model soldier, William Richardson Davie of North Carolina was the individual. Davie, it is worth mentioning, was a native of England, and lived there till he was five years old.

The boys rejoined their mother at the Waxhaw settlement. On the 16th of August, 1780, occurred the great disaster of the war in the South, the defeat of General Gates. The victor, Cornwallis, moved, three weeks after, with his whole army, toward the Waxhaws ; which induced Mrs. Jackson and her boys once more to abandon their home for a safer retreat north of the scene of war.

How Mrs. Jackson and her son Robert performed this journey in those terrible days, there is no information. But through the excellent memory of a lady who died only a very few years ago, the reader can have a clear glimpse of Andrew as he appeared to mortal view while he was on his northward journey, just after the defeat of Gates. The lady referred to

was Mrs. Susan Smart, to whose high respectability and careful veracity all the people of Charlotte, North Carolina, near which she lived for fourscore years, will cheerfully testify. Her single reminiscence of Andrew Jackson I obtained from her intimate friends in Charlotte to whom she was in the habit of telling it.

Time—late in the afternoon of a hot, dusty September day in 1780. Place—the high road, five miles below Charlotte, where Mrs. Smart then lived, a saucy girl of fourteen, at the home of her parents. The news of Gates' defeat had flown over the country, but every one was gasping for details, especially those who had fathers and brothers in the patriot army. The father and brother of Mrs. Smart were in that army, and the family, as yet, knew nothing of their fate; a condition of suspense to which the women of the Carolinas were well used during the revolutionary war. It was the business of Susan, during those days, to take post at one of the windows, and there watch for travelers coming from the South; and, upon spying one, to fly out upon him and ask him for news of the army, and of the corps to which her father and brother were attached. Thus posted, she descried, on the afternoon to which we have referred, riding rapidly on a "grass pony," (one of the ponies of the South Carolina swamps, rough, Shetlandish, wild), a tall, slender, "gangling fellow;" legs long enough to meet under the pony almost; damaged wide-brimmed hat flapping down over his face, which was yellow and worn; the figure covered with dust; tired-looking, as though the youth had ridden till he could scarcely sit on his pony; the forlornest apparition that ever revealed itself to the eyes of Mrs. Susan Smart during the whole of her long life. She ran out to the road and hailed him. He reined in his pony, when the following brief conversation ensued between them:—

She.—"Where are you from?"

He.—"From below."

She.—"Where are you going?"

He.—"Above."

She.—"Who are you for?"

He.—"The Congress."

She.—"What are you doing below?"

He.—"Oh, we are popping them still."

She (to herself).—"It's mighty poor popping such as *you* will do, any how." (Aloud).—"What's your name?"

He.—"Andrew Jackson."

She asked him respecting her father's regiment, and he gave her what information he possessed. He then galloped away toward Charlotte, and Susan returned to the house to tell his news and ridicule the figure he had cut—the gangling fellow on the grass pony. Years after, she used to laugh as she told the story; and later, when the most thrilling news of the time used to come to remote Charlotte associated with the name of Andrew Jackson, still she would bring out her little tale, until, at last, she made it get votes for him for the presidency.

Good fortune gave me the acquaintance, in Charlotte, of a gentleman who is the grandson of the lady to whose house Andrew was going on this occasion. He was bound to Mrs Wilson's, a few miles above Charlotte, where he spent several weeks. Mrs. Wilson, a distant connection of Mrs. Jackson, was the mother of an eminent clergyman of North Carolina, Rev. Dr. Wilson, who was a boy when Andrew Jackson rode to his mother's house on the grass pony. The two boys soon became friends and playmates, though the rough ways and wild words of Andrew rather astonished the staid son of Mrs. Wilson, as he used many a time to relate. The gentleman referred to above is a son of Dr. Wilson, and remembers two or three interesting things which his father and grandmother were accustomed to report of the boy.

At Mrs. Wilson's, Andrew paid for his board by doing what New England people call "chores." He brought in wood, "pulled fodder," picked beans, drove cattle, went to mill and took the farming utensils to be mended. Respecting the last named duty there is a striking reminiscence. "Never," Dr. Wilson would say, "did Andrew come home

from the shops without bringing with him some new weapon with which to kill the enemy. Sometimes it was a rude spear, which he would forge while waiting for the blacksmith to finish his job. Sometimes it was a club or a tomahawk. Once he fastened the blade of a scythe to a pole, and, on reaching home, began to cut down the weeds with it that grew about the house, assailing them with extreme fury, and occasionally uttering words like these :

"Oh, if I were a man, how I would sweep down the British with my grass blade !"

Dr. Wilson remembered saying to his mother when they were talking of Andrew one day,

"Mother, Andy will fight his way in the world."

The doctor lived to see his prediction fulfilled, and, though he would never vote for his old companion, he rejoiced exceedingly when he heard, sixty years after, that this swearing, roystering lad had come to be a contrite old man. Mrs. Wilson's chief recollection of her young guest was that he was particularly willing to go out with her into the garden and help her pick beans for dinner, which she attributed to the obligingness of his disposition, but added, "Andy did like corn and beans, though."

Whether Mrs. Jackson and Robert lived at the Wilsons' during this autumn and winter, along with Andrew, or at some other house in the vicinity, is not remembered. In February, 1781, the country about the Waxhaws being tranquil, because subdued, Mrs. Jackson, her sons and many of her neighbors, returned to their ravaged homes. Andrew soon after passed his fourteenth birthday, an overgrown youth, as tall as a man, but weakly from having grown too fast. Then ensued a spring and summer of small, fierce, intestine warfare ; a war of whig and tory, neighbor against neighbor, brother against brother, and even father against son. General Jackson used to give, among other instances of the madness that prevailed, the case of a whig who, having found a friend murdered and mutilated, devoted himself to the slaying of tories. He hunted and lay in wait for them,

and, before the war ended, had killed twenty; and then, recovering from that insanity, lived the rest of his days a conscience-stricken wretch. The story of Mrs. Motte, who assisted to fire her own house—the finest house in all the country round—rather than it should serve as a British post, was another which the General remembered of this period.

Without detaining the reader with a detail of the revolutionary history of the Carolinas, I yet desire to show what a war-charged atmosphere it was that young Andrew breathed during this forming period of his life, especially toward the close of the war, after the great operations ceased. The reader shall, at least, have a vivid glimpse or two of the Carolinas during the Revolution.

The people in the upper country of the Carolinas little expected that the war would ever reach settlements so remote, so obscure, so scattered as theirs. And it did not for some years. When at last the storm of war drew near their borders, it found them a divided people. The old sentiment of loyalty* was still rooted in many minds. There were many who had taken a recent and special oath of allegiance to the king, which they considered binding in all circumstances. There were Highlanders, clannish and religiously loyal, who pointed to the text, "Fear God and honor the king," and overlooked the fact that the biblical narrative condemns the Jews for desiring a kingly government. There were Moravians and Quakers, who conscientiously opposed all war. There were Catholic Irish, many of whom sided with the king. There were Protestant Scotch-Irish, whigs and agitators in the old country, whigs and fervent patriots in the new. There were place-holders, who adhered to their official bread and dignity. There were trimmers, who espoused the side that chanced to be strongest. The approach and collision of hostile forces converted most of these factions into belliger-

* Mecklenburgh, the county of North Carolina in which Jackson was born, from which county Union was afterwards set off, was so named in honor of Queen Charlotte, who was a princess of Mecklenburgh. Hence, also, the names Charlotte and Queen's College.

cnts, who waged a most fierce and deadly war upon one another, renewing on this new theater the border wars of another age and country. It was a war of chiefs rather than generals, of banditti rather than armies ; a war of exploits, expeditions, surprises, sudden devastation, fierce and long pursuits ; a war half Indian and half Scotch-clannish. Such warfare intensely excites the feelings, and allows no interval of serenity.

Who can imagine the state of things when such an occurrence as this could take place, and be thought quite regular and correct? "A few days afterward (1780), in Rutherford county, N. C. (a hundred miles from Waxhaw), the principal officers held a court martial over some of the most audacious and murderous tories, and selected thirty-two as victims for destruction, and commenced hanging three at a time, until they hung nine, and respited the rest."* This is mentioned without remark in a matter-of-fact account of the battle of King's Mountain, by an officer who fought in that battle.

And there is a little story of one Hicks, the scene of which was the Scotch-Irish region of North Carolina, within fifty miles of Waxhaw. A band of tories came to his solitary house one dark night, upon the common errand of spoliation and murder. "Having locked the doors and made the best arrangements he could, at the moment, he kept himself concealed and told his wife not to open the door unless it became necessary in order to prevent them from breaking it down. Accordingly, when they demanded admittance, she mildly refused, telling them that she could not admit them at that hour of the night, and requested them not to trouble her any further; but when they got axes and were about to break it open, she requested them not to break it and she would open it for them. During this time Hicks had remained silent, and kept himself where he could not be seen. His wife had been the only spokesman, and they did not know that there was anybody else in the house, except from the intelligence

* Wheeler's History of North Carolina, ii., 107.

which they had received before they came. Having opened the door, when the foremost man entered, and as soon as he had fairly got inside, Hicks shot him dead on the spot, and the rest became panic-struck and gave back. This was a shock which they did not expect, and such an act, so deliberately and promptly done, made the impression on them that there must be more men in the house. The darkness aided their imagination, and, as the one who had been killed was their leader, and the most courageous one among them, they would not venture to march over his dead body into the midst of that mysterious silence, but all fled with precipitation, and never attempted again to assail his house."*

There is another story, told by the same collector (who is a distinguished clergyman of North Carolina), which throws light upon the state of things, though it tasks the reader's credulity:—

"The opposite parties in that region had so often assumed each other's distinctive badges, that a man, especially one who had taken no part in the military operations of the day, when he met a company, unless he knew some of them personally, or had some way of distinguishing them other than their cockades or party uniform, would be utterly at a loss; and such, unfortunately, was the case with Fred. Smith. One of these parties came upon him unexpectedly one day in the neighborhood, and, not knowing him, asked him the usual question in such cases, 'Who are you for?' and having to guess, he happened to guess wrong, naming the party opposite to the one into whose hands he had fallen. Without further proof or examination the order was given, 'Hang him up,' and it was instantly obeyed. As they did not design to kill him outright, but merely to teach him a salutary lesson, after letting him hang as long as they thought they could with safety, they cut him down and let him go.

"Not long after, the other party met with him, in a different direction, and, as a matter of course, put to him the usual test question, 'Who are you for?' Whether he had ever learned the 'rule of contraries' we know not, but, as he had already suffered so much for saying that he belonged to such a party, he concluded that it could not be worse with him, and named the other, that is, the one which had hung him before. As he had to guess again without any thing to guide him, he unfortunately

* Caruthers' Revolutionary Incidents in the Old North State, ii., 251.

guessed wrong, and the order was given, 'Hang him up,' which was forthwith obeyed. With quite as much humanity as the others, after he had hung as long as they thought he would bear to hang without 'giving up the ghost,' they cut him down and let him go, with an earnest but friendly admonition that if they ever found him again on the wrong side it would be the last of him.

"In process of time, some other company met with him, and not knowing him, asked him the same question, 'Who are you for?' but having suffered so much already from both the contending parties, and not wishing to run the risk of suffering the same again for a mere mistake of name, he concluded to try another, and said he was for the devil. Whether this was a mere guess or certain truth we have not learned; but they thought if that was the case, the sooner he was put out of the way the better. So, making the limb of a tree answer for a gallows and a grape vine for a halter, they swung him off and immediately left him, thinking that they had started him on his journey to 'that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns;' but one of them, more humane or more considerate than the rest, made an excuse to stay behind, and, as they were soon out of sight by descending the hill or by following a turn in the road, he cut him down before he was quite dead."*

But, of all the stories of the war in the South, there is none which seems to reveal so much of the spirit and temper of the time, as that simple but thrilling narrative of the young Carolina heroine, Mrs. Slocumb. Who that reads it can ever forget it?

"The men all left on Sunday morning. More than eighty went from this house with my husband. I looked at them well, and I could see that every man had mischief in him. I knew a coward as soon as I set my eyes upon him. The tories more than once tried to frighten me, but they always showed coward at the bare insinuation that our troops were about. Well, they got off in high spirits, every man stepping high and light, and I slept soundly and quietly that night and worked hard all the next day; but I kept thinking where they had got to, how far, where and how many of the regulars and tories they would meet; and I could not keep myself from that study. I went to bed at the usual time, but could not sleep. As I lay—whether waking or sleeping, I know not—'I had a dream,' yet it 'was not all a dream.' (She used the words, unconsciously, of the poet who was not then in being.) I saw distinctly a body wrapped in my

* Caruthers' Revolutionary Incidents in the Old North State, ii., 253.

husband's guard coat, bloody, dead, and others, dead and wounded, on the ground about him. I saw them plainly and distinctly. I uttered a cry, and sprang to my feet on the floor; and so strong was the impression on my mind that I rushed in the direction the vision appeared, and came up against the side of the house. The fire in the room gave little light, and I gazed in every direction to catch another glimpse of the scene. I raised the light. Every thing was still and quiet. My child was sleeping, but my woman was awakened by my crying out or jumping on the floor. If ever I felt fear, it was at that moment. Seated on the bed, I reflected a few moments, and said aloud, 'I must go to him.' I told the woman I could not sleep, and would ride down the road. She appeared in great alarm; but I merely told her to lock the door after me, and look after the child. I went to the stable, saddled my mare—as fleet and easy a nag as ever traveled—and in one moment I was tearing down the road at full speed. The cool night seemed, after a mile or two's gallop, to bring reflection with it, and I asked myself where I was going, and for what purpose. Again and again I was tempted to turn back, but I was soon ten miles from home. I knew the general route our little army expected to take, and at daybreak I was thirty miles from home, and had followed them without hesitation. About sunrise, I came upon a group of women and children standing and sitting by the roadside, each one of them showing the same anxiety of mind I felt. Stopping a few minutes, I inquired if the battle had been fought. They knew nothing, but were assembled on the road to catch intelligence. They thought Caswell had taken the right of the Wilmington road and gone toward the north-west (Cape Fear). Again was I skimming over the ground through a country thinly settled and very poor and swampy; but neither my own spirits nor my beautiful nag's failed in the least. We followed the well-marked trail of the troops. The sun must have been well up, say eight or nine o'clock, when I heard a sound like thunder, which I knew must be cannon. It was the first time I ever heard a cannon. I stopped still. Presently the cannon thundered again. The battle was then fighting. 'What a fool!' thought I; 'my husband could not be dead last night, and the battle only fighting now! Still, as I am so near, I will go on and see how they come on and see how they come out.' So away we went, faster than ever, and soon I found by the noise of the guns that I was near the fight. Again I stopped. I could hear muskets, I could hear rifles and I could hear shouting. I spoke to my mare and dashed on in the direction of the firing and shouts, now louder than ever. The blind path I had been following brought me into the Wilmington road leading to Moore's Creek Bridge, a few hundred yards below the bridge. A few yards from the road, under a cluster of trees, were lying perhaps twenty men. They were the wounded. I knew the spot, the very trees, and the position of the men I knew as if I had seen it a thousand times.

I had seen it in my dream all night! I saw all at once; but, in an instant, my whole soul was centered in one spot; for there, wrapped in his bloody guard-cloak, was my husband's body! How I passed the few yards from my saddle to this place, I never knew. I remember uncovering his head and seeing a face clothed with gore from a dreadful wound across the temple. I put my hand on the bloody face; 'twas warm, and an unknown voice begged *for water.* A small camp kettle was lying near, and a stream of water was close by. I brought it, poured some into his mouth, washed his face, and behold it was Frank Cogdell! He soon revived and could speak. I was washing the wound in his head. Said he, '*It is not that; it is that hole in my leg that is killing me.*' A puddle of blood was standing on the ground about his feet. I took his knife, cut away his trowsers and stocking, and found the blood came from a shot-hole through and through the fleshy part of his leg. I looked about and could see nothing that looked as if it would do for dressing wounds but some heart leaves. I gathered a handful and bound them tight to the holes, and the bleeding stopped. I then went to the others, and, doctor! I dressed the wounds of many a brave fellow who did good fighting long after that day. I had not inquired for my husband; but, while I was busy, Caswell came up. He appeared very much surprised to see me, and was, with his hat in hand, about to pay some compliment; but I interrupted him by asking, 'Where is my husband?' 'Where he ought to be, madam; in pursuit of the enemy. But pray,' said he, 'how came you here?' 'Oh, I thought, replied I, 'you would need *nurses* as well as soldiers. See! I have dressed many of these good fellows; and here is one' (going to Frank and lifting him up with my arm under his head so that he could drink some more water) 'would have died before any of you men could have helped him.' 'I believe you,' said Frank. Just then I looked up, and my husband, as bloody as a butcher, and as muddy as a ditcher, stood before me. 'Why, Mary!' he exclaimed, 'what are you doing there? Hugging Frank Cogdell, the greatest reprobate in the army?' 'I don't care,' I cried, 'Frank is a brave fellow, a good soldier, and a true friend to Congress.' 'True true, every word of it,' said Caswell. 'You are right, madam;' with the lowest possible bow. I could not tell my husband what brought me there. I was so happy, and so were all. *It was a glorious victory;* I came just at the height of the enjoyment. I knew my husband was surprised, but I could see he was not displeased with me. It was night again before our excitement had all subsided. Many prisoners were brought in, and among them some very obnoxious; but the worst of the tories were not taken prisoners. They were, for the most part, left in the woods and swamps wherever they were overtaken. I begged for some of the poor prisoners, and Caswell readily told me none should be hurt but such as had been guilty of murder or house-burning. In the middle of the night I again

mounted my mare and started home. Caswell and my husband wanted me to stay till next morning, and they would send a party with me; but no! I wanted to see my child, and told them they could send no party who could keep up with me. What a happy ride I had back! and with what joy did I embrace my child as he ran to meet me!"*

No boy of the least spirit could escape the contagion of feelings like this. There was certainly one who did not. There were others, also, as we may infer from one of Mr. Lossing's anecdotes :—"The British officers were hospitably entertained by Dr. Anthony Newman, notwithstanding he was a whig. There, in the presence of Tarleton and others, Dr. Newman's two little sons were engaged in playing the game of the battle of the Cowpens with grains of corn, a red grain representing the British officers, and a white one the Americans. Washington and Tarleton were particularly represented, and as one pursued the other, as in a real battle, the little fellows shouted, 'Hurrah for Washington, Tarleton runs! Hurrah for Washington!' Tarleton looked on for awhile, but becoming irritated, he exclaimed, 'See the cursed little rebels.'"

This mention of Tarleton brings to mind a scene which most strikingly exhibits the character of a man who stamped his character upon the war in the Carolinas. It was described, with unusual ability, years after, by a gentleman whom Cornwallis had once employed to convey a dispatch to Tarleton. The narrative was published, long ago, in the Petersburg *Intelligencer*, and had a great run at the time, as such a piece could not fail to have :—

"As soon," wrote the old tory messenger, "as I came in view of the British lines I hastened to deliver myself up to the nearest patrol, informing him that I was the bearer of important dispatches from Lord Cornwallis to Colonel Tarleton. The guard was immediately called out, the commander of which, taking me in charge, carried me at once to Tarleton's marque. A servant informed him of my arrival, and returned immediately with the answer that his master would see me after a while, and that, in

* Mrs. Ellet's Women of the Revolution.

the meanwhile, I was to await his pleasure where I then was. The servant was a grave and sedate looking Englishman, between fifty and sixty years of age, and informed me that he had known Colonel Tarleton from his earliest youth, having lived for many years in the family of his father, a worthy clergyman, at whose particular request he had followed the colonel to this country with the view that, if overtaken by disease and suffering in his headlong career, he might have some one near him who had known him ere the pranksome mischief of the boy had hardened into the sterner vices of the man. 'He was always a wild blade, friend,' said the old man, 'and many a heart-ache has he given us all; but he 'll mend in time, I hope.' Just then my attention was attracted by the violent plungings of a horse which two stout grooms, one on each side, were endeavoring to lead toward the spot where we were standing. He was a large and powerful brute, beautifully formed, and black as a crow, with an eye that actually seemed to blaze with rage at the restraint put upon him. His progress was one continued bound, at times swinging the grooms clear from the earth as lightly as though they were but tassels hung on his huge Spanish bit, so that with difficulty they escaped being trampled under foot. I asked the meaning of the scene, and was informed that the horse was one that Tarleton had heard of as being a magnificent animal, but one altogether unmanageable; and so delighted was he with the description, that he sent all the way down into Moore county, where his owner resided, and purchased him at the extravagant price of one hundred guineas; and that, moreover, he was about to ride him that morning. 'Ride him!' said I, 'why, one had as well try to back a streak of lightning. The mad brute will certainly be the death of him.' 'Never fear for him,' said my companion, 'never fear for him. His time has not come yet.' By this time the horse had been brought up to where we were; the curtain of the marque was pushed aside, and my attention was drawn from the savage stud to rivet itself upon his dauntless rider. And a picture of a man he was! Rather below the middle height, and with a face almost femininely beautiful. Tarleton possessed a form that was a perfect model of manly strength and vigor. Without a particle of superfluous flesh, his rounded limbs and full broad chest seemed molded from iron, yet, at the same time, displaying all the elasticity which usually accompanies elegance of proportion. His dress, strange as it may appear, was a jacket and breeches of white linen, fitted to his form with the utmost exactness. Boots of russet leather were half way up the leg, the broad tops of which were turned down, the heels garnished with spurs of an immense size and length of rowel. On his head was a low-crowned hat, curiously formed from the snow-white feathers of the swan, and in his hand he carried a heavy scourge with shot well twisted into its knotted lash. After looking around for a moment or two, as though to command the attention of all, he advanced to the side of the

horse, and, disdaining the use of the stirrup, with one bound threw himself into the saddle, at the same time calling on the grooms to let him go. For an instant the animal seemed paralyzed; then, with a perfect yell of rage, bounded into the air like a stricken deer.

"The struggle for mastery had commenced—bound succeeded bound with the rapidity of thought; every device which its animal instinct could teach was resorted to by the maddened brute to shake off its unwelcome burden—but in vain. Its ruthless rider proved irresistible, and clinging like fate itself, plied the scourge and rowel like a fiend. The punishment was too severe to be long withstood, and at length, after a succession of frantic efforts, the tortured animal, with a scream of agony, leaped forth upon the plain, and flew across it with the speed of an arrow. The ground upon which Tarleton had pitched his camp was an almost perfectly level plain, something more than half a mile in circumference. Around this, after getting him under way, he continued to urge his furious steed, amid the raptures and shouts of the admiring soldiery, plying the whip and spur at every leap, until wearied and worn down with its prodigious efforts, the tired creature discontinued all exertion, save that to which it was urged by its merciless rider.

"At length, exhausted from the conflict, Tarleton drew up before his tent, and threw himself from the saddle. The horse was completely subdued, and at the word of command followed him around like a dog. The victory was complete. His eye of fire was dim and lusterless, drops of agony fell from his drooping front, while from his laboring and mangled sides the mingled blood and foam poured in a thick and clotted stream. Tarleton himself was pale as death, and as soon as he was satisfied of his success, retired and threw himself on his couch. In a short time I was called into his presence, and delivered my dispatches. I have witnessed many stirring scenes, both during the Revolution and since, but I never saw one half so exciting as the strife between that savage man and savage horse."

There are volumes of such stories as these; but these must suffice. How often must the boy have drunk in with greedy ear such tales; and how they must have nourished in him those feelings which are akin to war and strife! I wonder if he chanced to hear that at Charleston, in the early period of the war, *cotton bales* were used in the construction of a fort.* I wonder if he heard of the servants of the British officers thickening their masters' soup with hair-powder, in

* Ramsay's Revolution in South Carolina, i., 141.

the scarcity of flour; of Marion splitting saws into sword blades; of the patriot militia going to battle with more men than muskets, and the unarmed ones watching the strife, till a comrade fell, and then running in to seize his weapon, and to use it. It is likely. In his inflamed imagination, the mild Cornwallis figured as a relentless savage, Tarleton as a devil incarnate, and all red-coated sons of Britain as the natural enemies of man. "Oh, if I were a man, how I would sweep down the British with my grass blade!"

Well, the time had now come, when Andrew and his brother began to play men's parts in the drama. Without enlisting in any organized corps, they joined small parties that went out on single enterprises of retaliation, mounted on their own horses, and carrying their own weapons. Let us see what befell them while serving thus.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FORTUNES OF THE FAMILY.

Of the adventures of our young trooper there is but one to record which was not calamitous. It was a trifling affair; but the story illustrates the time and the boy.

In that fierce, Scotch-Indian warfare, the absence of a father from home was often a better protection to his family than his presence, because his presence invited attack. The main object of both parties was to kill the fighting men, and to avenge the slaying of partisans. The house of the quiet hero Hicks, for example, was safe, until it was noised about among the tories that Hicks was at home. And thus it came to pass, that when a whig soldier of any note desired to spend a night with his family, his neighbors were accustomed to turn out, and serve as a guard to his house while he slept. Behold Robert and Andrew Jackson, with six others, thus

employed one night in the spring of 1781, at the domicil of a neighbor, Captain Sands. The guard on this occasion was more a friendly tribute to an active partisan than a service considered necessary to his safety. In short, the night was not far advanced, before the whole party were snugly housed and stretched upon the floor, all sound asleep, except one, a British deserter, who was restless, and dosed at intervals.

Danger was near. A band of tories, bent on taking the life of Captain Sands, approached the house in two divisions; one party moving toward the front door, the other toward the back. The wakeful soldier, hearing a suspicious noise, rose, went out of doors to learn its cause, and saw the foe stealthily nearing the house. He ran in in terror, and seizing Andrew Jackson, who lay next the door, by the hair, exclaimed,

"The tories are upon us!"

Andrew sprang up, and ran out. Seeing a body of men in the distance, he placed the end of his gun in the low fork of a tree near the door, and hailed them. No reply. He hailed them a second time. No reply. They quickened their pace, and had come within a few rods of the door. By this time, too, the guard in the house had been roused, and were gathered in a group behind the boy. Andrew discharged his musket; upon which the tories fired a volley, which killed the hapless deserter who had given the alarm. The other party of tories, who were approaching the house from the other side, hearing this discharge, and the rush of bullets above their heads, supposed that the firing proceeded from a party that had issued from the house. *They* now fired a volley, which sent a shower of balls whistling about the heads of their friends on the other side. Both parties hesitated, and then halted. Andrew having thus, by his single discharge, puzzled and stopped the enemy, retired to the house, where he and his comrades kept up a brisk fire from the windows. One of the guard fell mortally wounded by his side, and another received a wound less severe. In the midst of this singular contest, a bugle was heard, some distance off, sounding the cavalry charge; whereupon the tories, con-

cluding that they had come upon an ambush of whigs, and were about to be assailed by horse and foot, fled to where they had left their horses, mounted, dashed pell-mell into the woods, and were seen no more. It appeared afterwards, that the bugle-charge was sounded by a neighbor, who judging from the noise of musketry that Captain Sands was attacked, and having not a man with him in his house, gave the blast upon the trumpet, thinking that even a trick so stale, aided by the darkness of the night, might have some effect in alarming the assailants.

The next time the Jackson boys smelt powder, they were not so fortunate. The activity and zeal of the Waxhaw whigs coming to the ears of Lord Rawdon, whom Cornwallis had left in command, he dispatched a small body of dragoons to aid the tories of that infected neighborhood. The Waxhaw people hearing of the approach of this hostile force, resolved upon resisting it in open fight, and named the Waxhaw meeting-house as the rendezvous. Forty whigs assembled on the appointed day, mounted and armed; and among them were Robert and Andrew Jackson. In the grove about the old church, these forty were waiting for the arrival—hourly expected—of another company of whigs from a neighboring settlement. The British officer in command of the dragoons, apprised of the rendezvous by a tory of the neighborhood, determined to surprise the patriot party before the two companies had united. Before coming in sight of the church, he placed a body of tories, wearing the dress of the country, far in advance of his soldiers, and so marched upon the devoted band. The Waxhaw party saw a company of armed men approaching, but concluding them to be their expected friends, made no preparations for defense. Too late the error was discovered. Eleven of the forty were taken prisoners, and the rest sought safety in flight, fiercely pursued by the dragoons. The brothers were separated. Andrew found himself galloping for life and liberty by the side of his cousin, Lieutenant Thomas Crawford; a dragoon close behind them, and others coming rapidly on. They tore along the road awhile,

and then took to a swampy field, where they came soon to a wide slough of water and mire, into which they plunged their horses. Andrew floundered across, and on reaching dry land again, looked round for his companion, whose horse had sunk into the mire and fallen. He saw him entangled, and trying vainly to ward off the blows of his pursuers with his sword. Before Andrew could turn to assist him, the lieutenant received a severe wound in the head, which compelled him to give up the contest and surrender. The youth put spurs to his horse and succeeded in eluding pursuit. Robert, too, escaped unhurt, and in the course of the day the brothers were reunited, and took refuge in a thicket, in which they passed a hungry and anxious night.

The next morning, the pangs of hunger compelled them to leave their safe retreat and go in quest of food. The nearest house was that of Lieutenant Crawford. Leaving their horses and arms in the thicket, the lads crept toward the house, which they reached in safety. Meanwhile, a tory-traitor of the neighborhood had scented out their lurking-place, found their horses and weapons, and set a party of dragoons upon their track. Before the family had a suspicion of danger, the house was surrounded, the doors were secured, and the boys were prisoners.

A scene ensued which left an impression upon the mind of one of the boys which time never effaced. Regardless of the fact that the house was occupied by the defenseless wife and young children of a wounded soldier, the dragoons, brutalized by this mean partisan warfare, began to destroy, with wild riot and noise, the contents of the house. Crockery, glass, and furniture, were dashed to pieces; beds emptied; the clothing of the family torn to rags; even the clothes of the infant that Mrs. Crawford carried in her arms were not spared. While this destruction was going on, the officer in command of the party ordered Andrew to clean his high jack-boots, which were well splashed and crusted with mud. The boy replied, not angrily, though with a certain firmness and decision, in something like these words:

"Sir, I am a prisoner of war, and claim to be treated as such."

The officer glared at him like a wild beast, and aimed a desperate blow at the boy's head with his sword. Andrew broke the force of the blow with his left hand, and thus received two wounds—one deep gash on his head, and another on his hand, the marks of both of which he carried to his grave. The officer, after achieving this gallant feat, turned to Robert Jackson, and ordered him to clean the boots. Robert also refused. The valiant Briton struck the young man so violent a sword-blow upon the head, as to prostrate and disable him.

Those who were intimately acquainted with Andrew Jackson, and they alone, can know something of the feelings of the youth while the events of this morning were transpiring; what paroxysms of contemptuous rage shook his slender frame when he saw his cousin's wife insulted, her house profaned, his brother gashed; himself as powerless to avenge as to protect. "*I'll warrant Andy thought of it at New Orleans,*" said an aged relative of all the parties to me in an old farm-house not far from the scene of this morning's dastardly work.

To horse. Andrew was ordered to mount, and to guide some of the party to the house of a noted whig of the vicinity, named Thompson. Threatened with instant death if he failed to guide them aright, the youth submitted, and led the party in the right direction. A timely thought enabled him to be the deliverer of his neighbor, instead of his captor. Instead of approaching the house by the usual road, he conducted the party by a circuitous route, which brought them in sight of the house half a mile before they reached it. Andrew well knew that if Thompson was at home, he would be sure to have some one on the look out, and a horse ready for the road. On coming in sight of the house, he saw Thompson's horse, saddled and bridled, standing at a rack in the yard; which informed him both that the master was there and that he was prepared for flight. The dragoons dashed

forward to seize their prey. While they were still some hundreds of yards from the house, Andrew had the keen delight of seeing Thompson burst from his door, run to his horse, mount, and plunge into a foaming swollen creek that rushed by his house. He gained the opposite shore, and seeing that the dragoons dared not attempt the stream, gave a shout of defiance, and galloped into the woods.

The elation caused by the success of his stratagem was soon swallowed up in misery. Andrew and Robert Jackson, Lieutenant Thomas Crawford, and twenty other prisoners, all the victims of this raid of the dragoons into the Waxhaws, were placed on horses stolen in the same settlement, and marched toward Camden, South Carolina, a great British depot at the time, forty miles distant. It was a long and agonizing journey, especially to the wounded, among whom were the Jacksons and their cousin. Not an atom of food, nor a drop of water was allowed them on the way. Such was the brutality of the soldiers, that when these miserable lads tried to scoop up a little water from the streams which they forded, to appease their raging thirst, they were ordered to desist.*

At Camden their situation was one of utter wretchedness. Two hundred and fifty prisoners in a contracted enclosure drawn around the jail; no beds of any description; no medicine; no medical attendance, nor means of dressing the wounds; their only food a scanty supply of bad bread. They were robbed even of part of their clothing, besides being subject to the taunts and threats of every passing tory. The three relatives, it is said, were separated as soon as their relationship was discovered. Miserable among the miserable; gaunt, yellow, hungry and sick; robbed of his jacket and shoes; ignorant of his brother's fate; chafing with suppressed fury, Andrew passed now some of the most wretched days of his life. Ere long, the small-pox, a disease unspeakably terrible at that day, more terrible than cholera or plague has ever been, broke out among the prisoners, and raged un-

* Kendall's Life of Jackson, page 51.

checked by medicine, and unalleviated by any kind of attendance or nursing. The sick and the well, the dying and the dead; those shuddering at the first symptoms, and those putrid with the disease, were mingled together; and all but the dead were equally miserable.

For some time Andrew escaped the contagion. He was reclining one day in the sun near the entrance of the prison, when the officer of the guard, attracted, as it seemed, by the youthfulness of his appearance, entered into conversation with him. The lad soon began to speak of that of which his heart was full—the condition of the prisoners and the bad quality of their food. He remonstrated against their treatment with such energy and feeling that the officer seemed to be moved and shocked, and, what was far more important, he was induced to ferret out the villainy of the contractors who had been robbing the prisoners of their rations. From the day of Andrew's remonstrance the condition of the prisoners was ameliorated; they were supplied with meat and better bread, and were otherwise better cared for.

What a thrill of joy ran through the prisoners' quarters one day at the rumor that General Greene was coming to their deliverance! He came with a brave little army of twelve hundred men. He approached within a mile of Camden; but, having outstripped his artillery, he deemed it best to encamp upon an eminence there, and wait for the guns to come up before attacking the place. To this conclusion he was the more inclined, as Lord Rawdon's force, in Camden, was inferior to his own. What excitement among the prisoners during the six days of General Greene's halt upon Hobkirk's Hill! On the arrival of General Greene's army, they were hurried out of the redoubt about the jail, which was exposed to the cannon of an attacking enemy; but, upon the British general discovering that Greene had no cannon, they were permitted to return. The American army remaining inactive, Lord Rawdon resolved, inferior as his force was, to attack General Greene's camp before his artillery should arrive; a bold design and boldly executed. On the 24th of

April the prisoners more than suspected, from the movements of the troops in the town and from the flying whispers which will precede a battle, that Greene was to be attacked the very next morning. The battle would decide *their* fate as well as that of one of the hostile armies.

The enclosure in which the prisoners were confined would have commanded a perfect view of General Greene's position but for a board fence which had been recently erected on the summit of the wall. On the afternoon of the 24th, Andrew looked for a crevice in the fence, but not one could he find. In the course of the night, however, he managed, with the aid of an old razor blade which had been generously bestowed upon the prisoners as a meat knife, to hack out a knot from the fence. The morning light found him spying out the American position with eager eye.

What he saw that morning through the knot-hole of his prison was his second lesson in the art of war. An impressive lesson it proved, and one he never forgot. There was the American encampment spread out in full view before him at the distance of a mile. General Greene, being well assured of Rawdon's weakness, and anticipating nothing so little as an attack from a man whom he supposed to be trembling for his own safety, neglected precautions against surprise. At ten in the morning, when Rawdon led out his nine hundred men to the attack, Andrew, mad with vexation, saw Greene's men scattered over the hill, cleaning their arms, washing their clothes and playing games, totally unprepared to resist. Rawdon, by taking a circuitous route, was enabled to break upon Greene's left with all the effect of a surprise. From his knot-hole the excited youth saw the sudden smoke of musketry, the rush of the Americans for their arms, the hasty falling in, the opening of Greene's fire, the fine dash of American horse upon Rawdon's rear, which almost turned the tide of fortune and made every heart in the prison leap for joy as Andrew described it to the listening throng below him; then the wild flight of horses running riderless about the hill, the fire slackening, and, alas! receding, till Raw-

don's army swept over the hill and vanished on the other side, Greene in full retreat before him!

The prisoners were in despair. Andrew's spirits sank under this accumulation of miseries, and he began to sicken with the first symptoms of the small-pox. Robert was in a condition still worse. The wound in his head had never been dressed, and had not healed. He, too, reduced as he was, began to shiver and burn with the fever that announces the dread disease. Another week of prison life would have probably consigned both these boys to the grave.

But they had a friend outside the prison—their mother, who, at this crisis of their fate, strove with the might of love for their deliverance. Learning their forlorn condition, this heroic woman went to Camden, and succeeded, after a time, in effecting an exchange of prisoners between a Waxhaw captain and the British general. The whig captain gave up thirteen soldiers, whom he had captured in the rear of the British army, and received in return the two sons of Mrs. Jackson and five of her neighbors. When the little family were reunited in the town of Camden, the mother could but gaze upon her boys with astonishment and horror—so worn and wasted were they with hunger, wounds and disease. Robert could not stand nor even sit on horseback without support.

The mother, however, had no choice but to get them home immediately. Two horses were procured. One she rode herself. Robert was placed upon the other, and held in his seat by the returning prisoners, to whom Mrs. Jackson had just given liberty. Behind the sad procession, poor Andrew dragged his weak and weary limbs, bare-headed, bare-footed, without a jacket; his only two garments torn and dirty. The forty miles of lonely wilderness that lay between Camden and Waxhaw were nearly traversed, and the fevered lads were expecting in two hours more to enjoy the bliss of repose, when a chilly, drenching, merciless rain set in. When this occurred, the small-pox had reached that stage of development, when, after having raged within the system, it was

about to break out in those loathsome sores which give vent to the disease. Balk that effort of nature to throw off the poison, and it is nearly certain to strike in and kill; and nothing is so sure to do this as a cold bath. The boys reached home, and went to bed. In two days Robert Jackson was a corpse, and his brother Andrew a raving maniac.

A mother's nursing, medical skill, and a constitution sound at the core, brought the youth out of this peril, and set him upon the way to slow recovery. He was an invalid for several months.

In the summer of 1781, a great cry of anguish and despair came up to Waxhaw from the Charleston prison ships, wherein, among many hundreds of other prisoners, were confined some of the sons of Mrs. Jackson's sisters, and other friends and neighbors of hers from the Waxhaw country. Mrs. Jackson had seen at Camden what prisoners of war *may* suffer, when officers disdain their duty, and contractors are scoundrels. She had also seen what a little vigor and tact can effect in the deliverance of prisoners. Andrew was no sooner quite out of danger than his brave mother resolved to go to Charleston (distant one hundred and sixty miles), and do what she could for the comfort of the prisoners there. The tradition of the neighborhood now is, that she performed the entire journey on foot, in company with two other women of like mind and purpose. It is more probable, however, and so thought General Jackson, that these gallant women rode on horseback, carrying with them a precious store of gifts and rural luxuries and medicines for the solace of their imprisoned relatives, and bearing whole hearts full of tender messages and precious news from home. Protected, because unprotected, they reached Charleston in safety, and gained admission to the ships, and emptied their hearts and saddle-bags, and brought such joy to the haggard prisoners as only prisoners know, when angel women from home visit them.

And there the history of this blessed expedition ends. This only is further known of it, or will ever be. While stopping at the house of a relative, William Barton by name,

who lived two miles and a half from Charleston, Mrs. Jackson was seized with the ship fever, and, after a short illness, died, and was buried on the open plain near by. I have conversed with the daughter of William Barton, who is now Mrs. Thomas Faulkner, of Waxhaw; but she was not born when Mrs. Jackson died in her father's house, and she is able to add nothing to our knowledge of that event. One little fact she has heard her mother mention, which shows the careful honesty of this race. The clothes of Mrs. Jackson, a sorry bundle, were sent back from Charleston all the way to her sorrowing son at Waxhaw.

It was not in the nature of Andrew Jackson not to mourn deeply the loss of such a mother; and as he lay recovering by imperceptible degrees from his illness, he had leisure to dwell upon her virtues and his own unhappiness. It was always a grief to him that he did not know where her remains were laid. As late in his life as during his presidency, he set on foot some inquiries respecting the place of her burial, with the design of having her sacred dust conveyed to the old church-yard at Waxhaw, where he wished to erect a monument in honor of both his parents. It was too late. No exact information could then be obtained, and the project was given up. No stone marks the burial-place either of his father, mother, or brothers.

And so Andrew, before reaching his fifteenth birthday, was an orphan; a sick and sorrowful orphan; a homeless and dependent orphan; an orphan of the Revolution, remember. *He* remembered it.

CHAPTER VII.

CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown on the 19th of October, 1781. Savannah remained in the enemy's hands nine months, and Charleston fourteen months, after that event; but the war in effect terminated then, North and South. The Waxhaw people who survived returned to their homes, and resumed the avocations which the war had interrupted.

The first event of any importance in young Jackson's life, after peace was restored to his neighborhood, was a quarrel. He was living then at the house of Major Thomas Crawford, where, also, one Captain Galbraith had his quarters, a commissary of the American army. Galbraith having taken dire offense at Andrew for some cause unknown, threatened to chastise him; upon which the lad told the irate officer, that before lifting his hand to execute his threat, he had better prepare for eternity. Galbraith forbore to strike; but such ill feeling existed between the two that, soon after, Andrew went to live at the house of Mr. Joseph White, a relative of Mrs. Crawford, and a resident of the Waxhaw region. A son of this gentleman was a saddler. For six months, while Andrew lived with the family, he worked in the saddler's shop as regularly as the state of his health permitted. A low fever, similar to the fever and ague, hung about him long after his recovery from the small-pox, and kept him weak and dispirited.* His short experience as a saddler's boy seems to have given him a predilection for that trade; at least, he apprenticed a protegé to it forty years after.

With returning health returned the frolicsome spirit of the youth, which now began to seek gratification in modes less innocent than the sportive feats of his school-boy days

* Kendall's Life of Jackson.

Several Charleston families, of wealth and social eminence, were living in the neighborhood, waiting for the evacuation of their city. With the young men of these families Jackson became acquainted, and led a life with them, in the summer and autumn of 1782, that was more merry than wise. He was betrayed by their example and his own pride into habits of expense, which wasted his small resources. That passion for horses, which never left him, began to show itself. He ran races and rode races, gambled a little, drank a little, fought cocks occasionally, and comported himself in the style usually affected by dissipated young fools of that day. His aunts and uncles, no doubt, shook their heads and predicted that Andy would come to no good with his fine friends; and perhaps they said as much to the youth, and said it too often, or in the wrong way, for Andrew seems not to have warmly loved his Carolina relations. He struck down no roots into the soil of his birth, and never revisited it nor held much communication with its inhabitants after he left it. But he left it young, and vast regions of wilderness stretched between him and his native State. He *felt* that he had no living kindred, and said so at a time when he had many cousins and second cousins living in North and South Carolina. I fancy there was little sympathy between this wild, irascible, aspiring youth and his staid, orderly elders. He was probably regarded as the scapegrace of the family.

In December, 1782, to the joy and exultation of all the southern country, Charleston was evacuated, and its scattered whig families were free to return to their homes. Andrew, finding the country dull after the departure of his gay companions, suddenly resolved to follow them to the city. He mounted his horse, a fine and valuable animal that he had contrived to possess, and rode to Charleston through the wilderness. There, it appears, he remained long enough to expend his slender stock of money and run up a long bill with his landlord. He was saved from total ruin by a curious incident, which is thus related by one who heard it from himself: "He had strolled one evening down the street, and

was carried into a place where some persons were amusing themselves at a game of dice, and much betting was in progress. He was challenged for a game by a person present, by whom a proposal was made to stake two hundred dollars against a fine horse on which Jackson had come to Charleston. After some deliberation, he accepted the challenge. Fortune was on his side ; the wager was won and paid. He forthwith departed, settled his bill next morning, and returned to his home. "My calculation," said he, speaking of this little incident, "was that, if a loser in the game, I would give the landlord my saddle and bridle, as far as they would go toward the payment of his bill, ask a credit for the balance, and walk away from the city ; but being successful, I had new spirits infused into me, left the table, and from that moment to the present time I have never thrown dice for a wager."*

His solitary ride home through the woods, after this narrow escape, gave him an opportunity for reflection, which he improved. He came to the conclusion that he had passed the year 1782 very foolishly, and that if he meant to achieve, or be any thing in this world, he must alter his way of life. In some degree he did so ; not that he eschewed sport, or even gambling, as has been alleged. He was a keen lover of sport for many and many a year after this Charleston adventure ; and some of the sports then in vogue, and in which he delighted, were such as are shocking to the better feelings of this generation. Cock-fighting, for example. It is totally out of our power to understand how a man of feelings so tender as his, who could not hear a lamb bleat at night without getting up to relieve it, could take delight in seeing cocks mangle and kill one another. Yet so it was.

Upon the return of the young man to the home of his childhood, he evidently took hold of life more earnestly than he had done before. He made some attempts, it is said, to continue his studies. Three entirely credible informants tes-

* *Cabinet and Talisman* for 1829, page 4.

tify that Andrew Jackson was a *schoolmaster* at this period of his life. One of these informants is Mr. John Porter, aged seventy-seven, still living near the birth-place of General Jackson; "a man so strictly honest," says General S. H. Walkup, "that any statement he may make will be certainly correct." Mr. Porter says: "Andrew Jackson was frequently at my father's house, and taught school in the neighborhood; one of my brothers and sisters went to school to him."* The long suppression of a fact so honorable to the young man, might throw some doubt upon it, if the works that might have given it had not been written on the *principle* of leaving out every thing of particular interest. Nothing is more certain than that part of the small cash capital upon which Andrew Jackson started in his career, was earned amid the hum and bustle of an old-field school. It is the more

* To this statement Mr. Porter added subsequently, at the request of General Walkup, the following special certificate:—

SOUTH CAROLINA,
LANCASTER DISTRICT.

I, John Porter, do hereby certify that I have frequently heard my father speak of General Andrew Jackson, and say that he (Jackson) taught an English school soon after the close of the revolutionary war, perhaps in the year 1783 or 1784, in Lancaster district, and in the neighborhood of the Waxhaw M. E. Church. I have often heard my brother and sister speak of going to school to him then and there. Subscribed to this 31st day of May, 1859.

JOHN PORTER.

Witness, S. R. PORTER.

General Walkup also kindly procured and forwarded the following:—

SOUTH CAROLINA,
LANCASTER DISTRICT.

I, Elizabeth T. White, do hereby certify, that I have frequently heard my mother speak of General Andrew Jackson teaching school, and of her going to school to him in the neighborhood of her father's, which was near the Waxhaw M. E. Church; and that he taught soon after the close of the revolutionary war.

E. T. WHITE.

Sworn and subscribed to this 31st day of May, 1859, before me,

THOMAS R. MAGILL, *Notary Public.*

Witness, S. R. PORTER.

certain, as the uniform tradition of the Waxhaw country is, that he was a *very* poor young man, who inherited *nothing* from his father, because his father had nothing to leave. The old people there scout the idea of "old man Andrew" having owned the land on which he lived. The tradition at Charlotte is, that when young Andrew attended Queen's College, on the hill where the gold grew, he often passed along down the street to school, with his trowsers too ragged to keep his shirt from flying in the wind.

The fact of his possessing a horse worth two hundred dollars seems, at first, irreconcilable with these traditions of his poverty. At the North it would be so ; but not at the South. No boy in the rural parts of the South, with so many uncles around him as young Jackson had, could get far on toward manhood without receiving the gift of a colt. At the South a man without a horse is only less unfortunate than a man without legs. Every youth of respectable connections has one, as a matter of course. Thus we find Hugh Jackson, though without property, mounting his own horse to go with Colonel Davie's troop to the war. Robert, too, was mounted, as well as Andrew, as soon as the boys were old enough to serve in the field. The South may be defined as *the region where every thing is a long way off;* where you go five miles to see your next-door neighbor, seven miles to church, fifteen miles to a store, thirty miles to court, a three days' journey to market. What can a man do in such a country with no legs but his own ?

For a year certainly, and, probably, for two years, after Andrew's return from Charleston, he remained in the Waxhaw country, employed either in teaching school, or in some less worthy occupation. Peace was formally proclaimed in April, 1783. The peace, it is well known, produced a remarkable effect upon the legal profession. By excluding the old tory barristers, and creating many new causes of action, it threw into the hands of the whig lawyers a very lucrative business. At the same time, a career in public life lay open to the young men of the triumphant party, large numbers of

whom the peace had thrown out of the profession of arms. The result was, that young men of spirit in all parts of the country were looking to the law for a vocation, and the old lawyers had plenty of new students. Some time between the proclamation of peace and the winter of 1784–5, Andrew Jackson resolved upon studying law. In that winter he gathered together his earnings and whatever property he may have possessed, mounted his horse again, and set his face northward in quest of a master in the law under whom to pursue his studies.

He rode to Salisbury, North Carolina, a distance of seventy-five miles from the Waxhaws. Either because he met no encouragement at that place, or for some other reason beyond our guess, he then journeyed sixty miles westward, to Morganton, Burke county, North Carolina, where lived Colonel Waightstill Avery, a famous lawyer of that day, and the owner of the best law library in that part of the country. He applied to Colonel Avery for instruction, and for board in his house. It was a new and wild region of country, and the house of Colonel Avery, like all others in the vicinity, was a log-house of the usual limited size. He was, therefore, much against his will, compelled to decline receiving the applicant into his house ; and as there was no other boarding-place to be found in the neighborhood, the young man had no choice but to return to Salisbury.*

At Salisbury he entered the law office of Mr. Spruce McCay, an eminent lawyer at that time, and, in later days, a judge of high distinction, who is still remembered with honor in North Carolina.

Andrew was not quite eighteen years of age when he found himself installed as a student of law. He thus had the start of most of the distinguished men with whom, and against whom, he afterwards acted. Henry Clay was then a

* These facts I learn from Colonel Isaac T. Avery, of Burke county, North Carolina, a son of the Colonel Avery to whom Jackson applied on this occasion. The present Colonel Avery lives on or near the site of the log-house wherein his father lived when young Jackson rode up to his gate in the winter of 1784.

fatherless boy of seven, living with his mother in the Slashes of Hanover county, Virginia. Daniel Webster was toddling about his father's farm in New Hampshire, a sickly child of four. Calhoun was an infant not two years old at his father's farm-house in South Carolina. John Quincy Adams was a young man of seventeen, about returning home from Europe to enter Harvard College. Martin Van Buren, a child two years old, might have been seen, on fine days, playing on the steps of his father's tavern in Kinderhook. Crawford—once so famous, now reduced to twelve lines in a biographical dictionary—was a Georgia school-boy of twelve. Aaron Burr was just getting into full practice as a New York lawyer, amiable, happy, fortunate, the future all bright before him. Benton, Biddle, Taney, Cass, Buchanan, Blair, Kendall, Lewis, Woodbury, Eaton, Duane and the rest, were not born.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LAW STUDENT.

Salisbury, the capital of Rowan county, is a pleasant old town in the midst of that undulating, red-clayed region of North Carolina, the products of which are wheat, cotton, turpentine and gold, as well as the worst roads and the most obliging people in the world. It was an old town, for America, when the Revolution began. Secluded from the commercial world, dependent for its increase and wealth upon the adjacent country, it has only grown to be a place of eight hundred inhabitants in a hundred years. The recent railroad has given an impulse to the town which will soon change its character. At present it can not be essentially different from what it was in young Jackson's day. Two straight, broad, shady streets crossing each other at right

angles ; other and narrower streets running parallel with these ; a little church or two ; a newspaper ; an academy ; two ancient, spacious taverns, more like hamlets than houses ; a few prosperous-looking stores ; a score of comfortable villa-like houses, and a hundred other tenements in various stages of that dilapidation which is so common in the southern towns. The public wells, in the middle of the streets, have not yet been provided with pumps, but exhibit the sheds, wheels and buckets of generations past, and there is one, near the tavern where Jackson used to live, so extremely ancient in appearance that he may have stopped at it on his way home from "the office" to quench his thirst.

Agreeable and inviting are the red, well-shaded streets of Salisbury, *except* when long rains have softened the clay, and heavy wagons have cut deep into it. Then they are by no means inviting. Then the task of getting across the streets is one from which the boldest man in the tightest boots might shrink. Then the omnibus, which conveys the single arriving traveler from the depot to the tavern, strains to the uttermost the powers of four horses, two negroes, and all benevolent by-standers, while the mud-crusted vehicle rocks and plunges like a Cape Cod fishing smack riding out a gale off Newfoundland, and the lone biographer within is hurled hither and thither, and clutches at his carpet-bag convulsively, and bites his tongue, and gasps for breath and calls on the gods for deliverance.

In one of the back streets of this old town, on the lawn in front of one of its largest and handsomest mansions, close to the street and to the left of the gate, stands a little box of a house fifteen feet by sixteen, and one story high. It is built of shingles, several of which have decayed and fallen off. It is too small for a wood shed or a corn crib, and is in the wrong place for a hen house or a negro cabin ; so that, if a stranger's eye should chance to be arrested by so insignificant an object, he would be puzzled to decide its purpose. If he should push open the door, he would be still more at a loss. The inside walls are ceiled. There are remains of old

wainscoting on one side. Some stout, dark-green shelving remains. The floor is littered and heaped high, and the fire-place is filled, and the shelves covered with old moldy books, pamphlets, Congressional documents (full of Jackson), speeches franked by the authors thereof, old letters and law papers, Philadelphia magazines of forty years ago, odd volumes of poetry, and other relics of a busy, cultivated life long past.

This little decaying house of shingles was the law-office of Spruce McCay, when Andrew Jackson studied law under him at Salisbury, in 1785 and 1786. The mansion behind it stands on the site of the house in which Mr. McCay lived at the time, and the property is still owned and occupied by a near connection of his, who has preserved the old office from regard to *his* memory. In that office, along with two fellow-students, McNairy and Crawford, Andrew Jackson studied law, copied papers, and did whatever else fell to the lot of law students at that day, for nearly two years. In one of the main streets of the town, a few yards from the office, still stands the Rowan House, the tavern in which the three students boarded and caroused—a rambling old place, composed of many buildings, after the southern fashion, with vast fire-places, high mantels, and curious, low, unceiled rooms. The landlord shows a little apartment which young Jackson is said to have occupied; and it may have been that one, as well as another. But there is no doubt that the huge and lofty fire-place in the office of the hotel, is the fire-place round which these three merry young blades often quaffed their landlord's punch, and tossed up to decide who should pay for it.

Salisbury teems with traditions respecting the residence there of Andrew Jackson as a student of law. Their general tenor may be expressed in the language of the first old resident of the town, to whom I applied for information: "Andrew Jackson was the most roaring, rollicking, game-cocking, horse-racing, card-playing, mischievous fellow, that ever lived in Salisbury." Add to this such expressions as these: "He

did not trouble the law-books much;" "he was more in the stable than in the office;" "he was the head of all the rowdies hereabouts." That is the substance of what the Salisbury of 1859 has to say of the Andrew Jackson of 1785.

Nothing is more likely than that he *was* a roaring, rollicking fellow, overflowing with life and spirits, and rejoicing to engage in all the fun that was going; but I do not believe that he neglected his duties at the office to the extent to which Salisbury says he did. There are good reasons for doubting it. At no part of Jackson's career, when we can get a *look* at him through a pair of trustworthy eyes, do we find him trifling with life. We find him often wrong, but always earnest. He never so much as raised a field of cotton which he did not have done in the best manner known to him. It was not in the nature of this young man to take a great deal of trouble to get a chance to study law, and then entirely to throw away that chance. Of course he never became, in any proper sense of the word, *a lawyer;* but that he was not diligent and eager in picking up the little legal knowledge necessary for practice at that day, will become less credible to the reader the more he knows of him. Once, in the White House, forty-five years after this period, when some one from Salisbury reminded him of his residence in that town, he said, with a smile, and a look of retrospection on his aged face, "Yes, I lived at old Salisbury. I was but a raw lad then, but I did my best."

There is now in Salisbury but one person who was a resident of the place when Jackson was a student of law, and that is Aunt Judy, an aged and beloved servant of the family who live on the site of the former residence of Judge McCay. Aunt Judy, at that time, was a girl about twelve years old, and belonged to the landlord of the Rowan House, where she waited at table, and assisted in the general work of the house. She remembers the three Inseparables at the tavern, Jackson, Crawford and McNairy. Jackson, she says, was a fair, clear-complexioned young man, with long sandy hair—"one of the genteel young men of the place." He owned horses,

she thinks; certainly he was much occupied with horses, and was often away on parties of pleasure. He was very fond of the ladies, quite a beau in the town, and a very gay, lively fellow, says Aunt Judy. She remembers just one trifling incident of those merry times. Jackson and his two friends came home from hunting one day, and left their guns in Jackson's room, which opened upon the street. While the lads were gone to dinner, she was sent to put Jackson's room in order; and while there, took up one of the guns, and began to "fool with it." It went off in her hands, and threw a shower of buck-shot about the room. She heard the thunder of the boarders rushing to see what was the matter, but waited not to explain. She dropped the gun, ran out of the room, and concealed herself till the flurry was over. That is all Aunt Judy can remember clearly. She *thinks* she used to hear that all three of the students went away from Salisbury, unable to pay their bill at the tavern. She has also a dim recollection of once handing young Jackson a glass of water at dinner; but she never spoke to him, nor he to her.

Among the most respectable ladies in Salisbury, are the Misses ——, whose ancestors were old residents of the town when Lord Cornwallis had his quarters near their father's house. Their parents, aunts and uncles were living in the town when Jackson lived there. One of their uncles, George Dunn by name, was in Jackson's own roystering set, and afterwards went with him to Tennessee, and lived long in his family. These ladies, therefore, are well informed respecting the life of Jackson in their native town; and the more so, as their mother was much in the habit of talking of him in their hearing after he became famous. They fully confirm the current tradition of the town with regard to the young student's sportive habits. He played cards, fought cocks, ran horses, threw the "long bullet" (cannon ball, slung in a strap, and thrown as a trial of strength), carried off gates, moved out-houses to remote fields, and occasionally indulged in a downright drunken debauch. But he was not licentious nor particularly quarrelsome.

Two or three incidents are remembered by the Missés. ——, as related by their mother and others.

Foot-races were much in vogue at that time—a sport in which the long-limbed Jackson was formed to excel. Among the runners was one Hugh Montgomery, a man of some note in revolutionary annals, who was as remarkable for strength and bulk as Jackson was for agility. To equalize the two in a foot-race, Montgomery once proposed to run a quarter of a mile on these conditions: Montgomery to carry a man on his back, Jackson to give Montgomery a start of half the distance. Jackson accepted the challenge, and the absurd race was run amid the frantic laughter of half the town; Jackson winning by two or three yards. All came into the winning-post in good condition, except the man whom Montgomery had carried. In his eagerness to win, Montgomery had clutched and shaken him with such violence, that the man was more damaged and breathless than either of the two competitors.

One can not be long in Salisbury and talk of Jackson, without hearing a horrible story of his bringing his *mistress* to a Christmas ball, to the scandal and disgust of all the ladies present, who left the ball-room in a body, and made Salisbury so uncomfortable a place for the offender, that he left soon after, and completed his studies in another town. The mother of the ladies just referred to was present at the ball where the events occurred which gave rise to this story, and related them many a time to her daughters. There was a dancing school then in Salisbury, which, of course, the gay Jackson could not fail to attend. The dancing school resolved to give a Christmas ball, and Andrew Jackson was appointed to serve as one of the managers thereof. There were living at that time in Salisbury two women of ill-repute, a mother and daughter, Molly and Rachel Wood—women notoriously dissolute—a by-word in the county of Rowan. Jackson, who was excessively fond of a practical joke, sent these two women tickets of admission to the ball, "to see what would come of it," as he said. On the evening of the ball, lo! the women presented themselves, flaunting

in all the colors of the rainbow. Some confusion ensued. The dancing was suspended. The ladies withdrew to one side of the room, half giggling, half offended. Molly and Rachel were soon led out, and the ball went on as before. In the course of the evening, when it came out that Jackson had sent them invitations, the ladies took him to task; upon which, he humbly apologized, declaring that it was merely a piece of fun, and that he scarcely supposed the women would have the face to make their appearance; and if they did, he thought the ladies would take it as a joke. The ladies forgave him more easily than some modern readers of the story will, who will judge this tremendous joke by the standard of the decorous year of our Lord in which they have the happiness to live. It certainly *was* carrying a joke very far, and if the young ladies *had* sent him to Coventry for it, it would have served him right.

One other Salisbury story, from the same most trustworthy source: once upon a time, the three law-students and their friends celebrated some event, now forgotten, by a banquet at the tavern. The evening passed off most hilariously. Toward midnight, it was agreed that glasses and decanters which had witnessed and promoted the happiness of *such* an evening, ought never to be profaned to any baser use. They were smashed accordingly. And if the glasses, why not the table? The table was broken to splinters. Then the chairs were destroyed, and every other article of furniture. There was a bed in the room, and the destroying spirit being still unsatiated, the clothes and curtains were seized and torn into ribbons. Lastly, the combustible part of the fragments were heaped upon the fire and consumed. Wild doings these. Most young men have taken part in some such madness once; only, it is not generally mentioned in their biographies.

Forty years after these events, it came to the ears of old Mrs. ——, the mother of the ladies before alluded to, that Andrew Jackson was talked of for the presidency. She was accustomed to relieve her mind on the subject by words like

these: "What! Jackson up for President? *Jackson?* *Andrew* Jackson? The Jackson that used to live in Salisbury? Why, when he was here, he was such a rake that my husband would not bring him into the house! It is true, he *might* have taken him out to the stable to weigh horses for a race, and might drink a glass of whiskey with him *there.* Well, if Andrew Jackson can be President, anybody can!"

A leaf of the Rowan House book, on which the landlord kept his account with Jackson, is said to be still in existence, but not visible to mortal eye. Those who profess to have seen the leaf, describe it to have contained three kinds of entries: first, the regular charges for board; secondly, charges for pints, quarts and gallons of whiskey; thirdly, an account, *per contra,* in which the landlord acknowledges his indebtedness to Jackson for certain sums won by the latter at cards, or by betting upon races.

But enough of this. From these traditions and stories we learn merely that, when Jackson studied law at Salisbury, he was exceedingly fond of the sports of the time, and indulged in them, perhaps, to excess. Salisbury, at that period, was noted for the gayety of its inhabitants, and continued to be until about thirty years ago. The old race course, upon which young Jackson so often ran his horses and ran himself, where he beat the huge Hugh Montgomery with a man on his back, and where he enjoyed the happiest days of the happiest part of his youth, is now grown over with wood and almost forgotten. The young men lounge on the street corners, silently consuming their energies with their tobacco, waiting for the time to come when the honest old games shall return freed from the vices which drove them into disgraceful exile. The good people of Salisbury think their town is more moral now than it was in young Jackson's day. It is certainly more quiet.

Our student completed his preparation for the bar in the office of Colonel John Stokes, a brave soldier of the Revolution, and afterward a lawyer of high repute, from whom

Stokes county, North Carolina, took its name. Colonel Stokes was one of those who fell, covered with wounds, at the Waxhaw massacre in 1780, and *may* have been nursed in the old meeting-house by Mrs. Jackson and her sons.

Before the spring of 1787, about two years after beginning the study of the law, Andrew Jackson was licensed to practice in the courts of North Carolina.

CHAPTER IX.

JACKSON AT TWENTY.

Our young friend was twenty years of age when he completed the preliminary part of his education at Salisbury. Before sending him forth to try conclusions with the world, we will take the liberty of detaining him a moment here on the threshold while we survey his person and equipment. It is, indeed, necessary to state briefly what kind of young man young Jackson was, in order to render credible much that is soon to be related, as well as to correct the impressions which the wild ways of his youth may have made upon the reader's mind. The occasional audacities and irregularities of a young man like this were likely to be remembered and exaggerated.

He had grown to be a tall fellow. He stood six feet and an inch in his stockings. He was remarkably slender for that robust age of the world, but he was also remarkably erect; so that his form had the effect of symmetry without being symmetrical. His movements and carriage were singularly graceful and dignified. In the accomplishments of his day and sphere he excelled the young men of his own circle, and was regarded by them as their chief and model. He was an exquisite horseman, as all will agree who ever saw him on horseback. Jefferson tells us that General Washington was the best horseman of his time, but he could scarcely have been a more graceful or a more daring rider than Jackson.

Young Jackson *loved* a horse. From early boyhood to extreme old age he was the master and friend of horses. He was one of those who must own a horse, if they do not a house, an acre or a coat. Horses may be expected to play a leading part in the career of this tall young barrister.

Into the secrets of forest and frontier life Jackson was early initiated. He was used to camping out, and knew how to make it the most luxurious mode of passing a night known to man. He was a capital shot, and became a better one by and by. "George," his favorite servant in after years, used to point out the tree in which he had often seen his master put two successive balls into the same hole. His bodily activity, as we have seen, was unusual. He was a young man of a quick, brisk, springy step, with not a lazy bone in his body ; and though his constitution was not robust, it was tough and enduring beyond that of any man of whom history gives account.

He was far from handsome. His face was long, thin and fair ; his forehead high and somewhat narrow ; his hair, reddish-sandy in color, was exceedingly abundant, and fell down low over his forehead. The bristling hair of the ordinary portraits belongs to the latter half of his life. There was but one feature of his face that was not common-place—his eyes, which were of a deep blue, and capable of blazing with great expression when he was roused. Yet, as his form seemed fine without being so, so his face, owing to the quick, direct glance of the man, and his look of eager intelligence, produced on others more than the effect of beauty. To hear the old people of Tennessee, and, particularly, the ladies, talk of him, you would think he must have been an Apollo in form and feature.

The truth is, this young man was gifted with that mysterious, omnipotent something, which we call A PRESENCE. He was one of those who convey to strangers the impression that they are "somebody ;" who naturally, and without thinking of it, *take the lead;* who are invited or permitted to take it, as a matter of course. It was said of him, that if he

should join a party of travelers in the wilderness, and remain with them an hour, and the party should then be attacked by Indians, he would instinctively take the command, and the company would, as instinctively, look to him for orders.

He was wholly formed by nature for an active career. The back of his head, where the propelling powers are said to have their seat, was very massive ; perhaps, disproportionately so to the quantity of man to be propelled. A phrenologist, who had marked the smallness of his reflective faculty, along with such tremendous vital force, would have argued ill of his future, till he observed the remarkable prominence of his perceptive organs, and the full development of some portions of the upper moral region of the brain. "Here is a young fellow," he might have said, "who will hold on if he takes hold, and go far if he sets out ; but he will *generally* take hold of the right thing, and set out to go to the right place ; but, right or wrong, he will not let go, nor turn back."

He was a brave young man, without being, in the slightest degree, rash. If there ever lived a *prudent* man, Andrew Jackson was that individual. He dared much ; but he never dared to attempt what the event showed he could not do. The reader is requested to banish from his ingenuous mind, at his earliest convenience, the notion that Jackson was a person who liked danger for its own sake, and who rushed into it without having weighed (in his own rapid way) the probable and possible consequences. He was consummately prudent. We have heard a great deal of his irascibility ; and he most assuredly *was* an irascible man. But, observe ; he seldom *quite* gave up the rein to his anger. His wrath was a fiery nag enough ; but people who stood close to him when he was foaming and champing and pawing, could see that there was a patent curb in his bridle which the rider had a quiet but firm hold of. It was a Scotch-Irish anger. It was fierce, but never had any ill effect upon his own purposes ; on the contrary, he made it serve him, sometimes, by

seeming to be much more angry than he was ; a way with others of his race. "*No man,*" writes an intimate associate of his for forty years, "*knew better than Andrew Jackson when to get into a passion and when not.*" Yet, for all that, he was, sometimes, a most tinder-like and touchy fellow—as we shall see.

This young lawyer, like most of those who had seen and felt what liberty had cost, was a very warm lover of his country. He remembered—how vividly he remembered !—the scenes of the recent Revolution ; his mother's sad fate, and its cause ; the misery and needless death of his brother ; his own painful captivity ; the Waxhaw massacre ; the ravaged homes of his relatives and neighbors ; Tarleton's unsparing onslaughts ; and all the wild and shocking ferocities of the war, as it was waged in the border counties of North Carolina. These things made the deepest imaginable impression upon his mind. He could scarcely place other citizens upon the same level as the soldiers of the Revolution ; whom he regarded as a kind of republican aristocracy, entitled, before all others, to honor and office. At this age, and long after, he cherished that intense antipathy to Great Britain which distinguished the survivors of the Revolution ; some traces of which could be discerned in the less enlightened parts of the country until within these few years. In these respects, he was the most American of Americans—an embodied Declaration-of-Independence—the Fourth-of-July incarnate !

His mother, we have said, designed him for the church. We find him choosing the profession of the law. We shall discover, too, that he distinctly sets up to be a man of the world, and goes through life as such, down almost to the very end. The thing called the Code of Honor was the ten commandments of the men-of-the-world of that day, and their god was Reputation. How was it that the rustic Jackson, the son of such parents as his, the connection of half the members of the old Waxhaw Presbyterian church, should have gone this road ? There is no clear light to be

had upon the point. The war, I presume, introduced him to the habits and feelings of soldiers ; and his fine friends from Charleston may have given him some distaste for the simple old ways of the Waxhaw settlement. But he came of blood too honest and kindly to suffer, from this adoption of the Code of Honor, that moral annihilation which it brought upon some of his contemporaries. His instincts were better than his principles. The virtues of Honesty and Chastity—kindred and fundamental, from which come all the good and joy of life—were his, as it were, by inheritance. Jackson was one of those who may be said to be *solvent by nature;* a fact which goes far to justify the immovable confidence which the masses of the people came to have in their unlettered, and, in some respects, unlovely hero ; while they never could be brought to love or trust some of his contemporaries, whose debts were as magnificent as their endowments.

But we must not linger too long on the threshold. Our young friend has a very long and most eventful journey before him. The rest of his equipment is sufficiently known. From the schools he has derived little ; from the law-books not much ; from fortune nothing. He mounts ; he is away. He leaves Salisbury possessing little beside the horse he rides, his lawyer's license, a law-book or two, youthful energies and youthful hopes.

A year now goes by, in which he is nearly lost to view. He used to say that, after being admitted to the bar, he lived awhile at Martinsville, Guilford county, North Carolina, where two intimate friends of his, Henderson and Searcy, kept a store. That village has long ago disappeared ; there is but one old, uninhabited house now to be seen where it stood. There is a tradition in the State, that he accepted a constable's commission this year—an office of more consequence then than now. The strong probability is, that he assisted his friends in their store, and so gained an insight into the mystery of frontier store-keeping which he afterwards turned to account.

While he was thus employed, and waiting for a chance to begin the practice of his profession, a suitable field of action was preparing for him over the mountains.

CHAPTER X.

TO TENNESSEE.

The settlement of a new region, in the old, heroic times, was a progressive affair. At first the wilderness, unbroken and unknown, excited only the curiosity of the advanced settlers. Some wandering Indian, in answer to their eager questions, would draw upon the earth a rude map of the land desired, and give, in Indian grunts and gestures, some hints of its great features, its mountains, rivers, lakes and hunting grounds. One daring hunter, of the Boone or Leather-stocking stamp, at last, would venture in to explore the vast unknown, and, returning, tell to gaping groups the wonders he had seen. A trader next, keen in the pursuit of furs, and anxious to find *fresh* Indians, who would sell a beaver skin for a bead, essayed the pathless wild. Other traders would soon follow in his trail. Hunters would then advance some distance into the wilderness, and build their cabins, and live for months on the banks of a secluded stream, and then return laden with the spoils of the trap. Thus the country gradually became known.

Settlers, who meant to till the soil and found homes, would next invade the wilderness, and plant themselves on the favorable locations nearest their former homes. Others would join them. New settlements would be formed. A mania for emigrating to the new country would begin to rage in the old settlements, and the forests to resound with the tramp, and bells, and rifles of successive companies. Before the new settlements were well established, there would begin encroach-

ments on the territory of the Indians, or a wanton murder of an Indian occurred. The Indians would retaliate, and then the period of Indian warfare set in, and lasted till the surrounding tribes were subdued or intimidated.

A process like this had been going on in Tennessee during the whole life of Andrew Jackson. Captain William Bean, the first settler in Tennessee, went into that country when Andrew was two years old. Russell Bean, with whom Jackson had once a curious interview, to be related hereafter, was the first white child born in Tennessee. By the time Jackson began the study of the law, there were some thousands of settlers west of the Alleghanies, and the old *blazed* pathway, by which, in single file, the first settlers penetrated the mountain wilderness, was beginning to be widened and smoothed down into some rough resemblance to a road. Nay, Spruce McCay, Jackson's master in the law, and Waightstill Avery, of Burke county, to whom he had first applied for instruction, had attended court at Jonesboro, the first court ever held in Tennessee,* and could tell the young student all about the new country; and while Jackson was studying law and playing pranks at Salisbury, events were transpiring on the other side of the Alleghanies which made that district the talk of the whole State, and, particularly, the talk of all who had the *entrée* of law offices.

The whole of what we now call Tennessee—that central oblong block on the map, extending from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi—was known to the youthful Jackson and his cotemporaries as Washington county, North Carolina. So it was named in 1777, when Andy was a school-boy. Afterward it formed two counties of North Carolina, and then three. Soon after the Revolution, North Carolina, not unwilling to get rid of a country which, owing to the Indian wars, was getting to be more troublesome than profitable, offered to cede her territory west of the mountains to Congress, as her share of the expenses of the Revolution, provided

* Ramsay's Tennessee, page 274.

Congress would accept the grant within two years. The settlers, hearing the news of this act, and hearing it incorrectly related, feared a two years' interval of no government, and at once set up a government of their own, declaring their independence.

Whereupon, North Carolina repealed her act of cession, and reclaimed her progeny; but the settlers, not comprehending these maternal caprices, and having tasted the sweets of independence, held on their way, completed the organization of their State, named it Franklin, and elected John Sevier governor. Flat rebellion, said the authorities of the parent State. A period of distraction and turbulence ensued. Two sets of officers in all the settlements, one appointed by the authorities of North Carolina, the other by those of Franklin; hot disputes between the two, often ending in blows; one set of court officers ejecting the other from the court room; two parties in every town and county; "Hurrah for North Carolina," the battle-cry of one; "Hurrah for Franklin," the watch-word of the other.

In these circumstances, Governor Caswell, of North Carolina, wrote an explanatory and conciliatory address to the western settlers, which convinced and won over so large a majority of them, that the State of Franklin melted away, and left Governor Sevier without a government. North Carolina, like a good mother that she was, forgave all her rebellious children, except Sevier, who had been the hero of the revolt, and who was still the idol of the western country. Him she laid in wait for, captured, and brought a prisoner to Morganton, Burke county, where he was to be tried.

A party of Sevier's devoted friends hurried over the mountains to the rescue of their chief, the hero of thirty battles. Their plan was, according to an eye-witness,* to obtain his release by stratagem, and if that failed, to fire the town, burst open the prison-doors, and bear off the prisoner to the mountains. The frontier village of Morganton was swarm-

* Narrative of William Smith, in Ramsey's Tennessee, page 428.

ing with people, drawn together by the fame of the prisoner and the notoriety of the recent events. The rescuing party were six in number, four of whom concealed themselves near the town, while the other two, Cozby and Evans, went forward into it. These two rode on to a point near the court house, tied their horses, hid their rifles, and boldly entered the throng; their hunting-shirts—the common costume of the period—hiding their pistols. Evans led to the court house door a famous mare of Sevier's, and stood there holding the bridle carelessly, apparently an unconcerned spectator of the scene around.

Cozby entered the court house, and there saw his leader arraigned before the judge, undergoing trial for high crimes and misdemeanors. The prisoner turned his head, and their eyes met. Sevier knew that rescue was near; but, warned by a shake of Cozby's head, he made no sign, though a tear of grateful joy was observed to steal down his bronzed and manly countenance. There was a pause in the proceedings. Cozby stepped before the judge, and said in a quick, emphatic manner, that made every one start—

"Judge, have you done with that man?"

At this moment, Sevier caught a glimpse of his favorite mare through the opened door of the court house. Taking advantage of the confusion caused by Cozby's question, he sprang to the door, leaped to the saddle, and broke away through the crowd.

"Yes," said a voice in the court house, "I'll be d—d if you're *not* done with him!"

The confederates were soon together at the rendezvous outside the town. That night they slept at the house of a friend twenty miles away, and were soon safe on the other side of the Alleghanies. The next year, Sevier was elected to the Legislature of North Carolina, and, on presenting himself at the capital, an act of oblivion was passed, and he took his seat in triumph!

Jackson *may* have witnessed this celebrated rescue of Governor Sevier. About the time of its occurrence, in 1788,

he was at Morganton, on a visit to Colonel Waightstill Avery, and on his way to the western wilds of Tennessee. Morganton was then the last of the frontier towns of North Carolina, and the starting-place for emigrants to the West.

Upon the settlement of the difficulties between North Carolina and her western counties, John McNairy, a friend of Jackson's, was appointed judge of the Superior Court for the western district. Jackson was invested with the office of solicitor, or public prosecutor, for the same district. This office was not in request, nor desirable. It was, in fact, difficult to get a suitable person to accept an appointment of the kind, which was to be exercised in a wilderness five hundred miles distant from the populous parts of North Carolina, and where the office of prosecutor was sure to be unpopular, difficult and dangerous. Thomas Searcy, another of Jackson's friends, received the appointment of clerk of the court. Three or four more of his young acquaintances, lawyers and others, resolved to go with him, and seek their fortune in the new and vaunted country of the West. The party rendezvoused at Morganton in the spring or early summer of 1788, mounted and equipped for a ride over the mountains to Jonesboro, then the chief settlement of East Tennessee, and the first halting-place of companies bound to the lands on the Cumberland river.

There was but one mode of traversing the wilderness. "A poor man," says Ramsey, "with seldom more than a single pack-horse, on which the wife and infant were carried, with a few clothes and bed-quilts, a skillet and a small sack of meal, was often seen wending his way along the narrow mountain trace, with a rifle on his shoulder, the elder sons carrying an ax, a hoe, sometimes an auger and a saw, and the elder daughters leading or carrying the smaller children." Our cavalcade of judge, solicitor, clerk and lawyers, wended *their* way in double file along the same road, each riding his own horse; a pack-horse or two carrying the effects of the learned judge. Every horseman had in his saddle-bags a small wallet, in which he carried letters from citizens in the

old States to settlers in the new—a service most cheerfully and punctiliously performed in those days, Mr. Ramsey tells us. At night, of course, there was no choice but to camp out in the open air by the side of the path. Between Morganton and Jonesboro there were then no hostile Indians, and the first stage of the journey was performed without difficulty and without adventure. Indeed the trace between these towns had become a road, safe for wagons of a rough frontier construction.

Jonesboro, long the principal town of East Tennessee, and often the scene of Jackson's labors at the bar, was ten years old, or more, when the judicial party reached it. It had grown to be a place of fifty or sixty log-houses. It had a new court house even. The first courts had been held in any house that could be obtained; but early in the history of Jonesboro, the people had built a house expressly for the purpose of holding courts. It was a small edifice of unhewn logs, sixteen feet square, without windows or floor. A year or two before Jackson's arrival, this primeval structure, having ceased to satisfy the inhabitants, they set about building one more spacious and elegant, which was thus described in the original plan: "The court recommend that there be a court house built in the following manner, namely: twenty-four feet square, diamond corners, and hewn down after it is built up; nine feet high between the two floors; body of the house four feet above upper floor; floors neatly laid with plank; shingles of roof to be hung with pegs; a justice's bench; a lawyers' and clerk's bar; also a sheriff's box to sit in."*

At such a stage of legal development had Jonesboro arrived, when Jackson first saw it in 1788.

The judge and his party remained several weeks at Jonesboro, waiting for the assembling of a sufficient number of emigrants, and for the arrival of a guard from Nashville to escort them. Nashville is one hundred and eighty-three

* Ramsey's Tennessee, p. 281.

miles from Jonesboro. The road ran through a gap in the Cumberland mountains, and thence entered a wilderness more dangerously infested with hostile Indians than any other portion of the western country—not even excepting the dark and bloody land of Kentucky. The original advertisement in the *State Gazette* of North Carolina, of November 28th, 1788, announcing the departure of Judge McNairy's company for the Cumberland settlements, indicates the perils of the way: "Notice is hereby given, that the new road from Campbell's station to Nashville, was opened on the 25th of September, and the guard attended at that time to escort such persons as were ready to proceed to Nashville; that about sixty families went on, amongst whom were the widow and family of the late General Davidson, and John McNairy, judge of the Superior Court; and that on the 1st day of October next, the guard will attend at the same place for the same purpose."

A strong tide of emigration was setting westward then. North Carolina had rewarded such of her citizens as had done service in the revolutionary war, with grants of land in Tennessee west of the Cumberland mountains. The fame of the fertility of that region attracted other emigrants. Perhaps, too, the renown of such gallant and wise pioneers as James Robertson, John Donelson, and their comrades, a host of choice spirits, whose worthy monument is the Nashville of to-day, had its influence in inducing many adventurous young men to brave the notorious dangers of the Cumberland valley; for the possession of which two races were contending.

Of Jackson's journey through the wilderness on this occasion, but one authentic incident is now remembered; which comes to me, in a direct line, by trustworthy channels, from the lips of Thomas Searcy, the clerk of the Superior Court, who rode by Jackson's side.

It was a night scene. The company, nearly a hundred in number, among whom were women and children, had just passed through what was considered the most dangerous part

of the wilderness. They had marched thirty-six hours, a night and two days, without halting longer than an hour; the object being to reach a certain point, which was thought to be safe camping-ground. The place was reached soon after dark, and the tired travelers hastened to encamp.

The spectacle presented by their camp may have been precisely such as is described in that favorite novel of the West, called "Wild Western Scenes:"—"A circle of tents was formed round the fire, constructed of thin poles bent in the shape of an arch, and the ends planted firmly in the earth. These were covered with buffalo skins (or tent cloths) which would effectually shield the inmates from the rain; and quantities of leaves, after being carefully dried before the fire, were placed on the ground within, over which were spread buffalo robes with the hair uppermost; and thus, in a brief space, were completed temporary, but not uncomfortable places of repose. The ends of the tents nearest to the fire were open to admit the heat and a portion of light, that those who desired it might retire during their repast, or engage in pious meditations undisturbed by the more clamorous portion of the company. A majority of the emigrants were seated on logs brought thither for that purpose, and feasting quietly from several large pans and well-filled camp-kettles, which were set out for all in common."

Earlier in the evening than usual, the exhausted women and children of the party crept into their little tents, and went to sleep. The men, except those who were to stand sentinel the first half of the night, wrapped their blankets round them, and laid down under the lee of sheltering logs, with their feet toward the fire. Silence fell upon the camp. All slept save the sentinels, and one of the party who was not inclined to sleep, tired as he was, Andrew Jackson by name. This young gentleman sat on the ground, with his back against a tree, smoking a corn-cob pipe, for an hour after his companions had sunk into sleep; whether because he enjoyed his pipe, or suspected danger, tradition saith not.

About ten o'clock, as he was beginning to doze, he fell to observing the various notes of the owls that were hooting in the forest round him. A remarkable country this for owls, he thought, as he was falling asleep. Just then, an owl that he had heard at a considerable distance, startled him by setting up a louder hoot than usual nearer the camp. Something peculiar in the note struck his attention. In an instant he was the widest awake man in Tennessee. All his mind was in his ears, and his ears were intent on the hooting of the owls. He grasped his rifle, and crept cautiously to where his friend Searcy was sleeping, and woke him.

"Searcy," said Jackson, "raise your head and make no noise."

"What's the matter?" asked Searcy.

"The owls—listen—there—there again. Is n't that a little *too* natural?"

"Do you think so?" asked Searcy.

"I know it," replied Jackson. "There are Indians all around us. I have heard them in every direction. They mean to attack before daybreak."

The more experienced woodsmen were roused, and confirmed the young lawyer's surmise. Jackson advised that the camp be instantly but quietly broken up, and the march resumed. His advice was adopted, and the company neither heard nor saw any further signs of the presence of an enemy during the remainder of the night. A party of hunters, who reached their camping ground an hour after it had been abandoned, lay down by their fires and slept. Before the day dawned, the Indians were upon them, and killed all but one of the party. Near the same spot, in the following spring, when Judge McNairy was returning to Jonesboro, and had no Jackson in his retinue, his party was surprised in the night by Indians, and narrowly escaped destruction. One white man was killed, besides one friendly chief and his son. The judge and his companions were put to total rout, fled, swam the river upon which they had encamped, and left their

horses, camp equipage and clothing in the hands of the savages.*

Before the end of October, 1788, the long train of emigrants, among whom was Mr. Solicitor Jackson, reached Nashville, to the great joy of the settlers there, to whom the annual arrival of such a train was all that an arrival can be—a thrilling event, news from home, reunion with friends, increase of wealth, additional protection against a foe powerful and resolute to destroy. Ramsey says: "The new comer, on his arrival in the settlements, was everywhere and at all times greeted with a cordial welcome. Was he without a family? He was at once taken in as a cropper or a farming hand, and found a home in the kind family of some settler. Had he a wife and children? They were asked, in backwoods phrase, 'to camp with us till the neighbors can put up a cabin for you.'"

Great news reached Nashville by this train; news that all was right with the new national Constitution, a majority of the States having accepted it; news that the Legislatures of the States were about choosing presidential electors, who would undoubtedly elect General Washington the first President of the republic. Washington was inaugurated in the April following the arrival of Jackson at his new home.

* Ramsey's Tennessee, p. 484.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SOLICITOR FINDS LODGINGS.

THERE must have been good stuff in Frenchmen once. The best proof of manhood which that race has given, since it banished its *élite*, the Huguenots, was its assisting to explore and colonize our western wilderness. The modern Frenchman looks on the map of Europe for his country's glory. More glorious to Frenchmen is the map of North America, which French valor and endurance, a hundred and fifty years ago, scattered all over with French names. New Orleans, Canada, the French trappers and voyageurs of Coopers's novels and Irving's narratives, are better evidence of sterling metal than Austerlitz and Marengo.

For man has done few things more truly remarkable than the conquest of North America from the wilderness and the savage. The revolutionary war was a very small matter in comparison.

Consider Nashville, for example. There is no region better adapted to the purposes of man than that of which Nashville is the center and capital. A gently undulating and most fertile country ; a land of hard wood, with the beautiful river Cumberland winding through the midst thereof. It happens that the country which is best for the civilized man is best for the savage also. The valley of the Cumberland was a hunting-ground so keenly coveted by surrounding tribes that the race which originally held it, worn out by the incessant wars, abandoned it in despair ; so that when French M. Charlville, in 1714, established himself on the site of Nashville, he found the country almost depopulated, and, consequently, abounding in the wild beasts whose skins he came to trap and trade for. In an old deserted Shawnee fort on the rocky bluffs of the Cumberland, M. Charlville and his French trappers stored their goods and furs.

The Frenchmen, it seems, trapped and traded in peace

for many years; Indian instinct not discerning in *them* the possible subduers and masters of the country. Boone passed westward in 1769. A party of nine or ten hunters penetrated the Cumberland wilderness in 1771, but remained not. In 1779 a little company of pioneers, nine in number, headed by Captain James Robertson, pitched their camp upon the site of Charlville's abandoned settlement, with the design of settling there. Not another white man within a hundred miles. No effective succor nearer than three hundred. Twenty thousand Indians, the most warlike and intelligent of their race, within a week's run.

Captain James Robertson left the 'settlements' about Jonesboro with the understanding that his friend, Colonel John Donelson, a brave and wealthy old Virginia surveyor, was at once to follow him to the banks of the Cumberland with a party of emigrants. Robertson and his party were only pioneers, who were to build huts and plant corn against the arrival of the main body under Donelson. Robertson's party consisted of men; Donelson's of families, among whom was the family of Robertson himself. To avoid the toil and peril of the route through the wilderness, then little known and unbroken, Colonel Donelson conceived the astounding idea of attempting to reach the new settlement by water: down the river Holston to the Tennessee, down the Tennessee to the Ohio, up the Ohio to the Cumberland, up the Cumberland to Captain Robertson and a New Home. The whole distance was considerably more than two thousand miles. No man, white or red, had ever attempted the voyage. The greater part of the route was infested by Indians. The project, in short, was worthy, for its boldness, of the destined father-in-law of General Jackson. Among those who shared the dangers of this voyage was Rachel Donelson, the leader's daughter, a black-eyed, black-haired brunette, as gay, bold and handsome a lass as ever danced on the deck of a flat boat, or took the helm while her father took a shot at the Indians. We shall meet this young lady often in the course of our narrative.

The voyage lasted four months. Colonel Donelson kept a journal, in which he entered whatever occurred that was unusual, but with such brevity, that the history of that long voyage, as written by Donelson, could be printed on six of these pages. The manuscript is still preserved in the family of one of his grandchildren, entitled, "Journal of a Voyage, intended by God's Permission, in the good boat Adventure, from Patrick Henry on Holston river to the French Salt Springs on Cumberland river; kept by John Donaldson."

Starting in the depth of a winter long remembered for its severity, the "good boat" was often delayed by the fall of water and "most excessive hard frost;" so that two months passed before it began to make good progress. Joined by other boats in the spring, the Adventure floated down the winding, rippling, beautiful Tennessee, in company with a considerable fleet, bound for the lower country. Many and dire were the mishaps that befell them. Sometimes a boat would run upon a shoal, and remain immovable till its entire contents were landed. Sometimes a boat was whirled around a bend and dashed against a projecting point, and sunk. Once a young man went hunting, and did not return. They fired their four-pounder and searched the woods, but in vain. The fleet sailed away, but the old father of the lost hunter staid behind, alone in the wilderness, to continue the search. Both were rescued at length. One man died of his frozen limbs. Two children were born. On board one boat, containing twenty-eight persons, the small-pox was raging, and it was agreed that this boat should always sail a certain distance behind the rest, but within hearing of a horn. The wily Indians pounced upon the infected boat, killed the fighting men, took prisoners the women and children, carried off the contents of the boat into the woods, and nothing further was seen of either. "Their cries were distinctly heard," says the journal, "by those boats in the rear;" and it was a great grief to the whole company, "uncertain how soon they might share the same fate." The Indians caught the small-pox, of

which hundreds died before the disease had spent its force.*

By and by, they came to "the place called the Whirl or Suck, where the river is compressed within less than half its common width by the Cumberland mountain, which juts in on both sides." There the whole fleet was brought to the verge of ruin. In rushing by the narrowest part of the Whirl, called the Boiling Pot, one of the large canoes was overturned, and all the effects of one of the families were thrown into the river. It was the family of a man poorer than the rest; so all the fleet, "pitying his distress, concluded to halt and assist him in recovering his property." While engaged in this benevolent work, suddenly a fire was opened on them by a large force of Indians, concealed in the cliffs above. The emigrants sprang to their boats, and hurried away, with four of their number wounded. All along this narrow part of the river, the Indians, hidden in the cliffs, kept firing down upon the boats, but without effect. All got safely through the Whirl but one. "Jennings' boat is missing," Colonel Donelson quietly enters in his journal. Then, resuming his pen, he continues: "We have now passed through the Whirl. The river widens with a placid and gentle current, and all the company appear to be in safety except the family of Jonathan Jennings, whose boat ran on a large rock, projecting out from the northern shore, and partly immersed in water, immediately at the Whirl, where we were obliged to leave them, perhaps to be slaughtered by their merciless enemies."

But Jennings proved to be a man difficult to slaughter. It was Wednesday afternoon when the fleet left him to his fate on the sunken rock. On Friday, Colonel Donelson completed his story in his journal thus: "This morning, about four o'clock, we were surprised by the cries of, '*Help poor Jennings*,' at some distance in the rear. He had discovered us by our fires, and came up in the most wretched condition.

* Putnam's History of Middle Tennessee.

He states, that as soon as the Indians discovered his situation, they turned their whole attention to him, and kept up a most galling fire at his boat. He ordered his wife, a son nearly grown, a young man who accompanied them, and his negro man and woman, to throw all his goods into the river to lighten their boat, for the purpose of getting her off; himself returning their fire as well as he could, being a good soldier and an excellent marksman. * * Mrs. Jennings and the negro woman succeeded in unloading the boat, but chiefly by the exertions of Mrs. Jennings, who got out of the boat and shoved her off, but was near falling a victim to her intrepidity, on account of the boat starting so suddenly as soon as loosened from the rock. Upon examination, he appears to have made a wonderful escape, for his boat is pierced in numberless places with bullets. It is to be remarked, that Mrs. Peyton, (whose husband was one of Robertson's overland party,) who was the night before delivered of an infant, which was unfortunately killed upon the hurry and confusion consequent upon such a disaster, assisted them, being frequently exposed to wet and cold, then and afterward; and that her health appears to be good at this time, and I think and hope she will do well. Their clothes were very much cut with bullets, especially Mrs. Jennings."

What women could endure, and dare, and do, in those days!

Down, down the Tennessee, until they reached the Muscle Shoals, where they had a dire disappointment. At that place, Captain Robertson had agreed to leave certain signs for Colonel Donelson's guidance; at least to show him that white men and friends had been there. But Robertson, struggling for life in that fierce, unexampled winter, had not been able to send a party across the country from the Cumberland settlement to the Tennessee. So Colonel Donelson had nothing to do but trim his boat, take the helm, set his teeth, and run through the Shoals. "When we approached them they had a dreadful appearance to those who had never seen them before. The water being high made a terrible

roaring, which could be heard at some distance, among the drift-wood heaped frightfully upon the points of the islands; the current running in every possible direction. Here we did not know how soon we should be dashed to pieces, and all our troubles ended at once. Our boats frequently dragged on the bottom, and appeared constantly in danger of striking. They warped as much as in a rough sea. But by the hand of Providence we are now preserved from this danger also. I know not the length of this wonderful shoal; it has been represented to be twenty-five or thirty miles. If so, we must have descended very rapidly, as indeed we did, for we passed it in about three hours."

The crowning entry of this journal is that which records the arrival of the boats at the junction of the Tennessee and Ohio; from which point Colonel Donelson's course lay *up* the stream. One word of this entry I take the liberty to italicise: "Our situation here is truly *disagreeable*. The river is very high, and the current rapid; our boats not constructed for the purpose of stemming a rapid stream; our provisions exhausted; the crews almost worn down with hunger and fatigue; and know not what distance we have to go, or what time it will take us to reach our place of destination. The scene is rendered still more melancholy, as several boats will not attempt to ascend the rapid current Some intend to descend the Mississippi to Natchez; others are bound for the Illinois—among the rest my son-in-law and daughter. We now part, perhaps, to meet no more, for I am determined to pursue my course, come what will."

And so he did. The good boat Adventure was poled, and rowed, and towed, and tugged, and sailed up the swift Ohio into the tranquil Cumberland and up the tranquil Cumberland to the new settlement. The leader of the expedition made the last entry into his journal on the 24th of April, 1780: "This day we arrived at our journey's end at the Big Salt Lick, where we have the pleasure of finding Captain Robertson and his company. It is a source of satisfaction to us to be enabled to restore to him and others their fam-

ilies and friends who were entrusted to our care, and who, sometime since, perhaps, despaired of ever meeting again. Though our prospects at present are dreary we have found a few log-cabins which have been built on a cedar bluff above the Lick by Captain Robertson and his company."

And so the colony was planted. This was but eight years before the arrival of Judge McNairy and his party of young lawyers. During the whole of that period, the settlers had to battle for existence. The first spring they nearly starved; for the extraordinary winter had exhausted the corn and thinned the game. In "the settlements," that is, in East Tennessee and Kentucky, corn sold that season at one hundred and sixty-five dollars per bushel. The Indians, always hovering round, made it dangerous to go a hundred yards from the station.* Poor Jonathan Jennings, whose miraculous escape from the Whirl we have noted, escaped only to fall before a lurking savage during his first summer at his new home. Never were a people so beset. While some planted corn, others had to watch against the skulking foe. When the girls went blackberrying, a guard invariably turned out to escort them, and stand guard over the surrounding thickets. Nay, if a man went to a spring to drink, another stood on the watch with his rifle cocked and poised. Whenever four or five men, says the annalist of Tennessee, were assembled at a spring or elsewhere, they held their guns in their hands, and stood, not face to face as they conversed, but with their backs turned to each other, all facing different ways, watching for a lurking or a creeping Indian.†

* "To pass from station to station, though so near to each other that the report of a rifle could be heard the distance, was to 'run the *gauntlet*' with peril of life. And yet these people made almost daily visits to each other."—*Putnam's History of Middle Tennessee*, page 135.

† Governor Blount explains one dangerous peculiarity of this region, in a letter to the Secretary of War, dated 1792. "The settlements," he says, "extend up and down the Cumberland river, from east to west, about eighty-five miles, and the extreme width from north to south does not exceed twenty-five miles, and its general width does not exceed half that distance; and not only the country surrounding the extreme frontier, but the interior part, (which is to be found

With all their precautions, not a month passed in which some one did not fall before the rifle of the sleepless enemy. It was a wonder the little band was not driven away or exterminated. On one occasion, indeed, it required all of Captain Robertson's influence and eloquence to induce the settlers not to abandon the spot, as its old proprietors, the Shawnees, had done before them, and, more recently, the band of traders and trappers under Charlville. There were times when even Robertson and his friends might have fled, if to fly had not been more perilous than to stay.

The settlement grew apace, however. When Jackson arrived in 1788, the stations along the Cumberland may have contained five thousand souls or more. But the place was still an outpost of civilization, and so exposed to Indian hostility, that it was not safe to live five miles from the central stockade—a circumstance that influenced the whole career and life of our young friend, the newly-arrived solicitor; for whom let us delay no longer to find lodgings.

Colonel John Donelson took root in the country and flourished greatly. Lands, negroes, cattle, horses, whatever was wealth in the settlement, he had in greater abundance than any other man. They point out still, near Nashville, the field he first tilled, and the spot where he made his wonderful escape from the Indians; a story I had the pleasure of hearing one of his grandsons tell, but have not the space here to repeat. During one of the long winters, when an unexpected influx of emigrants had reduced the stock of corn alarmingly low, Colonel Donelson mercifully moved off, with all his corn-consuming host, to Kentucky, and there lived till the seasons of plenty returned. During this residence in Ken-

only by comparison with the more exposed part,) is covered generally with thick and high cane, and a heavy growth of large timber, and where there happens to be no cane, with thick underwood, which afford the Indians an opportunity of lying days and weeks in any and every part of the district in wait near the houses, and of doing injuries to the inhabitants, when they themselves are so hid or secured that they have no apprehensions of injuries being done in return; and they escape from pursuit, even though it is immediate. This district has an extreme frontier of at least two hundred miles."—*Putnam's History of Middle Tennessee*

tucky, his daughter Rachel gave her heart and hand to Lewis Robards, and the brave old man returned to the Cumberland without her.

Many were the adventures and the exploits of this sturdy pioneer—this hero, who never suspected that he was a hero. Yet after so many hair-breadth escapes, by flood and field, his time came at last. He was in the woods surveying, far from home. Two young men who had been with him came along and found him near a creek, pierced by bullets; whether the bullets of the lurking savage or of the white robber was never known. It was only known that he met a violent death from some ambushed cowardly villains, white or red; his daughter Rachel always thought the former. She thought no Indians *could* kill her father, who knew their ways too well to be caught by them.

When young Jackson arrived at the settlement, he found the widow Donelson living there in a block-house, somewhat more commodious than any other dwelling in the place; for she was a notable housekeeper, as well as a woman of property. With her then lived her daughter Rachel and her Kentucky husband, Lewis Robards. Robards had bought land five miles from the Lick, and was living with his mother-in-law until the Indians should be sufficiently subdued or pacified to render it safe to live so far from the settlement. Jackson, soon after his arrival, went also to live with Mrs. Donelson as a boarder—an arrangement no less satisfactory to her than to him. It was a piece of good fortune to *her* to have another man in her spare cabin as a protector against the Indians; while *he* had found the best boarding place in the settlement—not the least pleasant feature of it being the presence of the gay and lively Mrs. Robards, the best story-teller, the best dancer, the sprightliest companion, the most dashing horsewoman in the western country.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FRONTIER LAWYER.

THE young solicitor, immediately upon his arrival in the western settlements, was astonished to find a world of law business awaiting him.

One would have supposed that a community situated as this was, struggling to maintain its foothold in a remote wilderness swarming with hostile savages, could have dispensed, for a while, with the costly luxury of law ; *i. e.*, lawyer's law. But no. One of the first things done in all the western settlements was the building of a court house and jail ; and lawyers, licensed or unlicensed, were always in waiting to occupy the one and empty the other. In the records of the first court ever held in Nashville, which was in 1783, occurs this entry : "The court then proceeded to fix on a place for the building of a court house and prison, and agreed that, in the present situation of the settlement, it be at Nashborough. Size of the court house to be eighteen feet square, with a shade of twelve feet on one side of the length of the house ; said house to be furnished with the necessary benches, bar, table, etc., fit for the reception of the court. Also a prison, fourteen feet square, of hewed logs of a foot square. * * * To be done on the best and most reasonable terms, and that the same be vendued on the lowest price that can be had."*

These edifices, be it observed, were an improvement upon similar structures in some other parts of the territory, and attest the importance and public spirit of the Nashville settlements. The court house at Greeneville, for example, wherein the short-lived State of Franklin was debated and voted into existence, was a cabin of unhewn logs roofed with clapboards, without floor, door, loft or window, light being

* Ramsey's Tennessee, page 495.

admitted between the logs. And it was in court houses *like* this—some a little better, some not so good—that Andrew Jackson practiced law for nearly ten years, and laid the foundations of his fame and fortune.

Jackson's arrival, as we have intimated, was most opportune. The only licensed lawyer in West Tennessee was engaged exclusively in the service of debtors, who, it seems, made common cause against the common enemy, their creditors. Jackson came not as a lawyer merely, but as the public prosecutor, and there was that in his bearing which gave assurance that he was the man to issue unpopular writs and give them effect. The merchants and others, who could not collect their debts, came to him for help. He undertook their business, and executed it with a promptitude that secured his career at the bar of Tennessee. Before he had been a month in Nashville, he had issued, it is said, seventy writs to delinquent debtors. He was the man wanted. And this was the first instance of a certain good fortune that attended him all through his life: he was continually finding himself placed in circumstances calculated to call into conspicuous exercise the very qualities in which he excelled all mankind.

It had not been his intention to settle in the western wilderness; but business opening so well, and the country being evidently formed for the maintenance of a great commonwealth, he was not long in coming to the determination to make it his future home. How wise the choice was, no one, familiar with Nashville and its vicinity, need be told.

Such of the old court records of West Tennessee as have escaped time, fire and vermin, contain just enough about Andrew Jackson to show that he jumped immediately into a large practice. It was customary then for a lawyer to attend every court held in the State. Two months after his arrival in the western country we find him attending court in Sumner county, near the Kentucky border, a day's ride from Nashville. The tattered records of Sumner county contain this entry:

"January 12th, 1789. Andrew Jackson, Esq., produced his license as an attorney-at-law in court, and took the oath required by law."

Some debtors of his Nashville clients, perhaps, had moved off to Sumner county, a still newer settlement, and had forgotten the old debts. The solicitor was upon them. Later records of the same county show that he attended the courts thereof regularly for many years. He was the first lawyer who ever practiced in that county. Another entry from the same records is this:

"October 6th, 1790. Andrew Jackson, Esq., proved a bill of sale from Hugh McGary to Gasper Mansker, for a negro man, which was O. K." [A common western mistake for O. R., which means Ordered Recorded. Hence, perhaps, the saying "O. K."]

The records of the quarter sessions court of Davidson county, the county of which Nashville is the capital, show, that at the April term, 1790, there were one hundred and ninety-two cases on the two dockets (Appearance docket and Trial docket); and that Andrew Jackson was employed as counsel in forty-two of them. On one leaf of the record of the January term, 1793, there are thirteen suits entered, mostly for debt, in *every one* of which Andrew Jackson was employed. At the April term of the same year, he was counsel in seventy-two out of one hundred and fifty-five cases. In most of these, he was counsel for the defense. At the July term of the same year, he was employed in sixty cases out of one hundred and thirty-five; and at the October term, in sixty-one cases out of one hundred and thirty-two. In the four terms of 1794, there were three hundred and ninety-seven cases before the same court, in two hundred and twenty-eight of which Jackson acted as counsel.* And during these and later years, he practiced at the courts of Jonesboro, and other towns in East Tennessee.

* Special Researches of Colonel A. W. Putnam, President of Tennessee Historical Society.

But what was the nature of these numerous suits? Disputed land claims formed the staple of the law practice in all the early western settlements. Next to these, cases of assault and battery seem to have been the most numerous. A few extracts from the old court records of West Tennessee may amuse the reader:—

"Whereas, in an affray that happened on the second day of September, 1793, between Wm. Pillows and Abram Denton, in fighting, the said Pillows bit off the uper eend of Denton's right year, upon which s^d^ Pillows come into open court together with Abram Denton, and the s^d^ Pillows openly declared that he bit of his year aforesaid, without any intention of injuring s^d^ Denton.

"And^w^ Wickerham b'ng sworn, say^th^ y^t^ he saw Wm. Hamilton go to turn y^e^ Deft. out of his house, on which y^e^ s^d^ Deft. resisted; & they laid hold on one anorher and fell, y^e^ plff. uppermost: And when they were parted, he saw y^t^ y^e^ s^d^ plff.' nose was bit, but saw no blows pass.

"Jas. Buchanan and Wm. Simpson corroborated y^e^ ab've."

"Ezekiel Smith of s^d^ county was summoned to ans^r^ unto Joel Stearns, a comp^t^ of assault and battery, to damage of £200. Whereas y^e^ s^d^ Stearns saith that he was abused by s^d^ Smith, having of him tied, whipped him with switches on his naked skin—likewise took y^e^ s^d^ Stearns, fastened him with a cord round his neck, raised him up to a limb of a tree, till he felt all the pains that he would have felt in death. The first thing that he knew after that, he y^e^ s^d^ Stearns, was lying on y^e^ ground, that y^e^ s^d^ Smith bid him rise—and that he has made no satisfaction to y^e^ s^d^ Stearns."

"Appeared Humphrey Hogan bound in recognizance at suit of John Kitts—for good behavior, &c. . . . John Barrow sworn: Sayeth, Hogan threatened he will kill Kitts' hogs, if he did not keep them from his door, and also whip himself. . . . To make friends, Kitts agreed to dismiss recognizance and pay the costs."

"Frederick Stump fined 1^d^ paper money, for taking the sixth part of corn ground at his mill, as toll.—1^d^."

"Ordered that corn be received for taxes at two shillings and eight-pence per bushel; good fat bear meat, if delivered where troops are stationed, four-pence per pound; prime buffalo beef, three-pence; good venison, if delivered as aforesaid, nine-pence; bacon, nine-pence; dried beef, six-pence; salt, two shillings four-pence per pound."

"State vs. Bazil Fry." } For stealing a pair of leather leggins. Proof taken: judgment passed that he be reprimanded, and acquitted on paying costs."

"The grand jurors present Joshua Baldwin for altering his name to Joshua Campbell, and Ephraim Peyton, for taking away, by force, a mare from Joshua."

"I, John Irwin, of my free will and accord, do hearby acknowledge and certify the Raskelly and Scandoullous Report that I have Raised and Reported Concearned Miss Polly McFadin, is faulse and groundless, and that I had no Right, Reason or Cause to Believe the same. Given under my hand this 26. March 1793."

"The court passed a resolution that Cæsar be permitted to build a house in one corner or side of the Public Lott for the purpose of selling cakes and beer, etc., so long as he conducts himself in an orderly manner and has permission from his master."

At the July session of the county court of Davidson county, 1791, "John Rains is fined five shillings, paper money, for profane swearing."*

On one occasion, when the log court house at Nashville had become exceedingly unclean and out of repair, one of the lawyers rose and addressed the honorable court as follows: "May it please your honors, it is a rule of equity that every suitor shall come into court with a clean shirt-tail. Without unnecessary offense to the majesty of law, the ermine of the judges, or purity of anybody, I defy suitor or advocate, much more the honorable court, to maintain pure thoughts and white linen in such a sheep-fold and pigsty." Whereupon it was "ordered that David Hay repair the court house by making two doors, well fixed and hung, with three window shutters well hung, and the house well *chinked*, sweeped, washed and cleansed, and the benches repaired."

Such were the scenes in which our young lawyer passed his early years of manhood. What with his extensive practice and his long journeys, he was the busiest of men. Half his time, as I conjecture, must have been spent in traveling. During the first seven years of his residence in Tennessee, he performed the journey through the mountain wilderness that lay between Jonesboro and Nashville, a distance of nearly

* All from Putnam's History of Middle Tennessee.

two hundred miles, twenty-two times; and this at a time when a man was in peril of his life from the Indians at his own front door.

It is important, for more reasons than now appear, that the reader should understand the condition of Nashville and West Tennessee with regard to the hostile Indians at the South. Take one fact: from the year 1780 to 1794, the Indians killed, within five or seven miles of Nashville, one person in about every ten days. The number killed during the year 1787, the year before Jackson's arrival, was thirty-three. From the catalogue of Indian murders in Haywood's History of Tennessee I copy a few items:—

"June 2d, 1791, the Indians killed John Thompson in his own corn-field within five miles of Nashville. June 14th, they killed John Gibson and wounded McMoon in Gibson's field, eight miles from Nashville. They killed Benjamin Kirdendall in his own house in Sumner county, and plundered his house of every thing the Indians could use. In June, 1791, three travelers from Natchez to Nashville were found dead on the trace near the mouth of Duck river; there were eight in company, and only two came in. On the 3d of July, 1791, Thomas Fletcher and two other men were killed on the north side of Cumberland; their heads were entirely skinned. In the same month a man was killed within a hundred and fifty yards of Major Wilson's, on the public road, as he was riding up to his house. On the 12th, Thomas White was killed in the Cumberland mountains. January 19, 1792, the Indians killed Robert and William Sevier. March, 1792, the Indians attacked the house of Mr. Thompson within seven miles of Nashville, killed and scalped the old man, his wife, his son and a daughter, and made prisoners Mrs. Caffrey, her son, a small boy and Miss Thompson. March 5th, 1792, twenty-five Indians attacked Brown's Station, eight miles from Nashville, and killed four boys. On the 6th, they burnt Dunham's Station. On the 12th, they killed Mr. Murray on his own plantation, at the mouth of Stone's river (seven miles from Nashville). April 5th, they killed Mrs. Redcliff and three children. On the 8th, they killed Benjamin Williams and party, consisting of eight men, in the heart of the Cumberland settlements. On the 24th of May, 1792, General Robertson and his son Jonathan Robertson were at or near the Robertson Lick, half a mile from his station, where they were fired upon by a party of Indians. The General was wounded in the arm, and thrown by his horse among the Indians. His son was wounded in the hip, but seeing the dangerous situation in which his father was, he dismounted,

though so badly wounded, and fired on them as they rushed toward his father. This checked them for a moment, and gave time to the General to get off, and both got safely into the station. December 29th, John Haggard was killed and scalped six miles from Nashville; twelve balls were shot into him. His wife had been killed by the Indians in the summer, and he left five small children in poverty and wretchedness."

And so on for many pages!

Felix Grundy, who passed his childhood amid these perils, once alluded to them in the Senate of the United States, when he spoke with touching eloquence. "I was too young," said he, "to participate in these dangers and difficulties, but I can remember when death was in almost every bush, and every thicket concealed an ambuscade. If I am asked to trace my memory back, and name the first indelible impression it received, it would be the sight of my eldest brother bleeding and dying under the wounds inflicted by the tomahawk and scalping knife. Another, and another, went in the same way! I have seen a widowed mother plundered of her whole property in a single night; from affluence and ease reduced to poverty in a moment, and compelled to labor with her own hands to support and educate her last and favorite son—him who now addresses you. Sir, the ancient sufferings of the West were great. I know it. I need turn to no document to teach me what they were. They are written upon my memory—a part of them upon my heart. Those of us who are here are but the remnant, the wreck, of large families lost in effecting the early settlement of the West. As I look around, I see the monuments of former suffering and woe. Ask my colleague what he remembers? He will tell you that while his father was in pursuit of one party of Indians, another band came and murdered two of his brothers. Inquire of yonder gentleman from Arkansas what became of his brother-in-law, Oldham? He will tell you that he went out to battle, but never returned. Ask that representative from Kentucky where is his uncle, the gallant Hardin? He will answer that he was intrepid enough to carry a flag of truce to the hostile savages; they would not recognize the

protection which the flag of peace threw around him, and he was slain. If I turn to my old classmate and friend, now a grave and potent Senator, I am reminded of a mother's courage and intrepidity in the son whom she rescued from savage hands, when in the very grasp of death."*

Many an old man in Tennessee and Kentucky still lingers on this side of the grave, who speaks in the same strain, and recounts similar scenes.

The earliest letter of Jackson's that I have been able to discover, dated February 13th, 1789, the fourth month of his residence at Nashville, relates to the Indian troubles. It was addressed to General Daniel Smith, a leading man in the West then and long afterwards. The letter is that of a man unused to composition, as the reader will observe :—

ANDREW JACKSON TO GENERAL DANIEL SMITH.

"Sir:—I had the pleasure of seeing Captain Fargo yesterday, who put me under obligations of seeing you this day, but as the weather seems dull and heavy, it prevents my coming up: but I commit to you in this small piece of paper the business he wants with you: he expresses a great friendship for the welfare and harmony of this country: he wishes to become a citizen and trade to this country by which means, and through you I think we can have a lasting peace with the Indians: he wishes you to write to the Governor informing him the desire of a commercial treaty with that country. He will then importune the Governor for a privilege or permit to trade to this country, which he is sure to obtain, as he is related to his Excellency. Then he will show the propriety of having a peace with the Indians for the purpose of the benefit of the trade of this country: and also show the Governor the respect this country honors him with by giving it his name :† he bears the commission of Captain under the King of Spain, which is an honorable title in that country, and can, in my opinion, do a great deal for this; and hopes you will do him the honor as to see him upon this occasion before he sets out for the Orleans, and I think it the only immediate way to obtain a peace with the Savage. I hope you will consider it well, and give me a few lines upon the occasion by Colonel Donelson, who hands you this, as I have the good of this country

* Democratic Review, vol. iii., page 162.

† That part of Tennessee was called Mero District, after the Spanish governor, Mero.

at heart, and I hope also if you will do Mr. Fargo the honor as to go and see him upon the occasion, as you go down you will give me a call, as I I think I could give you some satisfaction on this subject. This, sir, from your very Humble Servant,

ANDREW JACKSON.*

Jackson does not appear to advantage on paper at this period. He was more at home in the wilderness, eluding the Indians' vigilance, or pursuing them to their retreats. He had rare adventures during those long horseback rides from court house to court house—journeys that sometimes kept him camping out in the woods twenty successive nights. The shorter journeys he occasionally performed alone, protected only by the keenness of his eye and ear, passing through regions where he dared not kill a deer or light a fire for fear the flames or the report of his rifle should convey the knowledge of his presence to some hidden savage. The long journeys, from the Cumberland to Jonesboro and Knoxville, he often made in company with the guard that turned out to conduct parties of emigrants to the western settlements, and sometimes with a smaller party of lawyers and clients.

One lonely night passed in the woods was very vividly remembered by him. He came, soon after dark, to a creek that had been swollen by the rains into a roaring torrent. The night was as dark as pitch, and the rain fell heavily. To have attempted the ford would have been suicidal, nor did he dare to light a fire, nor even let his horse move about to browse. So he took off the saddle, and, placing it at the foot of a tree, sat upon it, wrapped in his blanket and holding his rifle in one hand and his bridle in the other. All through the night he sat motionless and silent, listening to the noise of the flood and the pattering of the rain drops upon the leaves. When the day dawned, he saddled his horse again, mounted, swam the creek, and continued his journey.

On his way home from Jonesboro court, with only three

* MSS. of Historical Society of Tennessee.

companions, he reached the river Amory one evening at the point where it gushes out of the Cumberland mountains, and saw on the opposite bank the small, smouldering fires of a party of hostile Indians. Jackson, assuming the command, directed his comrades to abandon the road at different points, so as to leave no trace behind, and then led them into the mountains along the banks of the stream. All night they traveled, guided only by the noise of the waters, and, at dawn of day, came to the edge of the river with the intention of crossing. The March rains had made it a rushing flood; and the nearness of the enemy rendered the keeping of their powder dry a matter of the utmost importance. So, instead of plunging in, in the usual style of the backwoods, they made a raft, upon which they placed all their effects, except their horses, which were to swim over afterward. Jackson and one of his companions jumped upon the raft and pushed off, leaving two others upon the bank with the horses. Rude oars had been rigged to the sides of the raft, at which the two men tugged away, with their backs toward the head of the stream. The men on the shore perceived that the raft was carried swiftly down the stream, and cried out to Jackson to return. He, not aware of his swift downward progress, did not heed their outcries, but strove with all his might to gain the opposite bank. At length, discovering that the raft was nearing the edge of a fall, he attempted to return. He strained every muscle and nerve in his efforts to bring the soggy and lumbering craft to the shore he had left, along which his two friends were running to keep abreast of him. In vain. The raft was already rushing toward the fall with accelerated and accelerating swiftness, when Jackson tore one of the long oars away from its fastening, and, bracing himself in the hinder part of the raft, held out one end of the oar to the men on shore. Luckily, they caught it, and were able to draw them in to the bank.

Then his comrade reproached him for not returning when they had first called out. His reply was very characteristic, and explains much in his remarkable career:

"A miss is as good as a mile. *You see how near I can graze danger.* Come on, and I will save you yet."*

He did so. They resumed their march up the stream, spent a second night supperless in the woods, found a ford the next morning, crossed, continued their journey, and saw the Indians no more.

Once, as he was about to cross the wilderness, he reached the rendezvous too late, and found that his party had started. It was evening, and he had ridden hard, but there was no hope of catching up, unless he started immediately and traveled all night. With a single guide he took the road, and came up to the camp fires just before daylight; but his friends had already marched. Continuing his journey, he was startled when daylight came, to discover the tracks of Indians in the road, who were evidently following the travelers. Equally evident was it to the practised eyes of these men of the woods, that the Indians outnumbered the whites. They pressed forward, and paused not till the tracks showed that the enemy were but a few minutes in advance of them. Then, the guide refusing to proceed, Jackson divided the stock of provisions equally with him, saw him take his way homeward, and kept on himself toward the Indians, resolved, at all hazards, to save or succor his friends. At length he came to a place where the Indians had left the path, and taken to the woods, with the design, as Jackson thought, of getting ahead of the white party, and lying in ambush for them. He pushed on with all speed, and reached his friends before dark, just after they had crossed a deep, half-frozen river, and were drying their clothes by their camp fires. He told his news. The march was instantly resumed. All that night and the next day they kept on their way, not daring to rest or halt, and reached toward evening the cabins of a company of hunters, of whom they asked shelter for the night. The boon was churlishly refused, and they marched on in the teeth of a driving storm of wind and snow. They ventured to encamp

* Kendall's Life of Jackson, p. 86.

at length. Jackson, who had not closed his eyes for sixty hours, wrapped himself in his blanket, and slept soundly till daylight, when he awoke to find himself buried in snow to the depth of six inches. The party of Indians, meanwhile, had pursued unrelentingly, until reaching the huts of the inhospitable hunters, they murdered every man of them, and, satisfied with this exploit, left the travelers to complete their journey unmolested.

We have seen above that no less a person than General Robertson, the wise and heroic founder of the Cumberland settlements, was attacked and wounded, in his own fields, by the Indians. Jackson was one of the party who pursued the savages on that occasion into their fastnesses. With fourteen companions, he went ten miles into a trackless canebrake, fell upon the Indian camp at break of day, put them to flight without the loss of a man, and captured their weapons.

This it was to be a pioneer lawyer in Tennessee.

Two years passed after Jackson's arrival at Nashville before any thing of great importance occurred to him. He performed his journeys, attended his courts, gained and lost his causes, grew in the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and struck down various and vigorous roots into his adopted soil.

CHAPTER XIII.

MARRIAGE OF THE SOLICITOR.

In Virginia, in the olden time, if a man, convinced of his wife's infidelity, desired to be divorced from her, he was obliged to procure an act of the legislature authorizing an investigation of the charge before a jury, and pronouncing the marriage bond dissolved, *provided* that jury found her guilty.

In the winter of 1790–1, Lewis Robards, of Kentucky (originally part of Virginia), the husband of the beautiful and vivacious Rachel Donelson, appeared before the Legislature of Virginia with a declaration, to the effect that his wife Rachel had deserted him, and had lived, and was living, in adultery with another man, to wit, Andrew Jackson, attorney-at-law. Whereupon, the Legislature of Virginia passed an act, entitled, "An Act concerning the marriage of Lewis Robards," of which the following is a copy :—

"*Sect.* 1.—Be it enacted by the General Assembly, That it shall and may be lawful for Lewis Robards to sue out of the office of the Supreme Court of the district of Kentucky, a writ against Rachel Robards, which writ shall be framed by the clerk, and express the nature of the case, and shall be published for eight weeks successively, in the Kentucky *Gazette;* whereupon the plaintiff may file his declaration in the same cause, and the defendant may appear and plead to issue, in which case, or if she does not appear within two months after such publication, it shall be set for trial by the clerk on some day in the succeeding court, but may, for good cause shown to the court, be continued until the succeeding term.

"*Sect.* 2.—Commissions to take depositions, and subpœnas to summon witnesses, shall issue as in other cases.

"*Sect.* 3.—Notice of taking depositions, published in the Kentucky *Gazette*, shall be sufficient.

"*Sect.* 4.—A jury shall be summoned, who shall be sworn well and truly to inquire into the allegations contained in the declaration, or to try the issue joined, as the case may be, and shall find a verdict according to the usual mode; and if the jury, in case of issue joined, shall find for the plaintiff, or in case of inquiry into the truth of the allegations contained in the declaration, shall find in substance, that the defendant hath deserted the plaintiff, and that she hath lived in adultery with another man since such desertion, the said verdict shall be recorded, and, THEREUPON, the marriage between the said Lewis Robards and Rachel shall be totally dissolved."*

Having obtained this act, Robards let the matter rest for two years. The following transcript from the records of Mercer county, Kentucky, shows the final result of his proceedings: "At a court of Quarter Sessions, held for Mercer county, at the court house in Harrodsburgh, on the 27th day of September, 1793, this day came the plaintiff by his

* Henning's Statues at large, vol. 12, p. 227.

attorney, and thereupon came also a jury, to wit: James Bradsbery, Thomas Smith, Gabriel Slaughter, John Lightfoot, Samuel Work, Harrison Davis, John Ray, Obediah Wright, John Miles, John Means, Joseph Thomas, and Benjamin Sanless, who being elected, tried, and sworn, well and truly to inquire into the allegation in the plaintiff's declaration, specified upon oath, do say, that the defendant, Rachel Robards, hath deserted the plaintiff, Lewis Robards, and hath, and doth, still live in adultery with another man. It is therefore considered by the court that the marriage between the plaintiff and the defendant be dissolved."

These are the naked facts of the case—the *lying* facts of the case. The most chaste of women, and one of the few irreproachable public men of his day, are recorded adulterers; and what is most remarkable, the record is correct. Rachel Robards *did* run away from her husband, and *did* live with Andrew Jackson for the space of two years before she was divorced. The explanation of this mystery can be best given in the words of the late Judge John Overton, of Tennessee, who saw the rise and progress of the intimacy between Jackson and Mrs. Robards, and was personally cognizant of the events which grew out of it. His statement is undoubtedly correct in all the important particulars. If in any respect it falls short of the truth, it is in describing the intercourse between Jackson and Robards. Jackson was no great philosopher. It is extremely likely that his conversations with the jealous husband were *not* characterized by that moderation of statement and demeanor which might be inferred from a hasty reading of Judge Overton's narrative. In fairness it should be mentioned, that Overton's statement was prepared and published in 1827, when Jackson was a candidate for the presidency. In fairness, too, it should be added that a gentleman* of high consideration in Tennessee spent months in investigating this single affair, and accumulated a mass of evidence in support of this version of it, which demonstrates its truth.

* Major William B. Lewis, of Nashville.

JUDGE OVERTON'S NARRATIVE.

"In the fall of 1787, I became a boarder in the family of Mrs. Robards, the mother of Lewis Robards, in Mercer county, Kentucky. Captain Robards and his wife then lived with old Mrs. Robards.

"I had not lived there many weeks before I understood that Captain Robards and his wife lived very unhappily, on account of his being jealous of Mr. Short. My brother, who was a boarder, informed me that great uneasiness had existed in the family for some time before my arrival. As he had the confidence and good will of all parties, a portion of his confidence fell to my share, particularly the old lady's, than whom, perhaps, a more amiable woman never lived. The uneasiness between Captain Robards and lady continued to increase, and with it great distress of the mother, and considerably with the family generally; until early in the year 1788, as well as now recollected, I understood from the old lady, and perhaps others of the family, that her son Lewis had written to Mrs. Robards' mother, the widow Donelson, requesting that she would take her home, as he did not intend to live with her any longer. Certain it is, that Mrs. Robards' brother, Samuel Donelson, came up to carry her down to her mother's, and my impression is, in the fall or summer of 1788. I was present when Mr. Samuel Donelson arrived at Mrs. Robards', and when he started away with his sister; and my clear and distinct recollection is, that it was said to be a final separation at the instance of Captain Robards; for I well recollect the distress of old Mrs. Robards, on account of her daughter-in-law Rachel going away, and on account of the separation that was about to take place, together with the circumstance of the old lady's embracing her affectionately. In unreserved conversations with me, the old lady always blamed her son Lewis, and took the part of her daughter-in-law.

"During my residence in Mrs. Robards' family, I do not recollect to have heard any of the family censure young Mrs. Robards, on account of the difference between her husband and herself; if they thought otherwise, it was unknown to me; but recollect frequently to have heard the old lady and Captain Jouett, who married the eldest daughter of the family, at that time, express the most favorable sentiments of her.

"Having finished my studies in the winter of '88–9, it was determined to fix my residence in the country now called West Tennessee. Previously to my departure from Mrs. Robards', the old lady earnestly entreated me to use my exertions to get her son Lewis and daughter-in-law Rachel to live happily together.

"Their separation for a considerable time had occasioned her great uneasiness, as she appeared to be much attached to her daughter-in-law, and she to her Captain Lewis Robards appeared to be unhappy, and the old lady

told me he regretted what had taken place, and wished to be reconciled to his wife. Before I would agree to concern myself in the matter, I determined to ascertain Captain Robards' disposition from himself, and took occasion to converse with him on the subject, when he assured me of his regret respecting what had passed; that he was convinced his suspicions were unfounded; that he wished to live with his wife, and requested that I would use my exertions to restore harmony.

"I told him I would undertake it, provided he would throw aside all nonsensical notions about jealousy, for which I was convinced there was no ground, and treat his wife kindly as other men. He assured me it should be so; and it is my impression now, that I received a message from old Mrs. Robards to Mrs. Lewis Robards, which I delivered to her on my arrival at her mother's, where I found her some time in the month of February or March, 1789. The situation of the country induced me to solicit Mrs. Donelson to board me, good accommodations and boarding being rarely to be met with, to which she readily assented.

"Mr. A. Jackson had studied the law at Salisbury, N. C., as I understood, and had arrived in this country in company with Judge McNairy, Bennet, Searcy, and perhaps David Allison, all lawyers seeking their fortunes, more than a month or two before my arrival. Whether Mr. Jackson was at Mrs. Donelson's when I first got there in March, 1789, I can not say; if he was, it must have been but a little time. My impression now is that he was not living there, and having just arrived, I introduced him into the family as a boarder, after becoming acquainted with him. So it was we commenced boarding there about the same time; Jackson and myself, our friends and clients, occupying one cabin, and the family another, a few steps from it.

"Soon after my arrival, I had frequent conversations with Mrs. Lewis Robards, on the subject of living happily with her husband. She, with much sensibility, assured me that no effort to do so should be wanting on her part; and I communicated the result to Captain Robards and his mother, from both of whom I received congratulations and thanks.

"Captain Robards had previously purchased a preëmption in this country on the south side of Cumberland river, in Davidson county, about five miles from where Mrs. Donelson then lived. In the arrangement for a reunion between Captain Robards and his wife, I understood it was agreed that Captain Robards was to live in this country instead of Kentucky; that until it was safe to go on his own land, which was yearly expected, he and his wife were to live at Mrs. Donelson's. Captain Robards became reunited to his wife some time in the year 1788 or 1789. Both Mr. Jackson and myself boarded in the family of Mrs. Donelson—lived in the cabin room, and slept in the same bed. As young men of the same pursuits and profession, with but few others in the country with whom to associate,

besides sharing, as we frequently did, common dangers, such an intimacy ensued as might reasonably be expected.

"Not many months elapsed before Robards became jealous of Jackson, which, I felt confident, was without the least ground. Some of his irritating conversations on this subject, with his wife, I heard amidst the tears of herself and her mother, who were greatly distressed. I urged to Robards the unmanliness of his conduct, after the pains I had taken to produce harmony, as a mutual friend of both families, and my honest conviction that his suspicions were groundless. These remonstrances seemed not to have the desired effect. As much commotion and unhappiness prevailed in the family as in that of Mrs. Robards in Kentucky. At length I communicated to Jackson the unpleasant situation of living in a family where there was so much disturbance, and concluded by telling him that we would endeavor to get some other place. To this he readily assented; but where to go we did not know. Being conscious of his innocence, he said he would talk to Robards.

"What passed between Captain Robards and Jackson, I do not know, as I was absent somewhere, not now recollected, when the conversation and results took place, but returned soon afterward. The whole affair was related to me by Mrs. Donelson, the mother of Mrs. Robards, and, as well as I recollect, by Jackson himself. The substance of their account was, that Mr. Jackson met Captain Robards near the orchard fence, and began mildly to remonstrate with him respecting the injustice he had done his wife, as well as himself. In a little time Robards became violently angry and abusive, and threatened to whip Jackson; made a show of doing so, etc. Jackson told him he had not bodily strength to fight him, nor would he do so, feeling conscious of his innocence, and retired to his cabin, telling him at the same time that, if he insisted on fighting, he would give him gentlemanly satisfaction, or words to that effect. Upon Jackson's return out of the house, Captain Robards said he did not care for him nor his wife—abusing them both; that he was determined not to live with Mrs Robards. Jackson retired from the family, and went to live at Mansker's station. Captain Robards remained several months with his wife, and then went to Kentucky in company with Mr. Thomas Cruthers and probably some other persons.

"Soon after this affair Mrs. Robards went to live at Colonel Hay's, who married her sister. After a short absence I returned to live at Mrs. Donelson's, at her earnest entreaty—every family then desiring the association of male friends as a protection against the Indians. This took place, to the best of my recollection, in the spring of 1790.

"Some time in the fall following there was a report afloat that Captain Robards intended to come down and take his wife to Kentucky. Whence the report originated I do not now recollect, but it created great uneasiness

both with Mrs. Donelson and her daughter, Mrs. Robards—the latter of whom was much distressed, as she was convinced, after two fair trials, as she said, that it would be impossible to live with Captain Robards; and of this opinion was I, with all those I conversed with who were acquainted with the circumstances. Some time afterward, during the winter of 1791, Mrs. Donelson told me of her daughter's intention to go down the river to Natchez, to some of their friends, in order to keep out of the way of Captain Robards, as she said he had threatened to "*haunt* her." Knowing, as I did, Captain Robards' unhappy jealous disposition, and his temper growing out of it, I thought she was right to keep out of the way, though I do not believe that I so expressed myself to the old lady or to any other person.

"The whole affair gave Jackson great uneasiness, and this will not appear strange to one as well acquainted with his character as I was. Continually together during our attendance on wilderness courts, whilst other young men were indulging in familiarities with females of relaxed morals, no suspicion of this kind of the world's censure ever fell to Jackson's share. In this—in his singularly-delicate sense of honor, and in what I thought his chivalrous conceptions of the female sex, it occurred to me that he was distinguishable from every other person with whom I was acquainted.

"About the time of Mrs. Donelson's communication to me respecting her daughter's intention of going to Natchez, I perceived in Jackson symptoms of more than usual concern. I determined to ascertain the cause, when he frankly told me that he was the most unhappy of men, in having innocently and unintentionally been the cause of the loss of peace and happiness of Mrs. Robards, whom he believed to be a fine woman. In this I concurred with him, but remonstrated on the propriety of his not giving himself any uneasiness about it. It was not long after this before he communicated to me his intention of going to Natchez with Colonel Stark with whom Mrs. Robards was to descend the river, saying that she had no friend or relation that would go with her or assist in preventing Stark and his family and Mrs. Robards from being massacred by the Indians, then in a state of war and exceedingly troublesome. Accordingly, Jackson, in company with Mrs. Robards and Colonel Stark, a venerable and highly-esteemed old man, and friend of Mrs. Robards, went down the river from Nashville to Natchez, some time in the winter or spring of 1791. It was not, however, without the urgent entreaties of Colonel Stark, who wanted protection from the Indians, that Jackson consented to accompany them; of which I had heard before Jackson's conversation with me already alluded to.

"Previously to Jackson's starting, he committed all his law-business to me, at the same time assuring me, that as soon as he should see Colonel Stark and family and Mrs. Robards situated with their friends in the neighbor-

hood of Natchez, he would return and resume his practice. He descended the river, returned from Natchez to Nashville, and was at the Superior Court in the latter place in May, 1791, attending to his business as a lawyer and solicitor general for the government. About, or shortly after this time, we were informed that a divorce had been granted by the Legislature of Virginia, through the influence, principally, of Captain Robards' brother-in-law, Major John Jouett, who was probably in the Legislature at that time.

"This application had been anticipated by me. The divorce was understood by the people of this country to have been granted by the Legislature of Virginia in the winter of 1790–1791. I was in Kentucky in the summer of 1791, remained at old Mrs. Robards', my former place of residence part of my time, and never understood otherwise than that Captain Robards' divorce was final, until the latter part of the year 1793 In the summer of 1791, General Jackson went to Natchez, and, I understood, married Mrs. Robards, then believed to be freed from Captain Robards by the divorce in the fall of 1791. They returned to Nashville settled in the neighborhood of it, where they have lived ever since, beloved and esteemed by all classes.

"About the month of December, 1793, after General Jackson and myself had started to Jonesborough, in East Tennessee, where we practiced law, I learned for the first time that Captain Robards had applied to Mercer Court, in Kentucky, for a divorce, which had then recently been granted, and that the Legislature had not absolutely granted a divorce, but left it for the court to do. I need not express my surprise, on learning that the act of the Virginia Legislature had not divorced Captain Robards. I informed General Jackson of it, who was equally surprised; and during our conversation, I suggested the propriety of his procuring a license on his return home, and having the marriage ceremony again performed, so as to prevent all future caviling on the subject.

"To this suggestion, he replied, that he had long since been married, on the belief that a divorce had been obtained, which was the understanding of every person in the country; nor was it without difficulty he could be induced to believe otherwise.

"On our return home from Jonesboro, in January, 1794, to Nashville, a license was obtained, and the marriage ceremony performed.

"The slowness and inaccuracy with which information was received in West Tennessee at that time will not be surprising, when we consider its insulated and dangerous situation, surrounded on every side by the wilderness, and by hostile Indians, and that there was no mail established till about 1797, as well as I recollect.

"Since the year 1791, General Jackson and myself have never been much apart, except when he was in the army. I have been intimate in

his family, and from the mutual and uninterrupted happiness of the General and Mrs. Jackson, which I have at all times witnessed with pleasure, as well as those delicate and polite attentions which have ever been reciprocated between them, I have been long confirmed in the opinion, that there never existed any other than what was believed to be the most honorable and virtuous intercourse between them. Before their going to Natchez, I had daily opportunities of being convinced that there was none other; before being married in the Natchez country, after it was understood that a divorce had been granted by the Legislature of Virginia, it is believed there was none."

To this narrative, so simple, yet so full, there is little to add at this place. It was at Bayou Pierre, near Natchez, that the couple lived awhile after their marriage. The skeleton of the log-house, on the banks of the Mississippi, in which they passed their honeymoon, was standing a few years ago, and may be still, if that most inconstant Mississippi has not carried it away to the Gulf of Mexico. The house in which they were married a second time, near Nashville, is also standing, and is known to the old inhabitants of the vicinity.

It was a happy marriage—a very happy marriage—one of the very happiest ever contracted. They loved one another dearly. They held each other in the highest respect. They *testified* the love and respect they entertained for one another by those polite attentions which lovers can not but exchange before marriage and after marriage. Their love grew as their years increased, and became warmer as their blood became colder. No one ever heard either address to the other a disrespectful, an irritating, or unsympathizing word. They were not as familiar as is now the fashion. He remained "Mr. Jackson" to her always; never "General;" still less "Andrew." And he never called her "Rachel," but "Mrs. Jackson," or "wife." The reader shall become better acquainted with their domestic life by and by. Meanwhile, let it be understood, that our hero has now a Home, where lives a Friend, true and fond, to welcome his return from "wilderness courts;" to cheer his stay; to lament his departure, yet give him a motive for going forth; a Home wherein

—whatever manner of man he might be elsewhere—he was always gentle, kind, and patient!

He was most prompt to defend his wife's good name. The peculiar circumstances attending his marriage made him touchy on this point. His temper, with regard to other causes of offense, was tinder; with respect to this, it was gunpowder. His worst quarrels arose from this cause, or were greatly aggravated by it. He became sore on the subject; so that, at last, I think he could scarcely hate any one very heartily without fancying that the obnoxious person had said something, or caused something to be said, which reflected on the character of Mrs. Jackson. For the man who dared breathe her name except in honor, he kept pistols in perfect condition for thirty-seven years.

The social standing of Jackson at Nashville was not, in the slightest degree, affected unfavorably by his marriage. One proof of it is this: in October of this very year he was elected one of the trustees of the Davidson Academy, a body composed of the first men and clergymen of the place. The original record of his election is still legible in the following terms:—

"1791. October 8th.—Board met at Spring Hill. Adjourned to meet at Mr. Clarke's, in Nashville, at 10 o'clock, Monday, 10th inst.

"Met accordingly.

"Ordered, that *Mr. Andrew Jackson* be appointed a Trustee in the room of Colonel William Polk, removed."*

He continued to serve on this board until the year 1805, attending the meetings with uncommon regularity, and taking a leading part in the external affairs of the institution; which finally became the Nashville University.

* Putnam's History of Middle Tennessee.

CHAPTER XIV.

A FIGHTING DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

THE prosperity of Western Tennessee dates from September, 1794, when General Robertson, provoked beyond endurance by the frequency and audacity of the Indian outrages, sent an expedition into the Cherokee country, and dealt such a blow at the tribe as induced it to leave the Cumberland settlements in peace ever after. This was the Nickajack expedition—justly famous in the annals of Tennessee—a gallant and romantic affair. The Indians would have been pursued into their own country long before but for the respect in which the authority of the federal government was held. President Washington, always a friend of peace, and very compassionate toward a race which he knew was a thousand times more sinned against than sinning, was slow to authorize retaliatory measures against the Indians. But, during this autumn, opportunity carried the day against patriotic forbearance. A young man, who had spent some years of his boyhood as a prisoner among the Cherokees, offered to pilot an army over the mountains into their hitherto inaccessible retreats. This turned the scale. General Robertson resolved to wait no longer for the consent of a government two months' journey distant, but struck the blow, and struck it effectually. Thus the prediction of a sagacious old Cherokee squaw was fulfilled. When the Indians were hesitating whether to kill or spare the boy-prisoner, the old woman said, "If you do not kill him, he will soon be grown, and will then get away and guide an army here, and we shall all be killed." Her advice was not heeded, and the Nickajack expedition was the consequence.*

It was long supposed, and is so set down in many books,

* Ramsey's Tennessee, page 611.

that Jackson accompanied this expedition as a private soldier. Recent investigation, however, renders it certain that he took no part in it.* It is also against probability that a man of so much importance as he then was in the territory, should have been willing, or even permitted, to serve in the capacity of a private. He had, moreover, a considerable reputation as an Indian fighter and wilderness traveler. Indeed, there is reason to believe that he already held a commission in the militia service ; for, in a letter of Governer Blount's to General Robertson, dated as far back as 1792, we read this sentence : "Can't you contrive for *Hay* to resign, and I will promote *Donelson* and appoint Jackson second major."† There is no doubt that he *favored* the expedition. It is probable that *one* ground of his dissatisfaction with the administration of General Washington was its reluctance to engage in war with the western Indians.

His absence from the expedition is easily accounted for. Besides being in the full tide of a most extensive and laborious practice, he held an important office under the very administration which forbade such expeditions. It was his official duty to suppress the expedition—not join it. When Tennessee became a territory of the United States, the circuit solicitor, naturally enough, became the district attorney. Hence, doubtless, the absence on such an occasion of the most warlike personage in the western country.

It was just after the Nickajack expedition that emigrants began to pour into the valley of the Cumberland in a ceaseless torrent. In a little moldy old book, published at Philadelphia in 1796, for the evident purpose of attracting emigrants to Western Tennessee, we read that "on the last summer

* "There is abundant evidence in the Tennessee Historical Society to justify the assertion that General Jackson was not in that expedition. The testimony of the late Captain John Davis, Colonels William Pillow and Brown, Charles and Beale Bosley, yet living, is concurrent and unquestionable, and wholly in opposition to the statement in the Annals."—*Putnam's History of Middle Tennessee*, page 478.

† Putnam's History of Middle Tennessee, page 398.

a good wagon road was cut across Cumberland mountain, and it was passed by thirty or forty wagons in the fall. The late friendly conduct of the Cherokee Indians, in consequence of a long Talk with Governor Blount, and the amicable disposition of the Spanish government, has greatly altered the condition of settlers on Cumberland river, and made them perfectly happy. Several thousands crossed the Cumberland mountain in September, October and November last, in detached families, without a guard and without danger. The Indians treated them with kindness, visited their camp at night, and supplied them plentifully with venison."

No mention of the Nickajack expedition. By no means. *Our* Indians, you perceive, Messrs. Emigrants, are swayed by the friendly talk of a governor, and lie in ambush only to surprise the passing trains with presents of venison ! !

As the country prospered, its district attorney could not but prosper with it. He was a prospering man by nature. The land records of 1794, 1795, 1796 and 1797, show that it was during those years that Jackson laid the foundation of the large estate which he subsequently acquired. Those were the days in which a lawyer's fee for conducting a suit of no great importance might be a square mile of land, or, in western phrase, "a six-forty." The circulating medium of Europe, says some witty writer, is gold ; of Africa, men ; of Asia, women ; of America, land.* Jackson appears frequently

* Colonel A. W. Putnam, in his History of Middle Tennessee, says, in writing of this period: "The amount of silver and gold was very small. Horses and cows, axes and cow-bells, constituted the ready 'circulating medium.' To this indispensable yet variable currency was added the 'military warrants' for land, and, as small change, the Guard certificates. Peltries and Buffalo hides served very well to supply the demand for 'foreign exchange,' or rather eastern and southern purchases. Small supplies of salt, sugar and coffee, came from Orleans; usually by the way of *Illinois!* and Kentucky ! The necessity of axes and cow-bells, and the high value set upon them by the pioneer settlers, may be understood, when we reflect that the cattle were 'turned into the brakes to browse;' and 'must be belled that they might be found;' and 'axes were indispensable in clearing lands, felling trees, making fences and building houses.'

" Persons now living (1858) remember to have heard, in trade, the expressions. 'two-twenty' and 'six-forty,' 'I will give or take a 640.' These amounts indi-

in the records of the years named as the purchaser and assignee of sections of land. He bought six hundred and fifty acres of the fine tract which afterwards formed the Hermitage farm for eight hundred dollars—a high price for that day. By the time that Tennessee entered the Union in 1796, Jackson was a very extensive land-owner, and a man of fair estate for a frontier's man. One proof of his wealth is, that, in 1797, he sold more than six thousand dollars worth of land to a gentleman in Philadelphia, and had several thousand acres left. The secret of his prosperity was, that he acquired large tracts when large tracts could be bought for a horse or a cow-bell, and held them till the torrent of emigration made them valuable.

The second letter of Jackson's (in the order of dates) which I have found, relates to the division of a piece of land. It was addressed, like the one previously quoted, to his brother-in-law, General Daniel Smith, and is dated Poplar Grove. October 29th, 1795.

ANDREW JACKSON TO GENERAL DANIEL SMITH.

"Sir: Captain John Hays and myself wish to have our land divided; for which purpose, to-morrow is appointed, wish to get the favor of you to do the business, as we wish it done accurate; therefore hope you will do us the favor to come to my house this evening, so that we may take an early start to-morrow. Will thank you to bring with you your compass and chain. If you can not come, will thank you to favor me with the loan of your compass and chain by the bearer. I am, sir, with the highest esteem, your most obedient servant, Andw. Jackson."*

The office of public prosecutor held by Jackson during

cated so many acres of land. There is a 640 very near the city of Nashville, on the Lebanon Pike, which was once sold for 'three axes and two cow-bells,' as we have been credibly informed. 'A faithful rifle and a clear toned bell' were traded for another tract. Each of these pieces of land is now worth many thousands of dollars. One of the most valuable farms in Maury was lost and won at a game to us unknown, and is to this day called by the name '*Rattle and Snap.*'"

* To this tattered and yellow note was pinned a piece of paper in another hand, containing the following:

"Friday, Oct. 30 } Mr. Jackson's and John Hays' land Beg's
Chas. Mitchel and Jno. Bokey. } at a Sugar tree and Small hackberry on S

the first seven or eight years of his residence in Tennessee, was one that a man of only ordinary nerve and courage could not have filled. It set in array against him all the scoundrels in the territory. Those were the times when a notorious criminal would defy the officers of justice, and keep them at bay *for years* at a time; when a district attorney who made himself too officious was liable to a shot in the back as he rode to court; when two men, not satisfied with the court's award, would come out of the court house into the public square and fight it out in the presence of the whole population, judge and jury, perhaps, looking on; when the public prosecutor was apt to be regarded as the man whose office it was to spoil good sport, and interfere between gentlemen. Jackson had his share of "personal difficulties," as rough-and-tumble fights are politely termed in that country to this day. One of these, which occurred when he was young in his office, I can relate in very nearly his own words. He told the story, one day, in the White House, to a very intimate friend, who expected to be assailed in the streets for his ardent support of the administration.

"Now, Mr. B.," said the General, "if any one attacks you, I know how you'll fight with that big black stick of yours. You'll aim right for his head. Well, sir, ten chances to one he'll ward it off; and if you *do* hit him, you won't bring him down. No, sir," (taking the stick into his own hands,) "you hold the stick *so*, and punch him in the stomach, and you'll drop him. I'll tell you how I found that out. When I was a young man practicing law in Tennessee, there was a big bullying fellow that wanted to pick a quarrel with

bank of Cumberland, opposite Jone's Island, E 256 po-S 76 E 22 po to the aft cor opposite the mouth of McNeil's Spring branch, E at 140 left McNeil's Spring branch, which we had crossed several times—at 183 po crossed Bowen's line at 220 po the cor aft bore from us N 8 po. 1.

"Saturday, 31st Oct.—From McNeil's Spring-E 40 to a point in Bowen's line in a dry branch. N 110 po along Bowen's line to a Dogwood in Roberts North Boundary—along it E 32 po to the aft supposed to be the Beg's—S 2° E 262 po to a point in Hugh Hay's line W. 204 po to a wt Hickory Box alder and elm Saplin—North 258 po to a red O on the bluff 19 po above the aft."

me, and so trod on my toes. Supposing it accidental, I said nothing. Soon after, he did it again, and I began to suspect his object. In a few minutes he came by a third time, pushing against me violently, and evidently meaning *fight*. He was a man of immense size, one of the very biggest men I ever saw. As quick as a flash, I snatched a small rail from the top of the fence, and gave him the point of it full in his stomach. Sir, it doubled him up. He fell at my feet, and I stamped on him. Soon he got up *savage*, and was about to fly at me like a tiger. The bystanders made as though they would interfere. Says I, 'Gentlemen, stand back, give me room, that's all I ask, and *I'll* manage him.' With that I stood ready with the rail pointed. He gave me *one* look, and turned away, a whipped man, sir, and feeling like one. So, sir, I say to you, if any villain assaults you, give him the *pint* in his belly."

The effect of such a victory in giving a man influence and *status* in a frontier country can be imagined.

Another stick story is current in Tennessee. The ferry across the Cumberland having been leased for the sum of one hundred dollars per annum, General Daniel Smith remarked, at a meeting of the trustees of the Academy:

"Why, that is enough to pay the ferriage of all the trustees over the river Styx."

"Sticks?" replied Jackson. "I want but *one* stick to make *my* way."

O, those were wild times! Jackson had not been long at the bar before he fought a duel. His antagonist was that Colonel Waightstill Avery, of Morganton, North Carolina, to whom he had once applied for instruction in the law, and with whom he afterwards practiced at the Jonesboro court. The present Colonel Isaac T. Avery, of Morganton, is a son of that gentleman. Upon applying to him for information, I was gratified to receive, not only an account of the duel, but also many other anecdotes and reminiscences of great interest, throwing light upon our subject, where it needed light most. Some of Colonel Avery's stories relate to a later day than

that which we are now investigating, but as it seems a pity to break into fragments so interesting a communication, I transcribe his letter entire at this place. One or two of the *on dits* mentioned are not quite correct, but we have a certain interest in knowing *what was said and believed* of the man at that early day.

"My first knowledge of General Jackson," says Colonel Avery, "is traditionary. He came to Morganton, with a view to study law with my father, prompted by the fact that my father had at that time the best law library in western North Carolina. The country was new. My father's improvements were of the log-cabin order, and want of house-room rendered it inconvenient to receive the young man into his family as a boarder, though he was desirous to do so. Jackson returned to Salisbury, and studied law with Spruce McCay, who was afterwards circuit judge. The office in which he studied still stands, and was pointed out to me last summer.

"My father never was the law partner of General Jackson, as has been alleged. If Jackson ever practiced in the courts east of the Blue Ridge, it was only for a short time, until he could obtain a Superior Court license. He paid a visit to my father on his way to settle in the West. He passed directly on to a block house near where Nashville now stands, then a hostile frontier, and boarded with Mrs. Donelson, the mother of the lady he afterwards married.

"Under the judicial system of North Carolina, there were then but three district courts in what is now Tennessee, in which all appeals, and important civil and criminal suits, were tried. They lasted fifteen days. Notwithstanding the distance apart, they were attended by every prominent lawyer in the State. Jonesboro was the only court on that side of the Blue Ridge that my father attended. They had criminal courts of Oyer and Terminer there, when the jails were full.

"In the trial of a suit one afternoon, General Jackson and my father were opposing counsel. The General always

espoused the cause of his client warmly, and seemed to make it his own. On this occasion, the cause was going against him, and he became irritable. My father rather exultingly ridiculed some legal position taken by Jackson; using, as he afterwards admitted, language more sarcastic than was called for. It stung Jackson, who snatched up a pen, and on the blank leaf of a law book wrote a peremptory challenge, which he delivered there and then. It was as promptly accepted. My father was no duelist; in fact, he was opposed to the principle, but, with his antecedents, in that age and country, to have declined would have been to have lost caste. The occurrence was not noticed or known in the court house. They remained until the cause was put to jury, when my father went into the street to look for a friend. After some little time, he found General John Adair, who consented to act. The arrangements occupied some further time, and when the parties met, in a hollow north of Jonesboro, it was after sundown. The ground was measured, and the parties were placed. They fired. Fortunately, neither was hit. General Jackson acknowledged himself satisfied. They shook hands, and were friendly ever after.

"The late Samuel P. Carron, when member of Congress from this district, conversed with General Jackson, then President, and also with General Adair, on this subject, and their statements agreed precisely with the one given above.*

"In my twelfth year I was taken to a Grammar School kept by the Rev. Mr. Doak, eight miles from Jonesboro. My father permitted me to stay with him during those fifteen-day courts, and I saw much of General Jackson then and subsequently. I will give you some characteristic incidents which I witnessed, as well as some *on dits* of that day, so well vouched that I have no doubt they are correct. In recalling my reminiscences, I shall not place them in chronological order, but jot them down as they occur to me.

"I was at Jonesboro court, at one time, when every house

* There was a comic incident connected with this duel that General Jackson

in the town was crowded. About twelve o'clock at night, a fire broke out in the stables of Rawlings, the principal hotel-keeper of the place. There was a large quantity of hay in the stables, which stood in dangerous proximity to the tavern, court house, and business part of the town. The alarm filled the streets with lawyers, judges, ladies in their night-dresses, and a concourse of strangers and citizens. General Jackson no sooner entered the street than he assumed the command. It seemed to be conceded to him. He shouted for buckets, and formed two lines of men reaching from the fire to a stream that ran through the town ; one line to pass the empty buckets to the stream, and the other to return them full to the fire. He ordered the roofs of the tavern and of the houses most exposed to be covered with wet blankets, and stationed men on the roofs to keep them wet. Amidst the shrieks of the women, and the frightful neighing of the burning horses, every order was distinctly heard and obeyed. In the line up which the full buckets passed, the bank of the stream soon became so slippery that it was difficult to stand. While General Jackson was strengthening that part of the line, a drunken coppersmith, named Boyd, who said he had seen fires at Baltimore, began to give orders and annoy persons in the line.

"'Fall into line!' shouted the General.

"The man continued jabbering. Jackson seized a bucket by the handle, knocked him down, and walked along the line giving his orders as coolly as before. *He saved the town!*

"I was in Jonesboro when the first difficulty occurred between Jackson and Governor Sevier. Sevier had been Major General, and had just been elected Governor (1796). Jackson wished him formally to resign the Major Generalship, as the Governor was ex officio commander-in-chief, and Jackson wished and expected to fill the office. Sevier for

would not tell. A gentleman once mentioned the duel to him. "Who told you about it?" asked the President, laughing. "General Adair." "Did he tell you what happened on the ground?" "No." "Well, then, *I* shan't," replied the General, still laughing.—J. P.

some reason refused. High words passed between them. Jackson challenged Sevier. Sevier refused to fight on the ground of his poverty and numerous family; adding, that it was not necessary for him to fight to prove his bravery, as he had done that where brave men should, against the enemies of his country. This increased the bad feeling between them. They met in Knoxville some time after and quarreled again. In the course of the dispute, Jackson mentioned his services to the State (on the frontier, I suppose).

"'Services?' replied Sevier. 'I know of no great service you have rendered the country, except taking a trip to Natchez with another man's wife.'

"'Great God!' cried Jackson, 'do you mention *her* sacred name?'

"Several shots were fired in a crowded street. One man was grazed by a bullet; many were scared; but, luckily, no one was hurt. Jackson's exclamation, 'Great God!' became a by-word among the young men at Knoxville.

"Shortly after, on the main road from Knoxville to Kingston, then a garrisoned fort, Sevier and his eldest son by his second marriage, a youth of seventeen or eighteen, were met by General Jackson and Dr. Vandyke of the army, I think. On approaching, General Jackson drew his pistol and called on Sevier to defend himself. Sevier jumped off his horse; but, as he did so, his horse ran off with his holsters. Young Sevier drew on General Jackson, swearing he would protect his father. Vandyke drew on young Sevier, swearing he would protect General Jackson. At this moment travelers rode up, who interposed, and the pistols were uncocked. Before the end of his official term, Governor Sevier was within prison bounds (for debt), and whether they ever became friendly I do not know. I should suppose not. Sevier had touched on a subject that was with Jackson, like sinning against the Holy Ghost, unpardonable.

"I was present one evening in Jonesboro, when General Jackson was talking to some dozen of his friends. He told them that in passing through a town in Virginia he learned

at breakfast that Patrick Henry was to defend a criminal there that day. He was induced to stop.

"'No description I had ever heard,' said Jackson, warmly, 'no conception I had ever formed, had given me any just idea of the man's powers of eloquence.'

"Pleasant Miller of Virginia, and George W. Campbell of North Carolina, both lawyers then of Tennessee, were sitting on a bed in the room. After Jackson had finished his eulogy, Campbell remarked,

"'It is d—d extraordinary that some men can get credit for talents they never possessed, while others who really have talents are never spoken of.'

"He seemed to wish it to be inferred from this observation that Henry was not the man Jackson had described him to be; but that he, George W. Campbell, was. A very awkward pause, felt to be such by the whole company, ensued. At length, Miller slapped Campbell on the thigh, and exclaimed,

"'If we only had him here in the county court, I'd be d—d, George, if we shouldn't make a perfect fool of him.'

"Jackson sprang to his feet and cried,

"'By G—d! bring me my pistols.'

"Captain Penny and Captain Phagan, two of his warm friends, ran up to him, and said,

"'Why, General, what's the matter? What do you want with your pistols?'"

"'By G—d, I want to kill Miller. He can never die in a better time, for, by the Eternal, that speech will immortalize him!'"

* * * * * * *

"On the 3d of July, 1809, I rode from Rutherford court house to Nashville. I there saw the General in a character new to me. He had made a main of cocks with Patton Anderson, to be fought on the Fourth for six hundred and forty acres of land. Whatever General Jackson did was the fashion. His influence over young men was unbounded. Cock-fighting was, accordingly, the order of the day. I passed ox

carts and wagons loaded with chickens. They were arriving by boats, too, from up and down the Cumberland. General Jackson won the main, but the fighting by amateurs continued. On the third afternoon of the fighting, I think, when I went to the pit with George W. Campbell, a chicken of the General's, after being cut down, revived, and, by a lucky stroke, killed his antagonist. Upon this, I heard Jackson say to Campbell,

"'There is the greatest emblem of bravery on earth. Bonaparte is not braver !'

"They were drinking quantities of mint-julep. I remained at the pit long enough to see large sums of money and several horses change hands. I suppose it was *ennui*, or want of excitement, that made him do it. I never heard of his fighting chickens before or after this occasion, though he may have done it.

"As having connection with General Jackson, and as illustrating the manners of the time, I must say something of Russell Bean, the gunsmith. He was the most perfect model of a man, for strength and activity, I ever saw ; perfectly fearless, and, when excited, desperate ; a man of good family. He married a daughter of Colonel Charles Robison, an illiterate old man, who had fought under Sevier at King's Mountain, and made campaigns against the Indians. Bean and his wife had several children. Disposed to ramble, he went to Connecticut, brought home all the improvements then known in the manufacture of rifles, and established a manufactory of arms. He bought a flat boat on the Nollichucky river, and freighted it from the profits of his business. Steering the boat himself, he descended to New Orleans, where he amused himself, for some time, in horse racing and foot racing. He returned to Jonesboro, after a year's absence, on the Monday when the court convened, during which the fire occurred, and found his wife at the tavern with an infant in the cradle. Her seducer was a merchant of the town, named Allen. Bean, though not addicted to drink, went out and got drunk. Returning to his wife's room, he took the child

from the cradle, and cut off its ears close to its head. I saw the child three minutes afterward. Bean was taken, tried, convicted, branded in the hand and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. A jail was no obstacle to a man of his skill and strength. He broke out the first night, which was the night of the Jonesboro fire. He was still in sight, however, when the flames burst forth. He rushed in, tore the stable doors from their hinges to release the horses, scaled the roofs of the houses, spread wet blankets, and did more than any two men, except General Jackson, in saving the town. The next morning, Governor Sevier, who only wanted an excuse, pardoned him from the imprisonment.

"Time passed. Bean wanted to kill Allen, the seducer of his wife, and concealed himself. It was while he was in a difficulty with Allen's brother that the sheriff was ordered to bring him into court, and reported that he could not arrest him; upon which, Jackson, who was then the presiding judge, said, 'Summon me.' As soon as Bean, who had retreated down the street, saw him approaching, he said, 'I will surrender to General Jackson.' He walked into the court room and was fined.

"Bean's wife obtained a divorce, and removed to Knoxville. Bean, meanwhile, seduced a reputable girl near Jonesboro, and, like Sharpe by Beauchamp, he persuaded a good looking journeyman he had, to visit her and make her his mistress. The young man became fascinated with her, and agreed to marry her after her accouchment, and go West. Soon after, Bean was awakened one night by a woman, who placed a new-born infant, wrapped in a blanket, in his arms. He immediately sent out for a sucking bottle and whatever else was necessary, and raised the child without a nurse. He told me it was not much more trouble than a little pig, and that he took pleasure in it. Ten years after, he was at Knoxville with a boat. His wife, who was still living there, had conducted herself well in the interim. The cropped child and the one he had raised were both dead. General Jackson was in the town at the time, and interested himself in bringing

Bean and his wife together again. He said it was his regard for old Colonel Robison, and for the Bean family, that induced him to use his influence. He succeeded. They were married again, and, years after, they were living happily together. All the latter part of this statement I had from Bean's own lips. A true narrative of his life and adventures would show that truth is stranger than fiction.

"As I have alluded, without thinking of it, to Mrs. Jackson in my account of the quarrel with Sevier, I will venture to give you the version of General George L. Davidson, a man of high character, who afterward led a regiment from this neighborhood to meet General Jackson in the Creek nation. He was the General's warm friend and zealous supporter. He was a youth in the block house of Mrs. Donelson when Jackson first took board with that lady on the banks of the Cumberland. Mrs. Donelson kept the best house in the country, and with her lived her daughter, a beautiful woman born in North Carolina, but now married to a Kentuckian named Robards. Jackson, always polite, was particularly so to the beautiful Mrs. Robards, without an ill thought on the part of any one except Robards, who seems to have been a jealous fellow. One afternoon a guard was turned out to escort the ladies to a blackberry patch, when Robards remarked to several of the guard that he thought Jackson was too intimate with his wife. The men all liked Jackson, and some of them told him what Robards had said. He sought an opportunity, and told Robards that if he ever connected his name with that of Mrs. Robards in that way again, he would cut his ears out of his head, and that he was tempted to do it any how. Robards went to the nearest magistrate, and swore out a peace warrant. Jackson was arrested by a constable, and a guard summoned from the block house to guard him—Robards accompanying. On the way, Jackson asked one of the guard for his butcher knife. He at first refused; but on Jackson's pledging his honor that he would do no harm with it, the knife was given him. Jackson examined the point and the edge, glancing the while

at Robards. Robards became alarmed, and began to run. Jackson pursued him into the cane, then returned, and went to the magistrate. No prosecutor appearing, the warrant was dismissed. Robards never returned to the block house, but went to Kentucky. His wife was afraid to rejoin such an insanely jealous husband. At what time Robards instituted proceedings for a divorce I do not know. Jackson, seeing she had lost her husband on his account, swore by the Eternal he would take her under his own protection, and, not long after, they stepped into a boat, descended to Natchez, and were married by a Roman Catholic priest. They were afterward married by a Protestant clergyman, I believe.

"My father, I may add, liked General Jackson, and thought, as I think, that, notwithstanding his infirmities of temper and strong will, he had admirable traits of character, that compelled those who saw much of him to love and admire him."

CHAPTER XV.

CONSTITUTION MAKING.

The rush of population into the Territory was such that, in July, 1795, the Territorial Legislature ordered a census to be taken for the purpose of ascertaining whether there was not the requisite number of inhabitants for the admission of the Territory into the Union as a sovereign State. The Legislature further enacted that "if it should appear that there *are* sixty thousand inhabitants, counting the whole of the free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, and adding three fifths of all *other* persons" (a delicate way of describing them), "the governor be authorized and requested to recommend to the people of the respective counties to elect five persons for

each county, to represent them in convention, to meet at Knoxville, at such time as he shall judge proper, for the purpose of forming a constitution or permanent form of government."

In November following, the governor announced, as the result of the census, that the Territory contained seventy-seven thousand two hundred and sixty-two inhabitants, of whom ten thousand six hundred and thirteen were "all other persons." He therefore called upon the people to elect delegates to the convention for making a constitution, and named January 11th, 1796, as the day for their assembling at Knoxville. The convention met accordingly, fifty-five members in all, five from each of the eleven counties. The five members sent up from Davidson county were John McNairy, Andrew Jackson, James Robertson, Thomas Hardeman and Joel Lewis. Thus we find our young adventurer, after seven years' residence in the Territory, associated on equal terms, in a most honorable trust, with the judge of the Superior Court and with the father of the Cumberland settlements. To one of them, at least, he was superior in literary attainments; for General Robertson, the wise, the brave, the gentle, was taught to read by his wife after his marriage.

The convention met in a small building, which afterward served as a school-house, standing in the outskirts of the new town of Knoxville, surrounded by tall trees of the primeval wilderness. The building was fitted up for the reception of the important assembly at an expense of twelve dollars and sixty-two cents; ten dollars for seats, and the rest for "three and a half yards of oil cloth" for the covering of the table. But the early proceedings of the convention exhibited a still more remarkable example of economy. The Legislature had fixed the compensation of the members at two dollars and a half a day, but had forgotten to appropriate any compensation for the secretary, printer and door-keeper. The convention, therefore, with curious and quaint disinterestedness, resolved that, inasmuch as "economy is an amiable trait in any government, and, in fixing the salaries of the officers

thereof, the situation and resources of the country should be attended to," *therefore*, one dollar and a half per diem is enough for us, and no more will any man of us take, and the rest shall go to the payment of the secretary, printer, door-keeper and other officers.

The rules adopted by the convention were similar to those which prevail to this day in the British House of Commons. These are among the most noticeable :—

"1. When the Speaker is in the chair, every member may sit in his place with his head covered.

"2. Every member shall come into the House uncovered, and shall continue so at all times but when he sits in his place.

"3. No member, in coming into the House or removing from his place, shall pass between the Speaker and a member speaking, nor shall any member go across the House, nor from one part thereof to another, while another is speaking."

"8. He that digresseth from the subject to fall on the person of any member, shall be suppressed by the Speaker."

"18. Upon adjournment, no member shall presume to move until the Speaker arises and goes before."

The convention being organized, it was voted that the "House proceed to appoint two members from each county to draft a constitution, and that each county name their members." The members from Davidson county selected Judge McNairy and Andrew Jackson to represent them in this committee. A constitution was soon drafted, and the whole business of the convention concluded in twenty-seven days.

It is a proof of the progress of democratic principles in the United States, that a constitution containing such provisions as that adopted by this convention should have been praised by Jefferson and bewailed by the Federalists, as the *most* republican one then in existence. According to this constitution, no man could be a member of the Legislature who did not own two hundred acres of land. A governor must possess a freehold estate of five hundred acres. A freeholder could vote as soon as he came into a county, while a

man who owned no land had to reside six months before voting. Clergymen were excluded from the Legislature. The first draft even excluded them from "any civil or military office or place of trust within this State." But, "on motion of Mr. Carter, seconded by Mr. Jackson," the article was amended so as to render them ineligible only to seats in the Legislature. At the same time, it was provided that no one should be received as a witness who denied the existence of a God or disbelieved in a state of future rewards and punishments.

The debates of the convention were neither published nor reported; nor, indeed, was it a debating body. The journal shows that Jackson took an important, but not a leading part in the proceedings. There is a tradition that it was he who suggested the present name of the State. There was already a county in the Territory named Tennessee, the delegates from which readily agreed to bestow the name upon the State, and select another for their county. Among the few motions "seconded by Mr. Jackson" was one which divided the Legislature into two Houses, a Senate and a House of Representatives. Judge McNairy was in favor of one House, and so carried it; but the next day, on motion of Mr. William Cooke, seconded by Jackson, the vote was reconsidered, and two Houses agreed upon.

The claim of the Spaniards to the exclusive navigation of the Mississippi was a sore point with all western people at this time, and for many years before and after. Through the efforts of Mr. William Blount, the convention adopted into the Bill of Rights, as an essential part thereof, the declaration that "an equal participation of the free navigation of the Mississippi is one of the inherent rights of the citizens of this State; it can not, therefore, be conceded to any prince, potentate, power, person or persons whatever." Bear this in mind: it belonged to a western man of that day, and from that day onward for twenty years, to execrate Spaniards.

And so the constitution being formed, after twenty-seven days' labor, the convention adjourned, taking a dollar and a

half a day for their own services, and paying their door-keeper two dollars a day. Jackson recrossed the "Cumberland Mountain" and the wilderness lying beyond it, and returned to his happy home.

The State was promptly organized. A Legislature was elected, and "Citizen John Sevier," we are officially informed, was chosen the first governor. *Citizen* John Sevier! And yet this was after Robespierre had been guillotined, and General Bonaparte had quelled the insurrection of Paris. But Tennessee was a very democratic State, and the tide of a new influence, or of a reaction, would be late in reaching a region so remote from the center of American affairs—Philadelphia. Moreover, Citizen John Sevier appears to have had federal leanings, for when President Adams was preparing for war with France, and had appointed Washington commander-in-chief, and Hamilton inspector general and second in command, he nominated John Sevier, of Tennessee, one of the brigadier generals.

Colonel Avery is in error with regard to the major generalship of militia. Governor Sevier never held the office of major general. He was long a brigadier general; which office, upon his election as governor, he at once resigned, and George Rutledge was elected in his stead. George Conway was elected major general, and he it was whom Andrew Jackson, a few years after, succeeded.*

On grounds purely technical, and for reasons chiefly political, the Federalists in Congress delayed the admission of republican Tennessee into the Union; Rufus King, of New York, being a conspicuous opponent, and Aaron Burr a leading advocate, of her immediate admission. But, on the 1st of June, 1796, all difficulties were adjusted, and Tennessee became the sixteenth member of the confederacy. William Blount and William Cooke were elected the first United States Senators from the new State. Three presidential electors were chosen, who cast the vote of the State for Jef-

* Ramsey's Tennessee, p. 667.

ferson and Burr. As yet, Tennessee was entitled to but one member of the House of Representatives. Early in the fall of 1796, Andrew Jackson was elected by the people to serve them in that honorable capacity. Soon after—for the journey was a long one, and more difficult than long—he mounted his horse, and set out for Philadelphia, distant nearly eight hundred miles.

Tennessee at that time felt herself aggrieved by the general government, and was a claimant for redress. Great expenses had been incurred in sending troops against the Indians, which expenses, it was feared, the general government would object to reimburse, on the ground that it had not authorized, but forbidden, any invasion of the Indian territory. There was also a dispute with the Cherokees upon the everlasting question of boundary, and the government inclined to side with the Indians, and actually did, after Jackson's departure, send troops to Knoxville to support the Indians in their demands. Andrew Jackson, as I conjecture (in the absence of information) owed the honor of being the first representative of Tennessee in the House of Representatives, to his warm espousal of the claims of the State, and to the fact that he was supposed to be the very man to support those claims with spirit and effect on the floor of Congress.

It is not probable, however, that he was elected without opposition, as there are indications, in the scanty records of the period, that there were those in the State who regarded him with no friendly eye. From the journal of the Tennessee House of Representatives, it appears that, July 30th, 1796, Mr. Seth Lewis, a member of that body, moved for leave, and presented a remonstrance from Andrew Jackson, stating that the money which had been appropriated for his compensation as attorney general of the Territory, had been expended for other objects, and asking a further appropriation in lieu thereof. The remonstrance was referred to the Committee on Claims; but before the committee reported, the amount claimed by the attorney general was inserted in the general compensation bill. When this bill came before the

House, it was moved by Mr. Newall, and seconded by Mr. Gass, that "the section making compensation to Andrew Jackson for his services as attorney general during the continuance of the territorial government," be stricken out; which was *carried*, yeas ten, nays nine. A day or two after, the Committee on Claims reported as follows: "Your committee, to whom was referred the remonstrance of Andrew Jackson, are of opinion that if the money appropriated by law in Mero district to the payment of the attorney, has been appropriated to the use of the Territory, that his remonstrance is, in part, reasonable, and ought to be granted." The end of the affair is thus recorded: "On motion, the report of the committee, to whom were referred the remonstrance of Andrew Jackson, was taken up, and, after some debate, was concurred with *by the casting vote of the Speaker.*"* Beyond these naked facts of the disputed claim, nothing can now be ascertained respecting it.

But the new member is on horseback, on his way to the seat of government—the great and famous city of Philadelphia. The reader shall see part of the wild road he traveled on this occasion.

CHAPTER XVI.

A LONDONER IN THE TENNESSEE WILDERNESS.

To understand a man, it is necessary to know a good deal of the country which he represented. Before exhibiting Andrew Jackson on the public stage, I desire to afford the reader a near view of Tennessee, as he might himself have seen it had he traversed its entire length, at the time when Nashville was only a cluster of log-houses, and the country generally "a howling wilderness."

* From MSS. Notes of Colonel A. W. Putnam, President of Tennessee Historical Society.

In 1796 and 1797, an adventurous young Englishman named Francis Baily, afterwards a well-known and wealthy member of the London Stock Exchange, later in life an astronomer of note, founder and president of the Royal Astronomical Society, made an extensive tour in the "unsettled parts of the United States of North America." He was a forerunner of the tribe of European tourists in America, and among the worthiest of the tribe; for, in addition to his being a man of knowledge and liberal ideas, he traveled at a time when traveling in America was an employment that tasked to the uttermost the courage and endurance even of a born backwoodsman. It happened that Mr. Baily, on his return to New York from New Orleans, passed through a large part of Tennessee, staid a few days at Nashville, and performed that very journey through the wilderness, between Nashville and Knoxville, that Jackson so often traveled with such various adventures. That journey, even in 1797, was no joke. Baily's narrative enables us to form an idea what it must have been in the earlier years of Jackson's practice at the bar.

From this work, which is not generally accessible in the United States, I propose to make a few extracts. Tennessee readers, I think, will be interested to see their beautiful native State as Francis Baily saw it in the summer of 1797. Other readers, it is presumed, will not object to view, through such an honest pair of eyes, the country in which Andrew Jackson became the man he was, and which he helped to wrest from savage men and savage nature. I take up Mr. Baily's story at the point where he has reached the banks of the Tennessee river, sixty miles west of Nashville, and is wondering how he shall cross a stream so wide and swift. He crossed it as Jackson must often have crossed it, as he did other rivers too wide to ford or swim. "This river," says the tourist, "at the place where we had to cross it, was above a quarter of a mile wide, and flowed with so rapid a stream, that it was with difficulty that a person (breast high) could stand against it; at the same time it appeared to glide along

in silent dignity, with its surface smooth and unruffled, and its body dark and clear, at once proclaiming the depth and importance of the current."

The only resource was to take over the baggage on rafts, and drive the horses across, "as we had been used to do before." Part of the company succeeded very well in this enterprise, though not until after many an hour of most exhausting toil. But the future astronomer was not so fortunate. He and his two comrades had prepared their raft, loaded it, driven over their horses, launched the raft into the swift stream, gained the middle of the river; two men in front towing the raft with ropes around their shoulders, and Mr. Baily performing the office of a rudder behind it. But the stream was too much for their strength, and ere long they found themselves borne irresistibly down the river—a river twelve hundred miles long, its banks peopled with doubtful Indians!

"Imagine us," says the astronomer, "with this prospect before us, without any hope of ever reaching our companions, our heads just above water, our hands clinging to the raft and supporting our weary bodies, our provisions before our eyes, but ourselves unable to touch them, as the least disturbance given to our raft would instantly overwhelm it; so that we were in danger of perishing by want in the midst of plenty; the trees and banks flying beyond us, and ourselves carried along with an astonishing rapidity, and hastening to a river abounding with alligators and other ravenous animals, unable to defend ourselves;—imagine this, and a thousand other things still more horrid, which fancy at the moment created, and you will have a tolerable idea of our situation at this time. What was to be done? Nothing. We were resigned to our fate, be it good or bad; and even in this forlorn situation could not help being merry, and passing our jokes upon each other. So true is it, that in the midst of health, death did not strike us with the same terror as when accompanied with a lingering illness.

"We were now nearly wafted out of the sight of our companions, who stood on the shore commiserating our situation, but unable to render us any assistance. One of those who were with us jocosely halloed out to them, that we were under sailing orders, and could not stop to speak to them, as a breeze had just sprung up: I told him I hoped the gale would be prosperous. By this time we had been carried four or five miles down the stream, when one of my companions, casting his eyes around, observed

something near a point of land below, which he took for some men on the water. As we could not imagine what should bring any human being into this quarter of the country, except Indians, whom we did not expect to see now, as they were in a state of war, and consequently kept themselves very secret, we thought he must be deceived. However, a few minutes convinced us to the contrary, and clearly discovered two men of a dark countenance in a canoe close to the shore, working against the stream. This, you will say, was a joyful sight to us; but we did not regard it as such at first: for as it is natural to mankind to suggest the worst, particularly in any unpleasant situation, so we immediately fancied that these people were Creek Indians—a nation almost continually at war with the Americans, who, if they discovered us, would actually murder us. Under this idea, we were in doubt whether we should hail them or not, for we were now got pretty near to them, and they could not distinguish our heads from the raft, which appeared to a person situated near the shore like a bundle of logs, or the top of a tree floating down. I used all the arguments I could to induce my fellow-travelers to hail them, and told them, that thereby they might exchange what appeared to me a prospect of certain death, for a possibility, at least, of escape; and that if they let this chance pass by, they not only would not deserve, but most probably would not meet with, another to save them from the danger that awaited them; but fear worked upon them so far, that they said they knew they were Creeks, and were determined to continue on as they were going. However, as I looked upon it almost as an interposition of Providence for our safety, I halloed to them as long and as loud as I could, when they came opposite to us. They looked about for a long while, and could not imagine from whence the sound proceeded; but on my repeating it, and waving my hand, I observed them to push from the shore and make toward us. Even this did not appease my companions: for when the Indians took up their paddles to row toward us, they said they had taken up their guns, and were going to fire upon us; and one of them said he actually saw him pull the trigger!!! so astonishingly does imagination work upon a perturbed mind. They were not long in approaching us, and we soon found that they were no enemies; for, smiling at our situation, they came alongside and took us into the canoe. We then took our baggage and the cord from the raft, and assisted the Indians in paddling up to the place from whence we set out, letting our unfortunate raft drift down the current—the sport of the winds and the waves."

Having overcome this "tremendous obstacle," as Mr. Baily justly styles it, the party proceeded on their way toward Nashville, a distance of sixty or seventy miles. They

were seven days in performing this journey, during which they came near starving—so destitute was that region then of inhabitants and resources. Not a white man did they meet, nor any sign of a civilized abode, until they came within twelve miles of Nashville. But, at length, "the path began to widen, and assume the marks of being much frequented; and soon after we observed evident tracks of cows and other animals, which plainly indicated to us that a settlement was near at hand; and about eleven o'clock, to our great happiness and comfort, we descried the first civilized habitation since our leaving Natchez. Nothing could exceed our joy upon this occasion; we jumped, halloed, and appeared as elated as if we had succeeded to the greatest estate imaginable. It was not long ere we approached the door of this auspicious mansion; but we met with a repulse which at first diminished somewhat the pleasure with which we were before transported.

"An old woman came to the door, and told us that the settlement was but just formed; and that therefore she could afford us no shelter nor provisions; but that there was another well-established plantation about a mile and a half further on, where we might meet with refreshment, etc. This latter sentence revived us again, and we once more pursued our journey to the desired spot. We soon approached it, and entering the yard saw the horses of our late companions ranging about in a field near the house. This was an agreeable sight to us, as it was one trouble off our minds; and it was not long ere they themselves came out to meet us, and congratulate us on our entry into civilized life. We were not far behind them, for they had arrived there only this morning, and had immediately ordered something to be got ready for a meal.

"This plantation belongs to a Mr. Joslin; it is situated about six or seven miles from Nashville, and is one of the last settlements on the path toward the wilderness. It has been formed about seven or eight years, and consisted of several acres of land tolerably well cultivated; some in corn

some in meadow, and others in grain, etc. His house was formed of logs, built so as to command a view of the whole plantation, and consisted of only two rooms; one of which served for all the purposes of life, and the other to hold lumber, etc."

After devouring their meal of glorious pork and beans, the Londoner kept on his way to the town. When he got a little nearer the place, he found the houses and plantations more and more frequent.

"We even met within three or four miles of the town, two coaches fitted up in all the style of Philadelphia or New York, besides other carriages, which plainly indicated that a spirit of refinement and luxury had made its way into this settlement. As we approached the town, the plantations on either side of the road began to assume a more civilized appearance, yet still not such as one observes in the neighborhood of large towns and cities. It was near seven o'clock when we reached Nashville. The sight of it gave us great pleasure, as, after so long an absence from any compact society of this kind, we viewed the several buildings with a degree of satisfaction and additional beauty which none can conceive but those who have undergone the same circumstances. We inquired for the best tavern in the place; and having ascertained where it lay, we hastened to it, and, giving our horses to the ostler, entered the house and sat down, completely happy in having performed this laborious and troublesome journey.

"We had still, however, another wilderness to go through ere we arrived at the settled parts of the United States; but as this town was a kind of resting place for us, we did not look forward to any further difficulties and dangers, but considered our journey as at an end. In fact, the principal part of it was, for now I had not much more than a thousand miles further to go; but this I had to travel by myself, as my companion left me at this place, in order to proceed to Kentucky, whereas my route lay through Knoxville, on the Holstein river. Next day,

"*Tuesday, August* 1*st*,—I went round to view the town, found it pleasantly situated on the south-west bank of the Cumberland river, and elevated above its bed about eighty or one hundred feet. The river here is about two hundred yards wide. The country all around consists of a layer of fine black mold on a bed of limestone, which in many places projects through the surface, and shows itself in dark gray protuberances. In the year 1780, a small colony, under the direction of James Robertson, crossed the mountains and settled in this place; but it was not till within these few years that it could be called a place of any importance.

"This town contains about sixty or eighty families; the houses (which are chiefly of logs and frame) stand scattered over the whole site of the town, so that it appears larger than it actually is. The inhabitants (like all those in the new settled towns) are chiefly concerned in some way of business; a storekeeper is the general denomination for such persons, and under this head you may include every one who buys and sells. There are two or three taverns in this place, but the principal one is kept by Major Lewis. There we met with good fare, but very poor accommodations for lodgings; three or four beds of the roughest construction in one room, which was open at all hours of the night for the reception of any rude rabble that had a mind to put up at the house; and if the other beds happened to be occupied, you might be surprised when you awoke in the morning to find a bed-fellow by your side whom you had never seen before, and perhaps might never see again. All complaint is unnecessary, for you are immediately silenced by that all-powerful argument—the custom of the country, and an inability to remedy it; or perhaps your landlord may tell you that if you do not like it, you are at liberty to depart as soon as you please. Having long been taught to put up with inconveniences, I determined for the future to take things as I found them, and if I could not remedy them, to be content. Besides, I did not feel the ill effects of this rough accommodation so much as other persons might in traveling from a more civilized part of the world, because every thing which was beyond a piece of bread and bacon, and the cold hard ground, appeared to me as a luxury.

"I know no other particulars of this place, except that it is the principal town in this western division of the State; and that the country about is pretty well settled, considering the time since its first establishment: what other particulars you may wish to know of this new State, you may learn in Morse or Imlay. There are several other little towns in the neighborhood; in fact, the banks of the Cumberland river, on both sides, are well cultivated for a considerable distance. Major Nelson, who boarded with me at Major Lewis's, is forwarding a settlement, and laying off a town at the head of Harper's creek, about twenty-five miles off, where he sells his half-acre town lots for ten dollars, and his out lots of ten acres for thirty dollars, on the condition that improvements are to be made, and a house built within two years. The price of land about the vicinity of this place, unimproved, is from one to four and five dollars, according to its situation and neighborhood.

"I did intend to have waited at Nashville for some time, in order to rest my horse; but not being able to find any person in the neighborhood who had a good pasture, and being rather tired of my lodgings, I determined to proceed. My course now was towards Knoxville, a town lying on the Holstein river. Between Nashville and that place, I have already told you, there is a wilderness about three hundred miles long, which I had

to cross. This wilderness properly commences about sixty-two miles from Nashville, though the whole of that distance is scarcely better than a wilderness, after you proceed about half a dozen miles from town; for the houses are so far apart from each other, that you seldom see more than two or three in a day. I was determined also in starting so soon, by the idea that I should meet with a plantation on the road, where I should find a pasture, and where I should accordingly stop and refresh my horses; for there is no part of these new settlements but you may take this liberty, if you pay them well for it; the idea of their being hospitable and doing a kindness to strangers for nothing is false. This hospitality is only shown to neighbors, etc., where they expect it will be repaid by the same return, and arises from a want of inns on the road, where travelers may call and do as they please."

On the 2d of August, he mounted one horse, and led another loaded with baggage, and started alone upon his way eastward, pursuing the same paths as those which Jackson had traveled a few months before, when he went to Congress.

"I directed my steps toward the water side, (Cumberland river,) and being put across by the ferryman to the opposite shore, (for which I paid him one-sixteenth of a dollar,) I kept the main path through the woods, (as I was directed,) and made the best of my way to a Mr. Blackamoor's, distant about nine miles, where I intended to sleep that night. The gloomy and majestic scenery of the surrounding objects, you would be apt to imagine, would excite a degree of melancholy in a person not used to such scenes; but this was not the case with me. By a frequent familiarity with such objects, I had become callous to their ill effects, and indulged only those ideas which afforded the highest pleasure and the most grateful contemplation. Surrounded on each side with a deep *wall* of woods, I enjoyed the serenity of the evening in silent meditation: every thing which I saw and heard taught me a lesson which required not the powers of oratory to embellish it. So soon as the sun had taken his station below the horizon, the moon began to spread her silver light, and to shine in silent majesty through the openings of the trees: and it was by her kind assistance that I reached my destined port; for, by my ignorance of the way, I had mistaken the path, and (wandering about the woods without a guide) did not reach my place of destination till between eight and nine o'clock. I approached the house, and found that I could be accommodated with lodging there; accordingly I unpacked my horses, and taking the baggage within doors, I led them to the field, and gave them some corn. I then began to inquire for something for my own supper;

but was informed that I could have nothing but some Indian bread and butter, and some milk, which is a standing dish in all these new countries. Accordingly, I sat down to this rough fare, and having made a hearty meal, went and sat in the open air to enjoy the serenity of the evening; and when the time came for retiring to rest, I took my blankets *out* and spread them on the *hard ground*, though there was a very good bed prepared for me within doors. But habit has such an influence over the human mind, that this mode of sleeping (which at one time appeared very rough and unpleasant) was now the preferable of the two; and I adopted it as the most agreeable. In the morning—

"*Thursday, August 3d*,—When I came to discharge my reckoning, I found they had the impudence to charge me a *dollar* for this rough accommodation; that is, for a little bread and butter, and some corn my horses had eaten. I could not but be angry at this imposition; but as there was no remedy, and as I disliked any altercation, I gave them the money and departed. As I expected to meet with settlements in different places on my way, I had not laid in any provisions, but depended merely upon what I could get at these settlements: however, I soon found that I reckoned without my host; for I proceeded the whole of this morning without being able to obtain a morsel of anything to eat. I called at almost every plantation I saw, but they were so poor, or so distressed for provisions themselves, that I could get nothing. About the middle of the day I saw a mill at a short distance. Here, I thought, there was no fear of not getting something. Accordingly I hurried on to the place; but how great was my surprise to find these people in the same unfortunate situation, and that the mill, owing to the dryness of the season, had not been in motion some months! To make the case still worse, I understood there was but one more settlement for a considerable distance. I accordingly hastened to this place; but they pleaded the same excuse. However, after a great deal of entreaty, I got them to give me a piece of bread which they had left at their morning's meal; therefore, hastening with this down to a brook which ran by the side of the house, I sat me down upon a log and made a comfortable breakfast. Alas! cried I, if mankind did but know how little would satisfy them, they would not pursue so eagerly the bubble riches; which as often brings discontent and unhappiness, as it does the means of satisfying their inordinate passions. If we take a view round the world, how often do we see that fortune scatters her favors on the most worthless objects, and that happiness (the end and aim of every one) by no means keeps pace with an increase of wealth! And I, with my crust steeped in the pure spring of nature, am as happy and contented as the proudest monarch that sits upon a throne. You will excuse this digression; but as you wished for a *faithful* detail of my journey, you must be content to receive all the remarkable impressions which were

made upon my mind—to receive not only the *outward and visible*, but also the *inward and spiritual*.

"Having suffered my horses to graze about a little, and to eat some corn which I had purchased at the house, I resumed my course once more, and at about eight o'clock got to Mr. Kirby's, (distant from Blackamoor's eighteen miles.) Here I found a great difficulty to gain admittance. There was no one at home but the woman of the house and some of the servants. She said her husband was gone out, and she did not know whether he would return that night or not; and that he would be very angry if she suffered any one to sleep there when he was absent. From the current of the poor woman's discourse, I perceived her husband was jealous of her; and as there was no other plantation near this place, I wished, both for her sake and my own, that he would arrive. Whilst I was putting up this pious ejaculation, who should appear at the gates but the very man himself; and as this removed all the charms of bolts and bars, I unpacked my horse, and led him away to the pasture. As to myself, I returned and made such another meal as I did last night; and that done, I took my blankets *out of doors*, and lay down in the open air till morning,

"*Friday, August 4th*,—When I started pretty early, and got to Major Blackamoor's (three miles) to breakfast. Here I found a good pasture for my horses, and tolerably good accommodations for myself; and the people of the house appearing very civil, I resolved upon stopping here for a week or ten days in order to relieve my horses.

"The Major was one of those early emigrants who had come here at the *first* settling of the country; he had got a good deal of land about him, a great part of which was in a rude state of cultivation. His house remained the same as when it was first built, and of course cut no very striking figure; but as it was like all the rest in this country, its uncouth appearance and rough accommodation escape particular attention. Its situation was about two or three miles to the northward of the Cumberland river, and the soil consisted of a rich earth lying on a bed of limestone, which pervades the whole of this country. Mr. Blackamoor is a major in the militia, and possesses several negroes under him, who work upon the plantation: in fact, the whole drudgery (both of house and field) is committed to the slaves, under the superintendence of the master. I have already observed to you that there are few or no taverns in these newly-settled countries; but that almost all the farmers who live near the road will take in strangers and travelers, giving them what is called 'dry entertainment,' that is, board and lodging, but without any spirituous liquors. For this entertainment they generally take care to charge enough, as I have also remarked elsewhere.

"Major Blackamoor was one of these gentlemen, though I must con-

fess that his charges were more moderate than many* I had witnessed. I stopped here about a week, when on

"*Thursday, August 10th*, a Mr. Davidson, of Kentucky, happened to stop to dine here; and informed me that he was on his way to Knoxville, and wished for some one to accompany him. As this was the route I was pursuing, I embraced the opportunity, and told him we had better proceed together, to which he consented; and having mentioned it to our host, he promised to get us some provisions ready for our journey; for we were now arrived at a point on the road where we could not expect to derive much assistance in this way from the inhabitants, as they were all new settlers, and had scarcely sufficient to keep themselves. Accordingly, the next morning,—

"*Friday, August 11th*,—having put up a sufficient quantity of beef, bacon, flour, &c., (the common provisions upon such occasions,) we started together rather early. We had not proceeded many miles ere we stopped at a house where Davidson met with some of his relations, who prevailed upon him to stop with them a few days, and said that they would accompany him. He consented, and told me that he could not proceed on with me unless I would wait for him; but I (not wishing to delay any longer) took my leave of him, and continued on my way by myself, determined to cross the wilderness alone, if I should not meet with any one to accompany me. I traveled on till about half-past five, when I came to a small creek which I was told (when I set out) was eight miles from the ferry. As I had now passed all the settlements except the one at the ferry, (which I could not reach that night,) I determined to halt here, as there was a nice clear stream, and plenty of cane and grass for my horses. I accordingly crossed the creek, and alighted at a spot which I observed had been used for the same purposes before. The first thing I did was to collect plenty of wood together and to kindle a fire: this I soon accomplished. I then went to the stream, and filling my tin cup with water, hung it over the fire and made me some coffee, at the same time opening my wallet, and laying out all my provisions. I then sat me down upon the ground, and made a hearty and a comfortable meal; and after roving about to enjoy the wildness of the place, returned to my fire, and spreading my blan-

* None of the houses in this part of the world are built higher than the ground floor; and the flooring (if any) is made of very rough boards laid on the ground, sometimes on joists, and sometimes not; but always with great holes between the planks. When I was at this man's house, one of the slaves saw an enormous snake gliding under my bed, and passing through one of these holes in the floor. The Major, to my comfort, told me that they sometimes got into the bed, but that they would not hurt me. So soon does custom get the better of these things, that he did not seem to care much about it.

ket, lay me down to rest. This was the first night I had ever slept out in the woods *alone;* I therefore could not but remark my own feelings upon the occasion. I expected that it would have appeared more dismal and melancholy than it really did; but, whether I had become callous to all those ideal apprehensions which we are too often disposed to anticipate without any cause, or whether I was in that temper of mind not to regard the gloominess and loneliness of the place in which I was, I cannot pretend to say; but certain it is, that I laid down with all the composure imaginable, and slept very soundly, without ever once waking, till the morning.

"*Saturday, August 12th.*—Started by daylight on my journey, and proceeded on to the ferry. When I came within two miles of the place I was brought to the brow of the high lands on which I had been traveling all this time. From this spot I had a most delightful view of the surrounding country, and of the distant hills which border upon the Cumberland, presenting a wild, mountainous appearance, which could not fail to interest the spectator. Having descended into the bottom, I passed one or two habitations, and at last came to the ferry house, where I stopped, and giving my horses some corn, took breakfast with my host, who furnished me with coffee and some fried rashers of bacon, served up with Indian bread: a common breakfast in this part of the country, where nothing better is to be had. This man's house stands immediately upon the banks of the river; and to the advantage of cultivating his own plantation, he unites the profits of the ferry. The river is here one hundred and seventy yards wide; and a little distance below the house a stream called "The Caney Fork" comes in. This is a considerable branch of the Cumberland river, and is so called from the quantity of cane brakes on its banks. This spot is sixty-two miles from Nashville by land, though by water it is one hundred and thirty. I was ferried across here about ten o'clock I paid one eighth of a dollar for each horse, though at Nashville I only paid one sixteenth. It is customary not to charge any thing for the passenger, only for his horses. I was landed on the opposite shore, exactly on the point of land where the two rivers met. The prospect from the middle of the stream was delightful: you appeared in the centre of three grand rivers, whose banks were everywhere formed of lofty eminences, towering over each other with a kind of majestic pride, and covered with verdure to their very summits.

"On leaving this mansion, I took my farewell of all kind of society till I arrived at the opposite side of the wilderness. I ascended the banks with my two horses, and striking into the woods, directed my steps the nearest way to my desired port. I had now no prospect before me but of traversing the howling desert by myself, and of wandering alone and unprotected through this dreary wilderness. Owing to the frequent communication which is commonly kept up between the eastern and western

parts of this State, I found no great difficulties in ascertaining the right path, though sometimes I have been in very disagreeable dilemmas on this head. Not far from the ferry, I met with a party of travelers going to Nashville. We stopped and had some little conversation together, and then separated, and each pursued his destined route. They wondered very much to see me by myself in the woods, and recommended me to wait for company.

"Towards the afternoon I ascended one of those high hills with which these rivers are surrounded. I had understood it was a very long and a very difficult one; and that I should find but one spring of water through out the whole distance of it, which if I passed, I should not meet with any more till I descended a considerable way into the valley. The day was very hot, and both my horses and myself consequently very dry. I watched very narrowly for the spring, which issued from the side of the mountain, and actually descended several paths which appeared to lead me down to it; but, fruitless in my search, I determined to pursue my journey, and not to stop till I reached the brook in the valley.

"Night came on, and I had not yet reached the brow of this mountain; but in about an hour after dark I found myself on the descent, and, soon after, reached the valley below. Overcome with the fatigue of this troublesome journey, I would willingly have laid me down to rest at the foot of the mountain, and suffered my horses to have refreshed themselves with the pasture they should find there; but the pains of extreme thirst, which had not been allayed since the morning, were too powerful to be neglected; I was therefore obliged to proceed. The afternoon had been beautifully fine, and gave reason for indulging the hope of an equally propitious day on the morrow; but alas! scarce had the sun set below the horizon ere I perceived the clouds begin to assemble together and to indicate an approaching storm; to heighten the scene, also, I heard the rumbling noise of distant thunder, and, soon after, perceived the faint flashes of the fiery lightning. I thought the elements were very unkind to me the first night of my embarking in the wilderness alone; yet, as I had long before this learned to bear the sports of fortune, I resolved, also, not to suffer this little deviation from the smooth track to ruffle my temper. I therefore pursued my course without an unpleasant or discordant thought.

"I continued on till I found the thunder and lightning increase upon me. It was now near ten o'clock, and dark as pitch, save when the vivid flashes kindly lent me a ray of light to help me on my way. I had observed no signs of water, and, fearful that I should not be able to kindle a fire if I continued on till the rain descended, I determined, parched as I was with thirst, to stop and take up my abode for the night.

"I got together all the wood I could discover near me, and, kindling a fire large enough to roast an ox, and which I thought might be able to

withstand any rain which might fall, spread my blanket and lay down to rest. I had scarce accomplished all this ere the storm approached upon me. The lightning began to be more frequent, and the rain to descend, and in such torrents did it come down, that this vast flame, which I had so lately kindled, was soon extinguished. The rain refreshed me very much, and, regardless, of all the bustle about me, and the state of darkness in which I was now left, I fell fast asleep, wrapped up in my blanket, and having my head reclining upon a log of wood for a pillow. In this situation, overcome with fatigue, and 'indifferent in my choice to live or die,' I weathered out this storm, and slept very soundly till three or four o'clock in the morning, when I awoke and found the elements had not ceased their contest, but were still warring against each other in all the impetuosity and rage of two discordant enemies. As to myself, I observed that I was nearly covered with water, for I had chosen a hollow place, which served as a bed for both me and the water, and, had I continued there much longer, it would have approached my head. You will naturally conceive that this drove away all sensations of thirst: it did so, and I awoke very much relieved from that inconvenience; and, rising from my bed and wringing my blankets, went and lay down on a higher spot of ground, and slept very soundly till morning,

"*Sunday, August 13th,*—When I awoke and found every cloud dispersed, and the sun rising beautifully in the east. This agreeable contrast with the preceding night induced me to say, with Othello,

"'If after every storm there comes such calm,' etc.,

and I 'proceeded on my course rejoicing.' I had not gone far before I came to the little rivulet which I had been seeking so long; but now, as all thirst was departed, I passed it without scarcely deigning to look at it.

"About nine or ten o'clock I ascended the Cumberland mountains. These mountains are a spur from the Alleghany, and separate from them about the middle of Virginia, proceeding in a south-western direction, and giving rise to several famous rivers, all of which flow into the Ohio, and water the new States of Tennessee and Kentucky. They are not quite so high as the Alleghany mountains, and, at the place where I passed over them, they are about fifty miles across, and, in some places, are perfectly level at top, watered with fine streams, and affording many excellent situations for plantations, agreeably to what I have already said of the Alleghany mountains. There is one place in particular, called the Crab Orchard, which is ten miles from the east foot of the mountains, and at the west foot of the Spenser's Hill, which I will describe when I arrive at it.

"My first approach to these mountains was along a plain almost void of trees, and covered entirely with grass; and at the termination I saw the base of the mountains, ranged in majestic order before me, bidding defiance

o my approach, and indicating the difficulties I should have to encounter in the accomplishment. I was obliged to dismount from my horse to ascend these steep eminences. I observed the soil to be composed of a red earth, which made the hill appear as if there had been a quantity of bricks broken and scattered about. The rain had made it very slippery, which rendered it very unpleasant. It was near an hour before I got to the top of this first hill, which was a prelude to what I had to encounter, for I observed, at some distance, the tops of other eminences whose sides I had to mount, and, these ascended, still more at a greater distance, which reminded me of Pope's line in his Essay on Criticism:

"'Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.'

"The sun had shone very bright ever since he had risen, and dried up what little moisture the rain had kindly distributed last night. It was now between eleven and twelve o'clock, and time for me to rest both myself and my horses; but as I could observe no water anywhere, I was obliged to proceed. I continued on for some little distance, and at last observed a hollow in the ground, where some rain water had lodged on the day preceding. Here I alighted, and, kindling a fire, made some coffee, and fared sumptuously on some bread and butter and mutton which I had brought with me from Mr. Blackamoor's. Here, being all alone, I sauntered about the woods to observe the fine romantic views which my peculiarly elevated situation afforded me. I then returned to my encampment, and reclined under the shade of some lofty trees for an hour or two, and, after giving my horses time to graze about the woods, pursued my journey.

"I continued on my way this afternoon without meeting with any thing very remarkable. The agreeable diversity of hill and dale with which this State is favored, together with the delightful views of a fine romantic country, served to dissipate that ennui and wearisomeness which, perhaps, I might otherwise have experienced. There had been an army across this place about two or three years ago, and I took a pleasure in observing their track through the woods, and in tracing out their different encampments as they went along. In some places I could hardly discover any remains of their march; in others, it was distinctly visible. I determined upon halting early this evening, not only that I might thereby rest my horses from the fatigue of ascending such steep eminences, but also that I might be enabled to kindle a fire and take my repast before the night set in. Just before six I came to a brook, which I followed some little way into the woods, in order that I might get off the path and avoid discovery, and (having singled out a convenient spot surrounded by a thicket on every side) I unpacked my horses, and determined to tarry here all night. Thus you behold me a third time encamped out in the

woods by myself. I was by this time got pretty well used to it, so that I lay down with as little concern as if I had been surrounded by a numerous party. My sleep was undisturbed till the morning—

"*Monday, August 14th*,—When I awoke, and pursued my journey alone. As I was proceeding on my way on foot up one of the steep eminences among these mountains, whom should I discover (on turning round) at some distance behind me, but Mr. Davidson, whom I had left a few days ago in the settlements. I immediately stopped my horses and halted till he came up. It was a joyful meeting to us both, as we were each traveling alone. He informed me that his friends having declined accompanying him, he had made the best of his way to overtake me; that he had passed two nights alone in the desert, and had tracked me to the very spot in which we were then speaking. We compared notes respecting our situation on the stormy night of the Saturday, and found that we could not have been a great way from each other. Under such circumstances it would have been fortunate to have found a companion.

"Our conversation now beguiled the path amazingly, and we reached the summit of the mountain without having experienced any toil or fatigue. Our course lay now over a smooth plain, and the agreeableness of the place would have induced us to halt, had we found any water near; but there being a scarcity of that article, we were obliged to pursue our journey still further. At length, finding that our search was fruitless, we sat us down and finished our repast without any liquid whatever to appease the pressing calls of thirst, which the heat of the climate and the labor of the journey induced. As I was wandering about, according to my custom, to observe the beauties of the country, I saw in some few places the tracks of deer or other animals on the ground, which were filled with water, the last remains of the storm on the twelfth. These tracks hardly contained a wine-glass full apiece, and were so shallow that we could not take up the water with a spoon which we had with us without mixing it with the dirt at the bottom; we therefore cut a flat stick, and hollowing it out somewhat in the middle, took it up *drop by drop*, and placed it in a tin cup till we had nearly filled it, and having collected sufficient for a draught, drank it up, and thus appeased the pressing calls of nature. We then pursued our journey, and were continually delighted with the romantic scenery of the country, a fine view of which we gained when we reached the summit of the various eminences with which this part of the country abounds. About four o'clock we arrived at Oba's river; it was a pretty wide stream, but very shallow, and full of large stones, or rather rocks, which, together with its craggy sides, contrasted with the surrounding woods, formed a picturesque and pleasant appearance. I should have been surprised to find so large a stream at the top of the mountains; but as I observed the same thing on the Alleghany mountains, and justly concluded that this was the

source of all the large navigable streams that water this country, my surprise was somewhat abated. We did not proceed far beyond this place ere we encamped; and we had scarcely kindled our fire, before we were joined by a party of three other persons who were traveling the same way as we were, and who, observing our fire, had made toward the place where we encamped, with an intent of passing the night with us. We were happy to see them, as it not only strengthened our party, but also enlivened a few hours which otherwise we might have passed very dull for want of company. We set our new visitors to collect wood for the fire; and there being an appearance of rain, we formed a curious kind of Indian tent out of the bark of some trees which we saw scattered about. This appeared to be an old encamping place, as there were the remains of several fires and camps on every side of the little stream of water on whose banks we halted. Our fears were, however, groundless; for the night passed away very pleasantly, and the next morning—

"*Tuesday, August 15th*,—We continued our journey. We had not met a single person in the wilderness all this time, since I took leave of the few travelers I met with on the banks of the Cumberland river. However, this morning we met with a party of emigrants who were traveling to the western division of this State, and who had got a wagon along with them, together with a few cows and other cattle. They appeared heartily fatigued with the labors of the journey, and inquired of us how far it was to the termination of the wilderness. We gave them but a bad account of the roughness of the roads, of which they said they had encountered enough already. In return we asked them concerning the state of the paths which we were pursuing, of which they also could give no flattering account; in particular, they told us that we were approaching toward a part where we should find great scarcity of grass in the woods; and consequently that we ought to take advantage of those spots where we should observe any. Having delayed some little time in conversation, we proceeded on, and soon after halted to take our morning's repast. We did not continue here so long as we had used to do, as we wished to reach the Crab Orchard in the evening. We accordingly hurried on; and having passed two small rivers, or rather creeks, we arrived at that spot about five o'clock.

"Here we halted some time in order to admire the beauties of the place. It is a fine large plain, or natural meadow, containing many hundred acres, and covered throughout its whole extent with a tall, rich grass, surrounded on every side by the neighboring mountains, and watered with several fine springs, which flow from one end to the other. The scenery of the craggy mountains, covered with trees to their very top, contrasted with the smooth level of the plain, afforded us a view highly picturesque, novel, and enchanting; and one which we could not but dwell on with

pleasure. Near one end of it, and not far from the road, is a very great natural curiosity. It is a subterraneous cavity in a rock under the mountains, down which you descend, by some steps cut in the stone, into a large spacious room, through which runs a clear, limpid stream of spring water, which rises from the rock at one end and flows out at the other, through a passage under ground, and disgorges itself in the open air, not far from the entrance to the cave. I thought within myself, that this would form an admirable situation for a settlement, and this subterraneous cavity would afford an excellent convenience for a *spring house*,* being always cool even in the hottest seasons.

"With regret we left this delightful spot, and proceeded on about one mile and a half further, to the foot of Spenser's Hill, where there was an excellent spring of water, and plenty of grass and pea-vine for our horses. Just before we reached this spot we met a party of horsemen, who were bound also to the western division of this State. The number of persons whom we now met surprised me very much, never having before noticed anything of the kind in a desert wilderness; but it must be observed that, since the Indians have been at peace, traveling has been more secure, and small parties have not feared to trust themselves along the wilderness; and as emigration is increasing very fast, there is great probability that this road will, in the course of a few years, be as secure as any in the United States.

"We endeavored to persuade this party to join us this evening; but as they were in a hurry to proceed they soon left us, and we presently after reached the place of our destination.

"As we had experienced great want of water in our jonrney across these mountains, anything which partook of the nature of a stream would have been acceptable to us: how much more then must it be to meet with one of the finest springs the earth ever produced! We drank of it as if it were nectar, and had it possessed any spirit, we should have lain down overcome with its fumes. We kindled a fire for the night, and then led our horses away to a neighboring spot abounding with rich grass and pea-vine. We then returned to our encampment, and passed away the remaining part of the day in observing the beauties of the place. We were now at the termination of the smooth plain I have been mentioning, and (after having made some circuitous turnings) were arrived at the foot of one of the highest ridges of these mountains, the ascent of which is remarkably steep and difficult. As I was wandering about, admiring the beauties of the place, and embosomed in the woods and mountains, I could not but reflect what an insignificant creature I appeared among these magnificent

* A spring house is a very common appendage to an American farmer's establishment, even in these rough countries. It is a substitute for an ice-house.

works of the divine Creator; and it threw me into a train of thought somewhat similar to what I should conceive Addison was in, when he penned certain numbers of the Spectator. We strolled about here till it was quite dark, and returning to the rest of our company (by the light of the fire they had kindled), spread our blankets and lay us down to rest; and the next morning,

"*Wednesday*, *August* 16*th*,—Awoke pretty early, in order to surmount, before the heat of the day, the difficult path which lay before us. This was no less than one of the steepest and longest mountains I remember to have passed over. It was with difficulty our pack-horses could ascend it, and we were obliged to halt several times, or they would not have been able to proceed. Having reached the summit, we proceeded on pretty well afterwards, as the descent was by no means so rapid; and when we reached the foot of the mountain on the other side, we halted at the first stream of water to refresh ourselves and our horses. Coming down from these mountains, we had a most delightful view of the surrounding country. The spurs or ridges of mountains which projected from the side of this vast base, formed an agreeable variety of hill and dale immediately under us; and the distant plain, or sea of woods beyond, formed a delightful and enchanting contrast.

"We did not stop long at our breakfast, but (wishing to proceed on our journey) saddled our horses, and made the best of our way to Clinch river, where we arrived about three o'clock. Here we took leave of the wilderness, and observed once more the marks of civilized life. On the banks of the Clinch river we remarked a small Indian encampment, where a few Indian women were dressing some victuals: they told us their husbands were gone out to hunt. Whilst our horses were ferrying across in the boat (which belongs to a man who has a plantation on the opposite shore) we entered into conversation with them, and exchanged some salt and gunpowder for some mockasons which they had got.

"Clinch river, where we crossed it, was two hundred and eighty yards wide, and was within sight of its junction with the Tennessee, of which it is one of the principal branches. It is thirty miles below the junction of the Holstein and Tennessee rivers. We paid for our ferriage one eighth of a dollar for each horse. It will be observed, by an inspection of the map, that from the time we took the Cumberland mountains to this place we have been traveling within the Indian country. The Indians keep this tract of land in full sovereignty, and have not yet parted with their title to it to the United States. But soon after we leave the banks of the Clinch river, we get once more within the proper limits of the State of Tennessee. After refreshing ourselves at the ferry we continued our journey, intending to reach this evening an encampment of men, women and children, which was formed between this place and Knoxville. These people were wait-

ing to set out to settle some lands on the Tennessee river, but (as there lately had been a dispute with the Indians with respect to the running the line which divided their territory from the United States) they thought it best to wait the issue of the negotiation which was pending. The limits of the Indian territory had been fixed by the treaty of Holstein; but it being some years after ere the line was actually run, they found (when they came to survey that part of the country) that a number of inhabitants had encroached and settled on the Indian territory. This was not at all to be wondered at, as it is almost impossible to know exactly where a line (drawn only upon paper) will actually strike when it comes to be measured. As the United States (agreeably to the policy which they have universally adopted) were determined that the Indians should have no just cause of complaint, they ordered all the families which had so encroached to remove within the limits of the United States, and the President actually sent a detachment of the army into the country to enforce his commands. This was the bone of contention which was the subject of conversation in every place I went into. The inhabitants firmly opposed being removed from their settlements, and they were supported in their opposition by the encouragement of those who were within the limits of the United States, as they all hate the Indians, and think a little deviation from justice is a thing to be overlooked where their two interests clash with each other. So far does prejudice carry us! And I believe the inhabitants were prepared to defend themselves against the soldiery with the point of the sword. Happily, things did not come to these extremities, for it was discovered that the line which had been drawn by the surveyors was not agreeable to the treaty; that, if it had been drawn right, it would not have cut off any of the inhabitants of the State within the Indian limits. Accordingly, a representation of this case was made to the General Assembly at Knoxville, who forwarded a remonstrance to the President of the United States; and, at the same time, formed a number of resolutions indicative of their determination not to suffer the inhabitants to be turned out of their possessions. Such was the state of the country when I was in it. We reached the encampment about sunset, and, having kindled a fire among them and turned our horses into the woods to search for pasture, went round to visit the different parties we saw there. They were scattered over a rising ground, near which were some fine springs of water. They seemed to lament their situation, in being deprived of going to settle the land which they had justly and fairly bought, and were so worked up by the apparent hardness of their case that, had things taken a contrary turn, I believe they would have forced their way by the point of the bayonet. We strolled about among them till it was quite dark. The sight of any kind of society quite enlivened us, and we returned to our grassy bed in health and spirits. In the morning,

"*Thursday, August 17th*,—We rose again to pursue our journey. It was some time before we could find our horses, as they had strayed further into the woods than we had ever known them to do before. By the assistance of some of our kind companions, we soon recovered them, and, taking leave of this little society, directed our steps toward Knoxville, the capital of the State. Soon after we started, I took leave of my companions, as they were going another road from the one I was pursuing. I therefore jogged on by myself, admiring, in silence, the different agreeable objects which were continually presenting themselves to my eyes. About one o'clock I stopped at a plantation which I saw on the road, and, having alighted from my horse and given him some corn, walked into the house to get something for myself; for at all these places you may take this liberty if you pay them well for it. I found the family just set down to some soup or kind of broth, which was made by boiling Indian corn and bacon together, or in some such way. It was to me very good, as I was extremely hungry, though at any other time or place I might have rejected it with disgust. Having tarried here about an hour, I pursued my journey, and, within about a mile or two of Knoxville, passed through the detachment of the army which had been sent down here to enforce the President's command. The band was just playing a military air, and a number of people had come from the town to hear and to see. It was an agreeable sight to me, as I found myself emerged at once from the bosom of the wilderness to all the charms of civilized life. I stopped a little here, and recognized some of the officers whom I had seen before on the Ohio. Soon after, I left them, and, at six, reached the town of Knoxville, which is forty miles from Clinch river. *Cætera desunt.*"*

Here Mr. Baily's journal abruptly ends. He accomplished the journey from Nashville in fifteen days. His diary gives us a lively idea of the country which Andrew Jackson went to Philadelphia to represent. If, however, he had gone that way in the autumn months, when emigrants were wont to journey westward, he would have found the road less lonely. In a New York paper of November, 1796, I find a paragraph which states that a gentleman had met, in four days' travel from Nashville to Knoxville, one hundred and seventy-five wagons, and ten times that number

* Journal of a Tour in the Unsettled Parts of the United States of North America in 1796 and 1797. By the late Francis Baily, F. R. S., President of the Royal Astronomical Society. London, 1851.

of "bat horses," on their way to the Cumberland settlements. Another paragraph, of about the same date, mentions, as a remarkable item of intelligence, that the road through the Cumberland Gap was then safe for wagons containing a ton of merchandise!

CHAPTER XVII.

FILTHY DEMOCRATS.

JACKSON reached Philadelphia about the first of December—The Honorable Andrew Jackson of Tennessee. Albert Gallatin, a leading member of Congress at that time, remembered him, in after years, as "a tall, lank, uncouth-looking personage, with long locks of hair hanging over his face, and a queue down his back tied in an eel skin; his dress singular, his manners and deportment those of a rough backwoodsman;"* a description which no friend of Jackson's later years will admit to be correct. Nevertheless, so he may have appeared to the sedate and European Gallatin, looking back through a long vista of years at a man whose character and opinions he deplored. Philadelphia, then a city of sixty-five thousand inhabitants, was the center of all that the young republic could boast of the intelligent and the refined.

The period during which Jackson served in Congress has recently received such frequent illustration that it must be fresh in the recollection of the reading public. Mr. Irving's Fifth Volume, which relates the rise of the democratic party (with more truth than sympathy) is the fifth volume of a household work. The reader, therefore need only be briefly reminded of two or three features of the time, which must have made a particular impression upon the young representative from Tennessee.

* Hildreth's History of the United States.

We have heard, in our own day, of the Great Unwashed. From an anecdote related of Mrs. Washington, it may be inferred that Democrats have held a reputation of that kind from a very early period of their existence as a Power in the world. One day in the second term of her husband's presidency, Mrs Washington's watchful ear observed that the harpsicord of her niece, Nelly Custis, ceased playing. It was the young lady's time for practice, and her aunt was too strict a disciplinarian to allow her to waste those hours. The music was not resumed for some time, and in the midst of the untimely pause, the mistress of the presidential mansion heard some one leave the room in which the young maiden was. She went in to learn his name. The young lady not volunteering the information, the attention of Mrs. Washington was suddenly attracted to a disfiguring mark on the wall, which had been painted a delicate cream color.

"Ah," cried she, "it was no Federalist. None but *a filthy Democrat* would mark a place on the wall with his good-for-nothing head in that manner."*

There are representative anecdotes, as well as representative men, and this appears to be one of them. Whether true or false, or half true, is not of the slightest consequence: it correctly indicates the drawing-room sentiment of the period, and has a special interest for us, inasmuch as Andrew Jackson was a "filthy Democrat." A filthy Democrat of that day was one who sympathized with, and believed in, the French Revolution; who thought the United States doubly bound—bound by gratitude and by community of principles—to aid the French republic in her struggle with the "leagued despotisms;" who thought it due to the human race that the Mistress of the Seas should be humbled, and that the United States ought to assist in that undertaking; who opposed the conciliatory measures of Washington's administration, and held in abhorrence Hamilton's financial system, the funding of the Public Debt, the NATIONAL

* Griswold's Republican Court.

BANK, and its issues of PAPER MONEY; who hated kings, nobles, and all privileged orders, with a peculiar warmth of animosity; and who believed in Republicanism, pure and simple, as established by the Constitution, and as expounded by Jefferson.

But why continue the enumeration, when before me lies the list of toasts given at the Evacuation Day banquet of the TAMMANY SOCIETY of the city of New York, on the twenty-fifth of November, 1796, just as Andrew Jackson was reaching Philadelphia? These will give the reader an idea of what the filthy Democrats were then thinking about. Every toast was a hit at the Federal party, either in its form or its substance:—

"1. The people of the United States and their President.

"2. The virtuous Congress of 1776, who decreed the freedom of three millions of their fellow-citizens, thousands of whom afterwards sealed it with their blood. (Three cheers.)

"3. The republic of France. May the wisdom and energy of her counsels confound and dismay, while her armies and navy overwhelm and annihilate her enemies.

"4. Spain and the other powers who have acknowledged the republics of America, France and Holland. May they be an example to the despots of the world, who are yet blind to the happiness of the human race.

"5. A lasting peace, founded on the basis of equal rights, to the belligerent powers of Europe; may they never more unsheath the sword in defense of despotism.

"6. Citizens Jourdan, Buonaparte, Moreau, Bournonville, and the other brave officers and soldiers of the French armies; success to their arms, and may their exertions secure the constitution and liberties of the French republic. (Six cheers.)

"7. Success and prosperity to all who contend for the equal rights of man. (Nine cheers.)

"8. May the late infamous British treaty be expunged from the laws of our land, and the blank filled up with——*Here was written the first and last act of American ingratitude and pusillanimity.* (*Twelve* cheers.)

"9. Eternal love and gratitude to the French nation; may the men who would connect us with Great Britain justly incur the resentment of every genuine American. (Twelve cheers.)

"10. The voluntary exiles of our city and country, who sacrificed their all, to establish our freedom and independence. (Six cheers.)

"11. The memory of those American citizens who fell martyrs to the cause of our country; may we never forget to celebrate their victorious deeds.

"12. May the '*exercise of heels*' so nobly displayed on the 25th November, 1783, be for ever improved to the advantage of republicans.

"13. The American fair. May their smiles be propitious to the cause of Freedom, and their approbation be only bestowed on the friends of their country.

"14. A speedy evacuation of this city by all the tories, royalists and British emissaries; may their retreat be to the tune of 'Yankee Doodle.' (Fifteen cheers.)

"15. May the tricolor flag soon wave in triumph on the Tower of London, and may the oppressed citizens of Britain regain their lost rights and enjoy perpetual freedom.

"16. The day we celebrate; may we ever remember the greasy flagstaff and the triumph of Liberty."*

Jackson reached Philadelphia at a peculiarly interesting moment. The country had just passed through the agonies of the first *contested* presidential election, and every one was waiting with baited breath to learn the result. As Jackson was always a great reader of newspapers, we may be sure that he read in republican Greenleaf, a few mornings after his arrival, the following article, explanatory of the hour, as well as expressive of his own ardent feelings :—

"The day before yesterday, the *dye* was cast, and the ballots for President and Vice President irrevocably sealed up in the respective districts of the United States. Every citizen will acknowledge the great importance of this election; and that the future prospects of this great people will be materially affected by the issue, none will deny.

"Jefferson and Adams are fairly on the ground, but which, or whether either of them, will come out first at the stake, is problematical in the opinion of many. Pinckney and Burr are candidates for Vice President, and should there not be a uniformity in voting for these gentlemen, the chair, mayhap, will fall to the lot of one of them. We do not, however, admit this probability to outweigh the first, and look forward with steady eye in expectation that Jefferson or Adams will be the man. If neither

* Greenleaf's New York Journal and Patriotic Register, of November 29th, 1796.

should be elected, it is probable neither of them would accept the second seat, and electioneering will not yet be done with.

"Wherein would the true interests of the United States be differently pursued by Jefferson and Adams?

"Jefferson believing it in the power of man to render their state happier, would naturally persevere in the support of those pure republican principles with which we began our glorious career.

"Adams believing man incorrigible, but with iron bands, would as naturally lead on to kings, lords and commons, and soon bring the people into such a happy bondage, that, like the lambs that were led to the slaughter, they would smile on the hand which raised them to such eminence, and inure their souls to pure servility."

All of which was gospel to the Honorable Mr. Jackson and his fellow-Republicans. This first contested presidential election exhibited the same revolting phenomena as those with which the present generation is familiar. It was a strife of loud-contending Lies. One party said: "Fellow-citizens, Monarchy or Republicanism is the question at issue. Those who desire monarchy and a war with France, our sister republic and glorious ally, to whom we owe our liberty, will vote for Mr. John Adams, who is *known* to be a monarchist and an enemy to France." To which the other party replied: "All who *wish* to see the horrors of the French Revolution reënacted in *America*, the guillotine set up in our streets and a Robespierre in the chair of state, will vote for Thomas Jefferson, the Infidel, the leveler, the agrarian, the calumniator of Washington, the crack-brained enthusiast." Nor were the less conspicuous characters spared. In the Republican papers I see Hamilton accused of *fomenting* the Whisky Insurrection, in order that he might have an opportunity of showing his prowess in suppressing it. It was also insinuated that he was in the habit of laughing in his sleeve at the President, while the language of adulation was ever on his lips when he approached him. Poor Burr, upon whom such a heavy odium has since fallen, appears to have escaped with less than his fair share of vituperation. "British Guineas" was a frequent rallying cry of the Republicans, as "British Gold" was in subsequent elections. There was little mincing of

words either. When the *Gazette of the United States* predicted that the licentiousness of the Republicans would end in the guillotine, the *Aurora* wanted to know whether the man who said so was "more a fool or a beast?" The jokes of the campaign, however, were exceedingly mild compared with those of more modern days. "Do you know the reason," asked one gentleman of another, "why vessels are making such short voyages this summer to England?" Of course, the gentleman addressed did *not* know. "The reason is," resumed the other, "that since the ratification of Jay's treaty, we have been *drawing nearer England.*" Prodigious! This is given in a New York paper, in a paragraph by itself, headed "ANECDOTE."

Tennessee had taken a particular interest in this election, for two reasons: it was the first in which she had ever taken part; and, secondly, she saw in it the means of punishing the party that had opposed and delayed her admission into the Union. I have a letter,* written by William Blount, Senator elect from Tennessee, dated Philadelphia, September 26th, 1796, addressed to Governor Sevier, which, I think, is worth inserting here, as showing the state of feeling among leading Tennesseeans during that campaign:—

"I request you," wrote Mr. Blount, "to send my commission on by my colleague, Mr. Cocke. Permit me to say that it is my opinion that it will be the true interest of Tennessee in particular, and of the Union in general, to promote the interest of Jefferson and Burr for President and Vice President at the ensuing election, and it is my opinion, founded upon the best information that the nature of the case admits of, that they will be elected. I hope they will meet your approbation and receive your support.

"That Jefferson is a friend of our country I suppose nobody in Tennessee doubts, and I pronounce positively that Mr. Burr, from a combination of circumstances, may be ranked among its very warmest friends. None of the southern States, except South Carolina, will vote for Mr. Pinckney for Vice President, but generally for Burr, and it is generally believed that such of the northern States as talk of Mr. Pinckney mean

* From Autograph Collection of Gordon L. Ford, Esq., of New York.

only thereby to promote Mr. Adams' election, and in the end not vote Mr. Pinckney. Perhaps this business had best not be spoke of aloud, at least I would not like to have it understood that there was any premeditated plan in the business. Mr. Fiske, who will have the honor to deliver you this letter, I believe, is with us in his wishes as to President and Vice President, but I would advise you not to speak freely with him on this subject. From me he knows nothing of it, and there are but few who do. Truth is, that I have taken a great agency in this election, and have been induced so to do by the part the adverse party took against the admission of Tennessee. I believe I have before told you that Benjamin Hawkins was appointed agent to the four southern nations of Indians; he left that place yesterday, and goes to the Tuckabatchees, where he means to reside, by way of General Pickens'. His appointment is only temporary, and he may or may not be confirmed by the succeeding President. Do not suppose I have had any agency in his appointment, for I have not; he did not need it, for he is a favorite of the present President. Pray preserve peace at all events this year, as it is desirable in every point of view. You can't conceive what a puppy of a Secretary of War we have; he was by the author of creation intended for a diminutive taylor. This is not an official letter. Yours, sincerely,

"WM. BLOUNT.

"P. S.—It is here believed that Spain has declared war against Britain. The French are going on with their successes as their most sanguine friends could wish. Britain must be humbled, and that she should be so is the interest of all nations. For the current news of this place, I refer you to the bearer, Mr. Fiske."

One other circumstance remains to be noted. Jackson came to Philadelphia at one of those periods of commercial depression to which the country has always been liable. The financial reader is aware that the suspension of specie payments by the Bank of England, which lasted twenty-two years, began in February, 1797, about two months after Jackson's arrival in Philadelphia. The depression in Philadelphia was already severe, and the failures were numerous, though the great crash was still a year distant. In all times of public disaster, one of the first of public necessities is a scapegoat, and never so much as when the cause of the general distress is something so simple, and, therefore, so puzzling, as paralysis of business. When the government has

anything to do with the pecuniary affairs of the nation,—when the government is the proprietor or manager of the controlling BANK, for example, then the government is invariably the scapegoat. It was so when Jackson, for the first time, came in contact with the great world. He saw the general prostration of credit; and when he sought to know the cause of this dire effect, whether he sought it in conversation with Republican members, or in the flaming and confident organs of his party, he heard and read but this: HAMILTON—PAPER MONEY—OVER-ISSUES—NATIONAL BANK!

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN THE HOUSE.

AMONG the fifty-six members of the House of Representatives who were present on the first day of the session, December 5th, 1796, was Andrew Jackson, the sole representative of a State that has since sent twelve members to that House. The arrivals of the next few days increased the number of members present to eighty-nine. Few of their names have escaped oblivion. These only are remembered by any considerable number of the present generation: Fisher Ames, of Massachusetts; Chauncey Goodrich, of Connecticut; Albert Gallatin, of Pennsylvania; James Madison, of Virginia; Edward Livingston, of New York. And Chauncey Goodrich is known more as Peter Parley's uncle than as a member of Congress. John Adams, the Vice President of the United States, and President elect, was in the chair of the Senate, the list of whose members presents but one name that retains to this day a national celebrity: Aaron Burr.

The first business transacted in the House shows the simplicity of the times. A member presented a petition from Thomas Lloyd, who offered to take short-hand reports of the

proceedings of the House at the rate of three cents per half sheet, or at a salary of a thousand dollars per session, and to furnish each member with five copies of the proceedings, printed and bound, for an additional sum of five hundred and forty dollars. This modest proposition was referred to a special committee, who reported favorably upon it; but the House, after an animated debate, rejected it. "The debates are printed well enough in the newspapers," said the opposing members, "and if each member should be furnished with five copies of the proposed report at the public expense, the mails of the whole country will be burthened* with their transportation!" One gentleman remarked that members might as well be furnished, at the public expense, with the works of Peter Porcupine (William Cobbett) or the Rights of Man. To all of which the new member from Tennessee listened with a mind unprophetic of the *Congressional Globe*.

On the third day of the session, a quorum of the Senate having reached Philadelphia, and both Houses being assembled in the Representatives' chamber, Jackson saw General Washington, an august and venerable form, enter the chamber and deliver his last speech to Congress; heard him recommend the gradual creation of a navy for the protection of American commerce in the Mediterranean against the pirates of Algiers; heard him modestly—almost timidly—suggest that American manufactures ought to be at least so far encouraged and aided by government as to render the country independent of foreign nations in time of war; heard him recommend the establishment of boards of agriculture, a national university and a military academy; heard him mildly expose the stupidity of paying low salaries to high officers, to the exclusion from high office of all but men of fortune; heard him denounce the *spoliations of our commerce by cruisers sailing under the flag of the French*

* "There is now a clerk in the New York post office who used to carry the whole of the southern mail, from the Battery to the post office, on his back."—*Evening Post*, April, 1859."

republic; heard him conclude his fifteen minutes' address with these words:

"The situation in which I now stand, for the last time, in the midst of the representatives of the people of the United States, naturally recalls the period when the present form of government commenced; and I can not omit the occasion to congratulate you and my country on the success of the experiment; nor to repeat my fervent supplications to the supreme Ruler of the universe and sovereign Arbiter of nations, that his providential care may still be extended to the United States; that the virtue and happiness of the people may be preserved; and that the government which they have instituted for the protection of their liberties may be perpetual."

When, amidst the profoundest silence, the President had finished his speech, he presented a copy of it to the President of the Senate, and another to the Speaker of the House. He then withdrew, and the Senators returned to their own chamber.

At that day, it was customary for each House to prepare, and in person deliver, a formal reply to the President's opening speech. It was in connection with the reply of the Representatives to the President on this occasion, that the new member from Tennessee is said to have voted to censure General Washington; a charge upon which all the changes were rung in the presidential campaigns of 1824, 1828, and 1832. Let us see how much truth there was in the accusation. I use the words *charge* and *accusation*, because the vote referred to has always been viewed in that light; as though it were not *meritorious* in a representative to censure a popular hero if he honestly deemed his conduct censurable.

A committee of five, Messrs. Ames, Baldwin, Madison, Sitgreaves and William Smith, were appointed to draw up an address to the President. It was expected, and it was proper, that an address which was to be the farewell of the House to the first man in the nation, should be more elaborate and warm than any previous response to an annual speech. Ac-

cordingly, on Monday, December 11th, when members came into the chamber, they found lying on their desks the following draft of the address prepared by the committee :—

'ADDRESS TO THE PRESIDENT."

"SIR,—The House of Representatives have attended to your communication respecting the state of our country, with all the sensibility that the contemplation of the subject and a sense of duty can inspire.

"We are gratified by the information that measures calculated to ensure a continuance of the friendship of the Indians, and to maintain the tranquillity of the interior frontier, have been adopted; and we indulge the hope that these, by impressing the Indian tribes with more correct conceptions of the justice, as well as power of the United States, will be attended with success.

"While we notice, with satisfaction, the steps that you have taken in pursuance of the late treaties with several foreign nations, the liberation of our citizens who were prisoners at Algiers, is a subject of peculiar felicitation. We shall cheerfully coöperate in any further measure that shall appear, on consideration, to be requisite.

"We have ever concurred with you in the most sincere and uniform disposition to preserve our neutral relations inviolate; and it is, of course, with anxiety and deep regret we hear that any interruption of our harmony with the French republic has occurred; for we feel with you and with our constituents the cordial and unabated wish to maintain a perfectly friendly understanding with that nation. Your endeavors to fulfill that wish, can not fail, therefore, to interest our attention. And while we participate in the full reliance you have expressed on the patriotism, self-respect, and fortitude of our countrymen, we cherish the pleasing hope that a spirit of justice and moderation on the part of the republic will ensure the success of your perseverance.

"The various subjects of your communication will, respectively, meet with the attention that is due to their importance.

"When we advert to the internal situation of the United States, we deem it equally natural and becoming to compare the tranquil prosperity of the citizens with the period immediately antecedent to the operation of the government, and to contrast it with the calamities in which the state of war still involves several of the European nations, as the reflection deduced from both tend to justify, as well as excite, a warmer admiration of our free Constitution, and to exalt our minds to a more fervent and grateful sense of piety towards Almighty God for the beneficence of His providences by which this admin stration has been hitherto so remarkably distinguished.

"And while we entertain a grateful conviction that your wise, firm, patriotic administration has been signally conducive to the success of the present form of government, we can not forbear to express the deep sensations of regret with which we contemplate your intended retirement from office.

"As no other suitable occasion may occur, we can not suffer the present to pass without attempting to disclose some of the emotions which it can not fail to awaken.

"The gratitude and admiration of your countrymen are still drawn to the recollection of those resplendent virtues and talents which were so eminently instrumental to the achievement of the Revolution, and of which that glorious event will ever be the memorial. Your obedience to the voice of duty and your country, when you quitted reluctantly a second time the retreat you had chosen, and first accepted the presidency, afforded a new proof of the devotedness of your zeal in its service, and an earnest of the patriotism and success which has characterized your administration. As the grateful confidence of the citizens in the virtue of their chief magistrate has essentially contributed to that success, we persuade ourselves that the millions whom we represent participate with us in the anxious solicitude of the present occasion.

"Yet we can not be unmindful that your moderation and magnanimity, twice displayed by retiring from your exalted stations, afford examples no less rare and instructive to mankind than valuable to a republic.

"Although we are sensible that this event, of itself, completes the luster of a character already conspicuously unrivaled by the coincidence of virtue, talents, success and public estimation, yet we conceive that we owe it to you, sir, and still more emphatically to ourselves and to our nation, (of the language of whose hearts we presume to think ourselves at this moment the faithful interpreters,) to express the sentiments with which it is contemplated.

"The spectacle of a whole nation, the freest and most enlightened in the world, offering by its representatives the tribute of unfeigned approbation to its first citizen, however novel and interesting it may be, derives all its luster—a luster which accident or enthusiasm could not bestow, and which adulation would tarnish—from the transcendent merit of which it is the voluntary testimony.

"May you long enjoy that liberty which is so dear to you, and to which your name will ever be so dear. May your own virtue and a nation's prayers obtain the happiest sunshine for the decline of your days and the choicest of future blessings. For your country's sake—for the sake of republican liberty—it is our earnest wish that your example may be the guide of your successors; and thus, after being the ornament and safeguard of the present age, become the patrimony of our descendants."

The friends of the administration endeavored to have this address read and acted upon immediately ; but the opposition, after a debate in which all the party passions of the day were enlisted, succeeded in postponing its consideration until the day following. It was then read, paragraph by paragraph, and debated for two days ; the opposition striving to reduce its glowing panegyric, and damn the administration with faint praise. Every prominent debater spoke ; both days of the debate were field days. The outline of one opposition speech, that of William B. Giles, of Virginia, will suffice to show the leading grounds of objection to the address, and the spirit in which it was opposed. Mr. Giles in substance said :—

"I do not object to a respectful and complimentary address to the President, yet I think we ought not to carry our expressions beyond the bounds of moderation. I hope we shall adhere to truth. I observe many parts of the address which are objectionable. It is unnatural and unbecoming in us to exult in our superior happiness, light, wisdom or advantages, and thus reflect on the unhappy situation of other nations in their troubles. It is insulting to them. If we *are* thus happy, it is well for us, and we should enjoy our happiness without boasting of it to all the world.

"As to those parts of the address which speak of the wisdom and firmness of the President, I must object to them also. On reflection, I can see a want of wisdom and firmness in the administration during the last six years. I may be singular in my ideas, but I believe our administration has neither been wise nor firm. I believe, sir, that a want of wisdom and firmness has brought this country into its present alarming situation." (*Danger of war with France; exchanges deranged; business depressed; panic.*) "If, after such a view of the administration, I were to come into this House and show the contrary by a quiet acquiescence in such expressions, gentlemen would think me a very inconsistent character. If we take a view of our foreign relations we shall see no reason to exult in the wisdom or firmness of the administration. I think that nothing, so much as a want of wisdom and firmness, has brought us to the situation in which we now stand.

"If gentlemen had been satisfied with placing the President in the highest possible point of respect among men, the vote of the House would have been unanimous; but the proposal of such adulation could never expect success. Take a view of our internal situation. Behold the ruined state of public and private credit, which has never before been so deranged. What a shameful scene this city alone exhibits, owing, as I suppose, to the

immense quantity of paper issued." (*Intense approval on the part of the gentleman from Tennessee.*) "Surely *this* could afford no ground for admiration of the administration that caused it!

"I must acknowledge that I am one of those who do not think so much of the President as some others do. When the President retires from his present station I wish him to enjoy all possible happiness. I *wish* him to retire. I wish that this was the moment of his retirement. I think that the government of the United States can go on very well without him, and I think he will enjoy more happiness in his retirement than he possibly can in his present situation. What calamities would attend the United States, and how short the duration of its independence, if but one man could be found fitted to conduct the administration. I think there are thousands of citizens in the United States able to fill that high office, and fill it with credit to themselves and advantage to the country. Much has been said, and by many people, about the President's intended retirement. For my own part, I must acknowledge that I feel no uncomfortable sensations about it. I am perfectly easy in the prospect of that event. It will be very extraordinary if gentlemen, whose names in the yeas and nays are found in opposition to certain prominent measures of the administration, should now come forward and approve those measures.

"To return to the last paragraph but one, where we call ourselves the 'freest and most enlightened people in the world.' Indeed, the whole paragraph is objectionable. I disapprove the whole of it. If I am free, if I am happy, if I am enlightened more than others, I wish not to proclaim it on the house top. If we are free and enlightened, it is not the duty of this House to trumpet it to the world."

And much more to similar effect. The debate was continued. Some unimportant emendations were made in the address. The passage declaring that we are the *most* free and enlightened nation was changed by omitting the superlative. At length, toward the close of the second day, Edward Livingston brought the debate to a crisis, and to an end, by distinctly moving to strike out the words, "wise, firm and patriotic *administration;*" and to insert in their place, "*Your* firmness, wisdom and patriotism." The very brief debate which ensued on this motion will both interest the reader and prepare him for the yeas and nays:—

"Mr. Livingston could not say that all the acts of the President had been wise and firm; but he would say that he believed the firmness, wis-

dom and patriotism of the President, had been signally conducive to the success of the present form of government. He was willing to give him every mark of respect possible, but he believed some of his public acts of late had rendered the present motion necessary.

"Mr. WILLIAM SMITH, of South Carolina (one of the committee who had drawn up the address), opposed the amendment, as he thought the gentleman who proposed it, conceded the words to imply more than was meant by them—they are not meant to include every act of the Executive. He thought that the administration in general had been wise, firm and patriotic; that the wisdom and firmness of the President had been conducive to the present form of government. Had not the words been put in the reported address, he thought it would not have been of consequence whether they were ever inserted. But the difference is very great, now that they are inserted. They are made public; and, to erase them now, and substitute words in any manner deficient in sentiment to them, would be to carry censure and not respect.

"Mr. GILES observed, that he thought the administration had been deficient in wisdom. Many gentlemen, he said, were very particularly opposed to the British treaty, and to the great emission of transferable paper. Could it then be supposed these gentlemen could, in this instance, so change their opinions? He believed that the President possessed both wisdom and firmness. He was willing to compliment the President as much as possible in his personal character, but he could not think it applicable to his administration.

"Mr. GILBERT hoped and presumed that the motion of his colleague would not obtain. He understood that the House addressed the President in answer to his speech, always as a public man, and not in his private capacity. How extraordinary, then, will it appear in this House to refer only to his private conduct! It is, in substance, complimenting him as a private man, while the very words reprobate him in his public station. We are now to address him as the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. We may tell him of his wisdom and his firmness, but what of all that unless we connect it with his administration?

"Mr. ISAAC SMITH.—The sin of ingratitude is worse than the sin of witchcraft; and we shall damn ourselves to everlasting fame if we withhold the mighty tribute due to the excellent man whom we pretend to address. Posterity, throughout all future generations, will cry out shame on us. Our sons will blush that their fathers were his foes. If excess were possible on this occasion, it would be a glorious fault, and worth a dozen of little, sneaking, frigid virtues. I abhor a grudging bankrupt payment, where the debtor is much more benefited than the creditor. The gentleman from Virginia misrepresents his own constituents—I am sure he does all the rest of the Union. On the present occasion we ought not to con-

sult our own little feelings and sensibilities. We should speak with the heart and in the voice of millions, and then we should speak warm and loud. What! 'damn with faint praise,' and suppress, or freeze the warm, energetic, grateful sensations of almost every honest heart from Maine to Tennessee! I will not do it! Every line shall burn! This is a left-handed way of adoring the people.

"Mr. DAYTON (the Speaker) said, the motion then before them was of great importance, and every man who thought favorably of the President's administration should there make a stand. For, if the words were struck out, it would convey an idea to the world that it was the opinion of that House that the administration of the President had neither been wise nor patriotic. Gentlemen might very well concur in the address in its present form, who did not think that every single act of the President had been wise or firm, since it was his administration in general which was referred to, and not each individual act. He hoped, therefore, the amendment offered would be decidedly opposed, and that the words proposed to be struck out would be retained.

"Mr. GALLATIN spoke to the same, or similar purport. He did not approve all the acts of the administration. The British treaty he could not call a successful measure. But as to the funding and banking systems that had been adopted, whatever evils had come from them, they were legislative acts, for which the administration could not be held accountable. He should vote for the original address."

The question was taken on Mr. Livingston's amendment, and decided in the negative. The whole address was then read with the slight amendments previously ordered, and the question was about to be submitted as to its final acceptance, when Mr. Thomas Blount of North Carolina demanded the yeas and nays, in order that posterity might see that he did not consent to the address. Posterity, which has nearly forgotten Mr. Blount, will doubtless oblige him so far. The yeas and nays were then taken, with this result: For accepting the address, sixty-seven votes; against its acceptance, twelve. The following gentlemen voted against it: Thomas Blount, Isaac Coles, William B. Giles, Christopher Greenup, James Holland, ANDREW JACKSON, Edward Livingston, Matthew Locke, William Lyman, Samuel Maclay, Nathaniel Macon, and Abraham Venable.

Jackson's vote on this occasion merely shows that in

1796 he belonged to the most radical wing of the Jeffersonian party, the "Mountain" of the House of Representatives. His vote does honor to his courage and independence, if not to his judgment. It was *impossible* for a natural fighting man, such as he, to approve Jay's treaty, or sympathize with England against France, or forgive the administration for its seeming tolerance of the Indian massacres in Tennessee.

On the day following, at two in the afternoon, the members of the House, as the courteous custom then was, marched in procession to the residence of the President, who received them in his long dining-room, where they formed a semicircle round him, as he stood before the fire-place. The Speaker read the address which had cost so much trouble. The President briefly replied. The members then returned to their chamber, and this great business was done.

Jackson's next vote was also Jeffersonian. Savannah, then called a "frontier town of Georgia," was nearly destroyed by fire, and Congress was asked for an appropriation in aid of the sufferers. The appropriation was refused by a majority of fifty-five to twenty-four ; Andrew Jackson voting against it.

On Thursday, December 29th, 1796, the member from Tennessee first addressed the House. In 1793, while Tennessee was still a Territory under the federal government, General Sevier, induced thereto by extreme provocation and the imminent peril of the settlements, led an expedition against the Indians without waiting for the authorization of the general government. One of those who served on this expedition was a young student by the name of Hugh L. White, afterwards Judge, Senator, and candidate for the presidency. Young White killed a great chief, the Kingfisher, in battle. After the return of the expedition, it became a question whether the government would pay the expenses of an expedition which it had not authorized. To test the question, Hugh L. White sent a petition to Congress asking compensation for his services. On the day named above, the subject came before the Committee of the Whole

House ; when a report on Mr. White's petition, from the Secretary of War, was read. The report recounted the facts, and added, that it was for the House to decide whether the provocation and danger were such as to justify the calling out of the troops. Whereupon, "Mr. A. Jackson" rose and said :—

"Mr. Chairman : I do not doubt that, by a recurrence to the papers presented, it will appear evident that the measures pursued on the occasion, were both just and necessary. When it was seen that war was urged upon the State ; that the knife and the tomahawk were held over the heads of women and children, and that peaceable citizens were murdered, it was time to make resistance. Some of the assertions of the Secretary of War are not founded in fact, particularly with respect to the expedition having been undertaken for the avowed purpose of carrying the war into the Cherokee country. Indeed, those assertions are contradicted by a reference to General Sevier's letter to the Secretary of War. I trust it will not be presuming too much when I say, that, from being an inhabitant of the country, I have some knowledge of this business. From June to the end of October, the militia acted entirely on the defensive, when twelve hundred Indians came upon them and carried their station, and threatened to carry the seat of government. In such a state of things, would the secretary, upon whom the executive power rested in the absence of the governor, have been justified, had he not adopted the measure he did of pursuing the enemy ? I believe he would not. I believe the expedition was just and necessary, and that the claim of Mr. White ought to be granted. I, therefore, propose a resolution to the following effect :—

"*Resolved*, That General Sevier's expedition into the Cherokee nation, in the year 1793, was a just and necessary measure, and that provision ought to be made by law for paying the expenses thereof."

Some debate ensued, during which it was proposed to refer the subject to the Committee on Claims, to which Mr. Jackson objected.

"I own," said he, "that I am not very well acquainted with the rules of the House; but from the best idea I can form this would be a very circuitous mode of doing business. Why now refer it to the Committee on Claims, when all the facts are stated in this report, I know not. If this is the usual mode of doing business, I hope it will not be referred."

The further consideration of the subject was soon after deferred, and the House adjourned.

On the day following, Mr. Andrew Jackson presented a petition from George Colbert, a Chickasaw chief, who asked compensation for supplies furnished by his tribe to a detachment of Tennessee volunteers. The petition was referred to the Committee on Claims. After which, the petition of Mr. Hugh L. White again came up. The resolution offered on the previous day was read, and the mover thereof, Mr. Jackson, again addressed the House.

"Already," said he, "the rations found for the troops of this expedition have been paid for by the Secretary of War, and I can see no reasonable objection to the payment of the whole expense. As the troops were called out by a superior officer, they had no right to doubt his authority. Admit a contrary doctrine, and it will strike at the very root of subordination. It would be saying to soldiers, 'Before you obey the command of your superior officer, you have a right to inquire into the legality of the service upon which you are about to be employed, and until you are satisfied, you may refuse to take the field.' This, I believe, is a principle which can not be acted upon. General Sevier was bound to obey the orders he had received to undertake the expedition. The officers under him were obliged to obey him. They went with full confidence that the United States would pay them, believing that the United States had appointed such officers as would not call them into the field without proper authority. If even the expedition had been unconstitutional, which I am far from believing, it ought not to affect the soldier, since he had no choice in the business, being obliged to obey his su-

perior. Indeed, as the provisions have been paid for, and as the ration and pay rolls are always considered as a check upon each other, I hope no objection will be made to the resolution which I have moved."

A gentleman having remarked that he could see no connection between the resolution and the petition, Mr. Jackson explained :—

"By referring to the report, it will be seen that the Secretary of War has stated that to allow the prayer of this petition would be to establish a principle that will apply to the whole of the militia in that expedition. If this petitioner's claim is a just one, therefore, the present petition ought to go to the whole, as it is unnecessary for every soldier employed on that expedition to apply personally to this House for compensation."

The question was debated at considerable length. Mr. James Madison spoke strongly on Jackson's side. The subject was finally referred to a select committee of five, Mr. A. Jackson chairman ; who reported, of course, in favor of the petitioner, and recommended that the sum of twenty-two thousand eight hundred and sixteen dollars be appropriated for the payment of the troops, which was done.

The member from Tennessee did not again address the House of Representatives. His name appears in the records thenceforth only in the lists of yeas and nays.

In a debate on direct taxation, the question was warmly contested whether slaves should be taxed, as well as land. Jackson voted for taxing them, as did a large majority of the members, including those from the South. Mr. Benton* explains this vote by saying, that in the slave States the people were used to the taxation of both slaves and land, and that to have omitted slaves would have seemed to them like sparing the rich, and burdening the poor with the whole weight of direct taxation.

On the eighth of February, 1797, Jackson saw Mr. Vice

* Benton's Abridgment, ii. 56.

President Adams, in the presence of both Houses of Congress, open the packets containing the electoral votes for a successor to General Washington. For Adams, seventy-one; Jefferson, sixty-eight; Thomas Pinckney, fifty-nine; Burr, thirty; with scattering votes for Samuel Adams, Jay, Clinton, and others. The Vice President modestly announced that the "person" who had received seventy-one votes was elected President. A few weeks later, I presume, the honorable member from Tennessee witnessed the inauguration; "scarcely a dry eye but Washington's;" "the sublimest thing yet exhibited in America," said the chief actor in the scene.

Jackson's other votes during the session were these: *for* finishing the three frigates, United States, Constellation, and Constitution; *against* the continuance of the system of buying peace with Algiers; *against* an appropriation of fourteen thousand dollars for the purchase of furniture for the new presidential mansion at Washington; *against* the removal of the restriction which confined the expenditure of public money to the specific objects for which each sum was appropriated.

Congress adjourned on the third of March, and Andrew Jackson took a final farewell of the House; for at the war session of the following summer he did not appear.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN THE SENATE.

Jackson's conduct in the House of Representatives was keenly approved by Tennesseeans. Senator Cocke wrote home during the session: "Your representative, Mr. Jackson, has distinguished himself by the spirited manner in which he opposed the report (of the Secretary of War, upon

the petition of Hugh L. White). Notwithstanding the misrepresentations of the Secretary, I hope the claim will be allowed; if it is, a principle will be established for the payment of all services done by the militia of the Territory."* When, therefore, the news came, soon after, that Mr. Jackson had been completely successful, and that, in consequence of his exertions, every man in Tennessee, who had done services or lost property in the Indian wars, might hope for compensation from the general government, it may be concluded that the representative was a very popular man.

Accordingly, a vacancy in the Senate of the United States occurring this year, Andrew Jackson received the appointment, and returned to Philadelphia in the autumn of 1797, a Senator. The session began on the thirteenth of November. On the twenty-second, "Andrew Jackson, appointed a Senator by the State of Tennessee, produced his credentials, which were read;" whereupon, "the oath required by law was administered" to him and other new members, by the temporary chairman of the Senate; Vice President Jefferson not having yet arrived.

And that is nearly all we know of the career of Andrew Jackson in the Senate at that time. His record is a blank. In the list of yeas and nays, his name *never* occurs, though that of his colleague is never wanting.

The business of that session was so late in reaching the Senate that four months passed before there was a single division of sufficient importance to be recorded in Mr. Benton's voluminous Abridgment. Congress was waiting, the President was waiting, the new army was waiting, the country was waiting, to learn the issue of negotiations with France; to learn whether it was necessary to legislate for peace or for war. The Senators from Tennessee, meanwhile, were occupied, so far as they were occupied at all, with the arrangement of the dispute between Tennessee and the general government on the subject of the Cherokee boundary, re-

* Ramsey's Tennessee, page 677.

specting which the new State had sent to Congress a weighty memorial.

We have one letter written during this session by Senator Jackson to General Robertson, the father of the Cumberland settlements, with whom Jackson was afterward on terms of cordial intimacy. The allusion to Bonaparte in this letter is very noticeable. We shall see, later, that Jackson was an ardent Bonapartist down to the end of that conqueror's career :—

ANDREW JACKSON TO GENERAL JAMES ROBERTSON.

PHILADELPHIA, January 11th (or 21st), 1798.

"SIR:—Congressional business progresses slowly; all important questions postponed until we are informed of the result of our negotiation with France.

The Tennessee memorial has attracted the attention of the two Houses for some time. Many difficulties presented themselves, and many delays thrown in the way. Policy dictated to us that the only thing that could strike at the root of opposition, and secure success, was a nomination of commissioners by the President for the purpose of holding a treaty with the Cherokees. This was fortunately brought about, and, I believe, will have the desired effect. Opposition is on the decline, and I have no doubt but a treaty will be ordered. The Senate agree in the expediency of the measure, but differ with the President in the number of commissioners necessary. This has occupied the Senate to delay in agreeing to the nomination of the President; and as those in nomination may be withdrawn, and others presented, I am not at liberty to give you their names.

It appears to be the wish of the President, by the treaty contemplated, to purchase all the land from the Indians that they will sell; and I do hope that Tennessee river will become the line. When this is completely acted upon by both Houses, I will write you more in detail; and should it be carried into effect, of which I have no doubt, I trust it will be acknowledged that the delegation have done their duty so far as related to that object.

France has finally concluded a treaty with the Emperor and the King of Sardinia, and is now turning her force toward Great Britain. Bonaparte, with one hundred and fifty thousand troops (used to conquer), is ordered on the coast, and called the army of England. Do not then be surprised if my next letter should announce a revolution in England. Should Bonaparte make a landing on the English shore, tyranny will be humbled, a throne crushed, and a republic will spring from the wreck, and

millions of distressed people restored to the rights of man by the conquering arm of Bonaparte. I am, sir with sincere respect, your most obedient servant,

ANDREW JACKSON.*

In April, 1798, Senator Jackson asked and obtained leave of absence for the remainder of the session. He went home to Nashville, and immediately resigned his seat in the Senate. This he did partly because he was worn out with the tedium of that honorable idleness ; partly because he felt himself out of place in so slow and "dignified" a body ; partly because he was disgusted with the administration and its projects ; partly because it was "understood" that, if he resigned, his connection, General Daniel Smith, would be appointed to the vacated seat ; but *chiefly* for reasons, personal and pecuniary, which will be explained hereafter.

What, then, becomes of Mr. Webster's oft-quoted report of Jefferson's recollections of Senator Jackson ? In 1824 Mr. Webster spent some days at Monticello, and noted down the substance of what he heard and saw there. He represents Mr. Jefferson as saying, "I feel much alarmed at the prospect of seeing General Jackson President. He is one of the most unfit men I know of for such a place. He has very little respect for law or constitutions, and is, in fact, an able military chief. His passions are terrible. When I was President of the Senate, he was Senator, and he could never speak on account of the rashness of his feelings. I have seen him attempt it repeatedly, and as often choke with rage. His passions are, no doubt, cooler now ; he has been much tried since I knew him, but he is a dangerous man."

All of Mr. Webster's Monticello notes have been called in question, and some of them are known to be incorrect. Mr. Randall, the biographer of Jefferson, prints a letter from "one as familiar with Mr. Jefferson, with his views and modes of expression, as any one ever was," which letter contains the following passage :—"You ask me if Mr. Webster has not too strongly colored the Jackson portrait. I can not pretend to

* Putnam's History of Middle Tennessee, page 544.

know what my grandfather said to Mr. Webster, nor can I believe Mr. Webster capable of misstatement. Still, I think the copy of the portrait incorrect, as throwing out all the lights and giving only the shadows. I have heard my grandfather speak with great admiration of General Jackson's military talent. If he called him a 'dangerous man,' 'unfit for the place' to which the nation eventually called him, I think it must have been entirely with reference to his general idea that a miltary chieftain was no proper head for a peaceful republic, as ours was in those days. I do not myself remember to have heard him say any thing about General Jackson in connection with this subject except that he thought his nomination a bad precedent for the future, and that a successful soldier was not the sort of candidate for the presidential chair. He did not like to see the people run away with ideas of military glory."*

Still, Mr. Jefferson's words may have been correctly reported. And, indeed, there were moments, during that session of Congress, when a fighting man of the Jackson stamp *may* have choked with fury. The insolence of the French Directory, and Mr. Adams' wise and humane reluctance to appeal to arms were enough to excite the ire of the Senator from Tennessee. The reader need only be reminded that this was the time when Chief Justice Marshall, C. C. Pinckney, and Elbridge Gerry, the most imposing embassy ever sent by the United States to a foreign country, were refused recognition by the French government, with peculiar circumstances of indignity and insult; while the spoliations upon American commerce by French privateers continued. And yet President Adams did not recommend a declaration of war! Even Washington wondered at the President's forbearance. This noble hesitation on the part of Mr. Adams, this refusal to regard the conduct of the corrupt and bankrupt Directory as the act of FRANCE was something most uncongenial to the feelings of an ardent and *young* lover of his country.

* Randall's Jefferson, vol. iii., page 507.

There was a President, forty years later, who brought a dispute with France to a crisis in a most summary manner. The time had come for summary measures. It is probable that the insight which that President obtained into French character at this exciting time, had much to do with his course in the days of Louis Philippe. It is, perhaps, a coincidence worth noting, that Louis Philippe, a young fugitive then from distracted France, passed through Tennessee and visited Nashville just as Jackson was returning home from his first visit to Philadelphia. The French prince was at Nashville in May, 1797.*

Of Jackson's mode of life in Philadelphia during his two sessions, we know scarcely anything. From his letters of a later period I learn that he became acquainted there with that truly remarkable character, William Duane, of the *Aurora*, most potent of Republican journals. Nothing is more likely than that he dandled upon his knee Mr. Duane's little son, William, whom he was destined, one day, to make a cabinet minister. He formed a very high idea of Mr. Duane's character and talents. Born to fortune in the State of New York, disinherited for marrying a lady of a religion different from that of his family, young Duane had wandered off to the East Indies, where he edited a paper, and took the part of the Sepoys in one of their rebellions against British authority. He was forced to leave the country, and went to England, where he procured employment on the newspaper which is now known as the London *Times*. Returning to his native land, he threw himself into the politics of that

* "He (king Louis Philippe) inquired from what States we came, and said he had been as far west as Nashville, Tennessee, and had often slept in the woods quite as soundly as he ever did in more luxurious quarters. He begged pardon of Mr. Carr, who was from South Carolina, for saying that he had found the southern taverns not particularly good. He preferred the North. . . He speaks the language with all the careless correctness and fluency of a vernacular tongue We were all surprised at it. It is *American* English however. He has not a particle of the cockney drawl, half Irish and half Scotch, with which many Englishmen speak."—*Pencillings by the Way. By N. P. Willis. Letter XVII.*

turbulent period which followed the French Revolution. He wrote a history of the French Revolution. He wrote learnedly on military subjects. He joined Mr. Bache in the editorship of the *Aurora*, and wrote so powerfully in behalf of Jefferson and Republicanism, that he long enjoyed the credit of having effected the first national triumph of the Republican party.

With Aaron Burr, who had taken a leading part in advocating the prompt admission of Tennessee into the Union, and who then ranked next to Jefferson in the esteem of Republicans, Jackson became acquainted, as a matter of course. Burr was omnipotent with your honest Country Member. That Jackson was pleased with the man and gratified with his attentions, there is abundant reason to believe. I imagine, too, that the Tennessean caught from Burr something of that winning courtliness of manner for which he was afterwards distinguished above all the gentlemen of his time, except Tecumseh and Charles X.* Occasionally, I presume, the member from Tennessee might have been seen at the house of Vice President Jefferson, the great chief of the party to which he was attached. From later letters of Jackson's, it is to be inferred that his acquaintance with Mr. Jefferson, at this time, was somewhat intimate.

His most admired acquaintance among the public men of the day appears to have been Edward Livingston, the Republican member of the House of Representatives from New York; one of the intellectual young men of that time who went along with Jefferson heart and soul in his political opinions. A true Democrat, a *lover* of Jackson—we shall meet him again ere long, and often, and get better acquainted with him before we part. There is a notice in an old number of the *Democratic Review* of this early intimacy between Edward Livingston and Andrew Jackson; but it is, unfortunately for our purpose, written in the style which official organs are wont to employ when they discourse of Presidents and Secre-

* These two exceptions alone I have heard made by those competent to judge.

taries of State. Nevertheless, as it is the only glimmer of light now attainable on this part of Jackson's career, the reader may care to avail himself of it :—

"It was while Livingston was in Congress, that was formed that intimate friendship between him and Andrew Jackson, which lasted for nearly half a century. Never were two natures more totally unlike attracted toward each other by those inexplicable sympathies which often link men the more closely together by reason of the very causes which would seem to tend to create a reciprocal repulsion. The one, of a contemplative spirit, speculative, endowed with a great power of analysis, but judging slowly—studying man, but from his studious habits mingling but rarely among their masses, and then rather in their state of aggregation than in the isolated individual—born of an opulent family, and educated in the midst of the most polished society of the country, and among some of the most distinguished men in France—fond of the arts, and of letters, having cultivated with equal zeal that science which gives force and accuracy to thought, and that polite literature which teaches to clothe it in the forms that adorn its manifestations to the minds of others.

"The other, sprung from the ranks of the democracy in the broadest sense of the word—owing to himself, and to himself alone, both his education and his fortune—having encountered nothing but obstacles in his path, owing to the people alone his advancement, and cherishing a perpetual remembrance of their patronage—marching straight up to difficulty, and trampling it under foot, without ever turning it—in all that regards science and letters having had leisure only to study elementary books, but,"—etc., etc., etc.

"This high and bold spirit exercised upon me, from the first interview, the power of an irresistible spell. I loved to hear him relate to me the struggles of his youth with poverty and ignorance; his childish and patriotic delight on the day when, like a young courser, he bounded into the forest, rifle in hand, to seek the continental troops encamped on the eve of the first battle in which he felt the movement of his warlike instinct. In Congress he spoke but rarely; but when he did rise, shaking his hair, and surveying the assembly with his eagle glance, the most profound silence reigned throughout it.

"I once had the opportunity of hearing Jackson speak of the origin of his intimacy with Livingston. 'I felt myself suddenly attracted toward him,' he said, 'by the gentleness of his manners; the charm of his conversation, gay without frivolity, instructive without the ostentation of instructing; by the profound acquaintance he already possessed of the theories of society, and of the laws in their relation to the characters of nations; by his unlimited confidence in the sagacity of the people, and of their capability of

self-government, through the agency of representatives specially instructed to express the opinion of their constituents on great questions of general interest, still more than on those of local concern; and above all, by that lovely and holy philanthropy, which impelled him from his youth to mitigate the severity of those penal laws whose cruelties serve only to inspire in the masses a ferocity that always maintains an equilibrium with that of the laws which govern them.' "*

There is a basis of truth in this high-flown fragment. The two men had a cordial esteem for one another, and retained it as long as they lived. At this moment, a bust of Edward Livingston adorns the hall of the Hermitage, and a portrait of Jackson, the gift of the General to his aid-de-camp, is among the most cherished treasures of Mr. Livingston's family.

Philadelphia was a gay place at that time, and particularly during the sessions of Congress. Country members must have deplored the removal of the seat of government to the wilderness on the banks of the Potomac. The advertisements in the papers of that day show an unexpected variety of public amusements. On the 3d of January, 1797, according to "Claypoole's American Daily Advertizer," the people of Philadelphia, besides having the privilege of visiting Mr. Peale's New Museum, had their choice of visiting the following entertainments :—

At the "Old Theater, Cedar street," there was the famous Signor Falconi, who bound himself to perform marvelous feats, as per advertisement: "This evening, Signor Falconi will give another of his philosophical performances, when, by particular desire, will be exhibited the so much admired experiment which was performed the first night, viz., the Dove. The performer will request any person to write any question they please on paper, who will be at liberty to put it into a loaded pistol, and discharge it out of the window; the exhibitor will neither see nor touch the paper; and, to the astonishment of the spectators, a dove will instantly appear with

* Democratic Review, vol. viii., p. 368.

the answer in his bill—with other new experiments. Signor Falconi, being ambitious to contribute as much as is in his power to the amusement of the generous citizens, takes this opportunity of improving his performance by a lively representation of an engagement between two Frigates, or a Sea Fight. This exhibition will undoubtedly be very entertaining to the spectators; they will be able to distinguish the maneuvering of the two ships, the sight of the guns as they are firing, with the concomitants, the rigging and sails made ragged by the shot; the continuation of the battle, with the one losing her main topmast; the roaring of the sea, and the smoking of the guns, the view of the boats and wounded men on the surface of the water, will give to any person who has not seen one, a perfect idea of a sea fight; while the conclusion of it, together with the ingenuity of the performance, must be highly pleasing to every American; with other scenery equally entertaining. To conclude with the celebrated Dancing Master. To begin precisely at half past six. Tickets to be had of Mr. North, next door to the Theater. N. B. Box, three quarters of a dollar; pit, half a dollar; gallery, one quarter of a dollar."

If this failed to tempt the gentleman from Tennessee, he could hardly resist the attractions of the "Pantheon, and Rickett's Amphitheater," which announced exercises in "Horsemanship:" "This evening, The Ruins of Troy, or the World turned upside down. A song by Miss Sully. Between the intervals of the stage, Mr. Ricketts will exhibit various feats in the equestrian exercises. Preceding the Poney Races a dance called the Merry Jockies or Sports of New Market. Poney races with real ponies. The whole to conclude with the grand pantomime of the Death of Captain Cook. Boxes One dollar. Pit half a dollar. Doors open at 5, and performance to commence at a quarter after six o'clock. Days of performance this week to be Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday."

Then there were "Readings and Recitations at College Hall, Moral, Critical and Entertaining." "Mr. Fennell respectfully informs the Public that this Evening, Jan. 3rd at

7 o'clock, will be delivered—1st part, prefatory observations, including selections from Dr. Young, on Time, Man, Life. Part 2d. The effects of Sorrow, exemplified in the distresses of a daughter; McKenzie. The Prisoner; Sterne. Maria 1st and 2d part, Sterne. The Beggar's Petition, Dr. Percival. Part 3d. The effects of virtue as exemplified in the character of a good man; Young—The Country Clergyman; Goldsmith; Domestic Happiness, Thomson; with occasional remarks on the authors. "Tickets (half a dollar each) to be had of Mr. Poulson, jun. at the Library—at Mr. McElwee's Looking glass store, No. 70 South Fourth Street, and at Mr. Carey's, bookseller, Market Street. Subscriptions are received by Mr. Zachariah Poulson, Jun. at the Library, where the ladies and gentlemen who may be inclined to honor the undertaking with their patronage, are respectfully requested to send their names and receive their tickets."

And as if all this were not enough, there *was* to have been a concert, but—"The subscribers to the Ladies' Concert are respectfully informed that the Concert is postponed till Tomorrow fortnight, Mrs. Grattan being so indisposed with a cold as to render it impossible for her to perform."

From pleasures such as these, and all the other delights of metropolitan life, Jackson turned away, longing to be employing his time to better advantage in wild Tennessee, and believing, as he said, that his friend and neighbor, Daniel Smith,* could serve the State better in the Senate than he could. Early in the summer of 1798, he was at home again, a private citizen, and intending to remain such.

* Eaton's Life of Jackson, page 19.

CHAPTER XX.

JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

But it seems he could not yet be spared from public life. Soon after his return to Tennessee, he was elected by the Legislature to a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the State; a post which he said he accepted in obedience to his favorite maxim, that the citizen of a free commonwealth should never seek and never decline public duty. The office assigned him was next in consideration, as to emolument, to that of governor; the governor's salary being seven hundred and fifty dollars a year, and the judge's six hundred. He retained the judgeship for six years, holding courts in due succession at Jonesboro, Knoxville, Nashville, and at places of less importance; dispensing the best justice he was master of.

Not a decision of Judge Jackson's is on record. The recorded decisions of the court over which he presided began with those of Judge Overton, Jackson's successor. To the present bar of Tennessee, therefore, it is as though no Judge Jackson ever sat on the bench; for he is never quoted, nor referred to as authority. Tradition reports that he maintained the dignity and authority of the bench, while he was *on* the bench; and that his decisions were short, untechnical, unlearned, sometimes ungrammatical, and generally right. Integrity is seven tenths of a qualification for any trust. When not blinded by passion, by prejudice, or by gratitude, Judge Jackson's sense of right was strong and clear. Moreover, the cases that came before the courts of Tennessee at that day were usually such as any fair-minded man was competent to decide correctly. Jackson, I believe, wore a gown while in court, as did also the lawyers of that period, even in far-off Tennessee. This I infer from an entry in the old records of Davidson Academy, which orders the students to

wear a gown of light, black stuff, over their clothes, similar to those worn by "professional gentlemen."

Lord Eldon assumed the judge's wig very nearly at the time when our lawyer of the wilderness held his first court at Jonesboro and arrested the redoubtable rifle-maker, Russell Bean. What extreme varieties of the same character! Eldon, staggering under the load of his own learning, able to do anything rather than make up his mind, or change it; Jackson, comprehending a thing at a glance, or never; one sitting aloft in grand old Westminster Hall; the other holding his rude court beneath the grander and older Tennessee woods; one, the last result and perfect representative of old-world legal science; the other, a new man in a new world, with little to guide him but the interior sense of right of which legal science is the imperfect expression; Eldon pondering for weeks over a technicality; Jackson dispatching fifty cases in fifteen days. Neither was a perfect judge, even in his own sphere; but swift Jackson in the woods may have been a truer ally and abler promoter of right than solemn Eldon in Westminster.

The Russell Bean anecdote, which, with variations, has been going the rounds of the papers for about forty years, is a good illustration of the gradual development of a popular story. The *truth* of it has already been related by Colonel Avery.* The *anecdote*, founded on that truth, is infinitely more amusing:—

"Judge Jackson was holding court at a shanty at a little village in Tennessee, and dispensing justice in large and small doses, as seemed to him to be required in the case before him. One day during court, a great hulking fellow, armed with pistol and bowie knife, took it upon himself to parade before the shanty court house, and cursed the judge, jury, and all there assembled, in set terms.

"'Sheriff,' sang out the judge, 'arrest that man for contempt of court, and confine him.'

"Out went the sheriff, but soon returned with the word to the judge that he had found it impossible to take the offender.

* See page 167 of this volume.

"'Summon a posse, then,' said the judge, 'and bring him before me.'

"The sheriff went out again, but the task was too difficult; he could not, or dared not, lay his hands on the man, nor did any of the posse like the job any better than he did, as the fellow threatened 'to shoot the first skunk that come within ten feet of him.'

"At this the judge waxed wroth, to have his authority put at defiance before all the good people of that vicinity; so he cried out, 'Mr. Sheriff, since you can not obey my orders, summon me; yes, sir, summon me.'

"'Well, judge, if you say so, though I don't like to do it; but if you will try, why I suppose I must summon you.'

"'Very well,' said Jackson, rising and walking toward the door, 'I adjourn this court ten minutes.'

"The ruffian was standing a short distance from the shanty, in the center of a crowd of people, blaspheming at a terrible rate, and flourishing his weapons, and vowing death and destruction to all who should attempt to molest him.

"Judge Jackson walked very calmly into the center of the group, with pistols in hand, and confronted him.

"'Now,' said he, looking him straight in the eye, 'surrender, you infernal villain, this very instant, or I'll blow you through!'.

"The man eyed the speaker for a moment, without speaking, and then put up his weapons, with the words, 'There, judge, it's no use, I give in,' and suffered himself to be led by the sheriff without opposition. He was completely cowed.

"A few days after the occurrence, when the man was asked why he knocked under to one person, when he had before refused to allow himself to be taken by a whole company, he replied:

"'Why,' said he, 'when he came up, I looked him in the eye, and I saw shoot, and there wasn't shoot in nary other eye in the crowd; and so I says to myself, says I, hoss, it's about time to sing small, and so I did.'"

This story I have in several different versions, cut from newspapers of various dates, which show that, like the steam engine, it is a growth, rather than an invention, each period contributing some little addition to the delightful whole. It was reserved for this ingenious generation to add the crowning paragraph, which alludes to the vocalization of the noblest of quadrupeds.

It was while Jackson was judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee that his feud with Governor Sevier came to an issue. This affair, considering that one of the belligerents

was Governor of the State, and the other its supreme judge, must be pronounced one of the most extraordinary of "difficulties."

John Sevier was a man after a pioneer's own heart. Past fifty at the time of which we are writing, he was still the handsomest man in Tennessee ;* of erect, military bearing ; a man of the Hunting Shirt ; easy, affable, generous, and talkative ; fond of popularity, and an adept in those arts by which it is won ; a Prince of the Backwoods ! For twenty years he was the fighting man of Tennessee, the hope and trust of beleaguered emigrants, and the terror of the marauding savage. He fought in thirty-five battles, and was never wounded and never defeated. Mr. Ramsey tells us that "the secret of his success was the impetuosity and vigor of his charge." "Himself," adds the annalist, "an accomplished horseman, a graceful rider, passionately fond of a spirited charger, always well mounted at the head of his dragoons, he was at once in the midst of the fight. His rapid movements, always unexpected and sudden, disconcerted the enemy, and at the first onset decided the victory. He was the first to introduce the Indian war-whoop in his battles with the savages, the tories, and the British. More harmless than the leaden missiles, it was not less efficient, and was always the precursor and attendant of victory. The prisoners at King's Mountain said, 'We could stand your fighting, but your cursed halloing confused us ; we thought the mountains had regiments instead of companies.' Sevier's enthusiasm was contagious ; he imparted it to his men. He was the idol of the soldiery, and his orders were obeyed cheerfully, and executed with precision. In a military service of twenty years, one instance is not known of insubordination on the part of the soldiers, or of discipline by the commander."

When the fighting times were over, and Tennessee became a State, Sevier was elected the first governor, and he

* MSS. Notes of Colonel A. W. Putnam. Colonel Putnam (great grandson of "Old Put") is a son-in-law of one of Governor Sevier's sons.

was reëlected every two years until he had served three terms. Then he was out of office for two years, because, by the constitution of the State, no man could serve as governor for more than three successive terms. But as soon as he was eligible again, he was again elected, and served for a second period of six years, at the end of which he was transferred to Congress.

With this man, so entrenched in popular esteem, Judge Jackson was at deadly feud. The remote cause of the difference, was, perhaps, their similarity of position, both being men of a popular cast, and both having a number of friends zealous for their honor and advancement. Perhaps the veteran Sevier did not relish the rapid rise to popularity and high office of so young a man as Jackson. Perhaps, at that time, as later in his life, Jackson was too quick to believe evil of one who stood to him in the relation of competitor and rival; a fault of human nature.

But the immediate occasion of the rupture was this: on his way to Philadelphia in the fall of 1796, Jackson fell in with a young traveler, who told him that there was a company of land speculators in Tennessee, who were forging North Carolina land-warrants, and selling, on various other pretexts, Tennessee lands to which they had no right. Jackson, always strenuous for fair dealing and fair play, thought proper to write to the Governor of North Carolina, giving him an account of the young man's statement; and the governor laid the letter before the Legislature. An investigation ensued. It was found that the information was not without foundation, and it led to measures which interfered with land speculation in Tennessee, threw some doubt on *all* land titles, and caused large numbers of Tenneeseeans to look upon Jackson as a man who had done an officious and injurious action. The affair made a great clamor at the time. One man, Stockley Donelson, a connection of Jackson's by marriage, was indicted for conspiracy and fraud, and the torn remains of the indictment are still preserved in the collection of the president of the Tennessee Historical Society. Among

those who had unsuspectingly bought and sold the lands *said* to have been fraudulently obtained, was no less a personage than John Sevier, Governor of the State. And among the quarrels that grew out of the business, was a most fierce one between him and the innocent cause of all the trouble, Judge Jackson.

First, there was a coolness between the two men; then altercations; then total estrangement; then loud, recriminating talk on both sides, reported to both; then various personal encounters, of which I heard in Tennessee so many different accounts, that I was convinced no one knew anything about them. At last, in the year 1801, Jackson gained an advantage over Sevier which was peculiarly calculated to wound, disgust, and exasperate the impetuous old soldier, victor in so many battles.

Sevier was then out of office. The major generalship of militia was vacant, and the two belligerents were candidates for the post, which at that time was keenly coveted by the very first men in the State. Nor was it then merely an affair of title, regimentals, and showy gallopings on the days of general muster. There were then Indians to be kept in awe, as well as constant rumors and threatenings of war with France or England. The office of Major General was in the gift of the field officers, who were empowered by the constitution to select their chief. The canvassings and general agitation which preceded the election on this occasion may be imagined. The day came. The election was held. There was a tie, an equal number of votes being cast for Jackson and Sevier. In such a conjuncture, the Governor of the State, being, from his office, commander-in-chief of the militia, had a casting vote. Governor Roane gave his vote for Jackson, who thus became the Major General, to the discomfiture of the other competitor.

A year or two later, Sevier was a candidate for the governorship again, and a campaign ensued which revived and inflamed all the old animosities. East Tennessee was full of Sevier's partisans, who, in the course of the canvass, imbibed

the antipathy of their chief to the favorite of West Tennesee.

In the fall of 1803, while Jackson was on his way from Nashville to Jonesboro, where he was about to hold a court, he was informed by a friend, who met him on the road, that a combination had been formed against him, and that on his arrival at Jonesboro he might expect to be mobbed. He was sick, at the time, of an intermittent fever, which had so reduced his strength that he was scarcely able to sit on his horse. But, on hearing this intelligence, he spurred forward, and reached the town ; but so exhausted that he could not dismount without help. Burning with fever, he lay down upon a bed in the tavern. A few minutes after, a friend came in and said that Colonel Harrison and a "regiment of men" were in front of the tavern, who had assembled for the purpose of tarring and feathering him. His friend advised him to lock his door. Jackson rose suddenly, threw his door wide open, and said, with that peculiar emphasis which won him so many battles without fighting,

"Give my compliments to Colonel Harrison, and tell him my door is open to receive him and his regiment whenever they choose to wait upon me, and that I hope the colonel's chivalry will induce him to *lead* his men, not follow them."*

The regiment, either because they were ashamed to harm a sick man, or afraid to attack a desperate one, thought better of their purpose, and gradually dispersed. Judge Jackson recovered from his fever, held his court as usual, and heard nothing further of any hostile designs at Jonesboro.

His next court was at Knoxville, the capital of the State, the residence of Governor Sevier, where the Legislature was in session. The presence of the Legislature, and the convening of the Supreme Court, had filled the town with people. The land fraud excitement was at its height, as the subject was about to come before the Legislature. Judge Jackson arrived in due time, and opened his court without molestation ; but

* Kendall, page 106.

as he was leaving the court house at the end of the first day's session, he found a great crowd assembled in the square before the door, in the midst of which he observed his enemy, the governor, sword in hand, haranguing the excited multitude. The moment Jackson appeared upon the scene, Sevier turned upon him, and poured upon him a volley of vituperation ; to which Jackson promptly responded. A wild altercation ensued, in the course of which, it is said, Sevier frequently defied Jackson to mortal combat. They separated at length, and Jackson sent the governor a challenge, which was accepted ; but as they could not agree as to the time and place of meeting, the negotiation ended by Jackson suddenly posting Sevier as a coward—the absurd act of an angry man.

In those mad, fighting times there was in vogue, besides the duel, a kind of informal combat, which was resorted to when the details of a duel could not be arranged. A man might refuse the "satisfaction" of a duel, and yet hold himself bound to *meet* his antagonist at a certain time and place, either alone or accompanied, and "have it out" with him in a rough-and-tumble fight. So, on this occasion, there was an "understanding" that the belligerents were to meet at a designated point just beyond the borders of the State. Jackson was there at the appointed time, accompanied by one friend. The governor, accidentally detained, did not arrive in time. Jackson waited near the spot for two days ; but no irate governor appearing above the horizon, he determined to return to Knoxville and compel Sevier to a hostile interview.

He had not gone a mile toward the capital before he descried Governor Sevier approaching on horseback, accompanied by mounted men. Reining in his steed, he sent his friend forward to convey to Sevier a letter which he had prepared during the two days of waiting ; in which he recounted their differences from the beginning, stating wherein he conceived himself to have been injured. Sevier declined to receive the letter. On learning this, Jackson appeared to lose all patience, and resolved to end the matter then and there, cost

what it might. He rode slowly toward the governor's party until he was within a hundred yards of them. Then, leveling his cane, as knights of old were wont to level their lances, he struck spurs into his horse, and galloped furiously at the governor. Sevier, astounded at this tremendous apparition, and intending, if he fought at all, to fight fairly and on *terra firma*, dismounted; but, in so doing, stepped upon the scabbard of his sword, and fell prostrate under his horse. Jackson, seeing his enemy thus vanish from his sight, reined in his own fiery steed, and gave time for the governor's friends to get between them and prevent a conflict. Through the efforts of some gentlemen in Sevier's party who were friends of both the belligerents, the affair was patched up upon the spot, and the whole party rode toward Knoxville together in amity. Nor was there any renewal of the combat. The anger of the antagonists and their friends found vent in newspaper statements, and after a brief paper war, exhausted itself.*

About this time, too, Jackson quarreled with his old friend, Judge McNairy, with whom he had emigrated to Tennessee, an affair only noticeable from the *nature of the provocation.* McNairy had caused the removal of General Robertson from the Chickasaw agency, which lost their friend Searcy his office of clerk of the agency. Jackson was exceedingly indignant at this, and expressed his indignation in terms which made a breach between McNairy and himself that was never entirely healed.

* "The principals," writes Colonel A. W. Putnam, "although never reconciled at any personal meeting or correspondence, ceased to talk of the difficulty, and, we think, ceased to cherish enmity towards each other. In some of Governor Sevier's children the feeling of bitterness towards General Jackson was long perpetuated, and perhaps in the bosom of no one so intense as in that of Colonel George W. Sevier (my father-in-law); but even he visited the Hermitage, and I think dined there with the General, after his retirement from the presidency. They had each become members of the Presbyterian church, and the second son of Colonel Sevier had married Sarah Knox, a niece of Mrs. Jackson (and who had been partly educated or raised in the family, at the Hermitage.)"

During one of the latter years of his judgeship, a new county of Tennessee, in the Cumberland valley, was named JACKSON. That name now occurs on the map of the United States one hundred and ninety-one times. Fourteen States of the Union rejoice in a Jackson county, and each State has an average of half a dozen towns so called. Forty places in the United States are named HICKORY, not *all* of which were so designated from the prevalence of the timber of that name. But Jackson county, Tennessee, was the first of these geographical honors. There is but one name upon our map which occurs more frequently than that of Jackson—WASHINGTON—which may be counted one hundred and ninety-eight times. The other popular favorites fall far below these in geographical distinction. We have but a hundred and thirty-six Franklins, a hundred and ten Jeffersons, ninety-one Monroes, seventy-six Madisons, sixty-four Adamses, forty-two Clays, thirty-four Lafayettes, sixteen Calhouns, and fourteen Websters. Geography, without being one of the exact sciences, seems to have reflected the popular judgment pretty accurately in this distribution; which, *republican* geography, of course, was bound to do.

After the explosion of his feud with Governor Sevier, Judge Jackson, never pleased with his office, nor feeling himself adapted to it, became more dissatisfied than ever, and longed to exchange the bench for a place demanding less confinement, and more action. In 1803, the purchase of Louisiana was completed, and Jackson had an expectation of receiving from President Jefferson the appointment of Governor of that Territory. A letter which he wrote in the spring of 1804 to his friend George W. Campbell, member of Congress from Tennessee, explains his feelings and wishes with regard to the office. To afford the reader an opportunity of judging of Judge Jackson's orthography, I leave this letter uncorrected. It was written at the city of Washington, April 28, 1804. For what purpose the writer was there at that time will appear hereafter.

ANDREW JACKSON TO GEORGE W. CAMPBELL.

"Dear Sir, I reached this place on last evening—I have been detained on my journey since I had the pleasure of meeting you, four days by high waters and an inflamation in my leg—which has in a great measure subsided but I am not free from pain.

The President is at Montcello, he has lost his daughter Mrs. Epps—Not a hint who is to be appointed to the government of New Orleans—I did not call to see the President—my reasons I will I will concisely state and leave you to Judge whether they are, or not founded upon Just premises—It was not known to me wither he had made the appointment, in case I had waited upon him and the office of Governor of New Orleans not filled it would have been perhaps construed as the call of a courteor—and of all chacters on earth my feelings despise a man capable of cringing to power for a benefit or office—and such characters that are capable of bending for the sake of an office is badly calculated for a representative system, when merit alone should lead to preferment—these being my sensations—and believing that a call upon him under present existing circumstances might be construed as the act of a courteor, I traviled on enjoying my own feelings—And let me declare to you that before I would violate my own ideas of propriety, I would yeald up any office in the government was I in possession of the most honorable and lucrative—Who the choice is to fall upon is not known here unless to the secretary of State—but I have reason to conclude that Mr. Claibourn will not fill that office, I have also reason to believe that if a suitable character can be found who is master of the French Language that he will be prefered—I think that, a proper qualification for the Governor of that country to possess, provided it is accompanied with other necessary ones—I never had any sanguine expectations of filling the office.—If I should it will be more than I expect—But permit me here again to repeat, that the friendly attention of my friends, and those particularly that I am confident acted from motives of pure friendship towards me, (among whom I rank you,) never shall be forgotton, gatitude is always the concomitant of a bosom susceptable of true friendship, and if I know myself, my countenance never says, to a man that I am his friend but my heart beats in unison with it. Permit me here with that candor that you will always find me to possess, to state that I am truly gratified to find that you constituents alone are not the only part of the union that think highly of your Legislative conduct, it extends as far as your speeches have been read, and you are known as a member of the representative branch—May you continue to grow in popularity on the basis of your own merit—And as long as you are guarded by your own Judg't this will continue to be the case, this is in my opinion the only road to a lasting popularity, for the moment a man yealds his Judgt to popular whim,

he may be compared to a ship without its ruder, in a gale—he is sure to be dashed against a rock—accept my dear sir, my warmest wishes for your welfare. ANDREW JACKSON.*

July the 24th, 1804, Jackson's resignation of his judgeship was accepted by the Legislature, and he found himself, to his unfeigned relief, once more in private life, free to devote himself to his own affairs, which urgently called for his attention. For some years after his retirement from the bench, he was sometimes called, and called himself, *Judge* Jackson. So, at least, I conclude from a pleasant little narrative received from a venerable and most estimable lady of Nashville, which shall conclude and alleviate this warlike chapter.

"It was in 1808," began Mrs. K., "when I was a girl of sixteen, that I first saw General Jackson. It was in East Tennessee, at the house of Captain Lyon, whose family myself and another young lady were visiting. We were sitting at work one afternoon, when a servant, who was lounging at the window, exclaimed, 'Oh, see what a fine, elegant gentleman is coming up the road!' We girls ran to the window, of course, and there, indeed, was a fine gentleman, mounted on a beautiful horse, an upright, striking figure, high jack-boots coming up over the knee, holsters, and every thing handsome and complete. He stopped before the door, and said to a negro whom he saw there:

"'Old man, does Captain Lyon live here?'

"The old man gave the desired information.

"'Is he at home?' inquired the stranger.

"He was not at home.

"'Do you expect him home to-night?'

"Yes; he was expected every moment. The old man was there waiting to take his horse.

"'Well, my good boy,' continued the stranger, 'I have come to see Captain Lyon; and, as he is coming home to-night, I will alight and walk in.'

"The old negro, all assiduity and deference, led the horse

* From MSS. left by Hon. George W. Campbell, in possession of his family.

to the stable, and the stranger entered the house, where we girls were sitting as demurely as though we had *not* been peeping and listening. We all rose as he entered the room. He bowed and smiled, as he said:

"'Excuse my intruding upon you, ladies, in the absence of Captain Lyon. I am *Judge Jackson*. I have business with Captain Lyon, and am here by his invitation. I hope I do not incommode you.'

"We were all captivated by this polite speech, and the agreeable manner in which it was spoken. Soon after, Captain Lyon entered, accompanied by two officers of the army, one of whom was Doctor Bronaugh. We had a delightful evening. I remember Jackson was full of anecdote, and told us a great deal about the early days of Tennessee. Dr. Bronaugh, as it happened, sat next to me, and paid me somewhat marked attentions. The party broke up the next morning, and we saw Judge Jackson ride away on his fine horse, and all agreed that a finer looking man or a better horseman there was not in Tennessee. Years passed before I saw him again. I was a married woman, though he knew it not. He recognized me in a moment, and so well did he remember the incidents of this evening, that the first salutations were no sooner over, than he said, laughing,

"'Well, Miss ——, and how is that handsome young officer who was so attentive to you at Captain Lyon's?'

"'General,' said I, 'permit me to present to you my *husband*, Captain K.'

"Not another word was said about the handsome young officer."

CHAPTER XXI.

MAN OF BUSINESS.

The aristocracy of a country are they who wield its resources. In the United States, therefore, the business man is lord.

Was it for this reason that democratic gentlemen, who have written of General Jackson, have so sedulously slurred over the fact that, during several years in the prime of his life, he kept a store? The silence on this subject of all those who could have told us something about it from personal knowledge, has made it a task of extreme difficulty to obtain the desired information. The following account of his business career, compiled from many sources, personal, manuscript and printed, may not be entirely correct in minor particulars, but is so, I believe, in essential ones:—

Some trade was carried on between the Cumberland settlements and the Atlantic provinces almost from the first. Salt was brought, on pack horses, all the way from Richmond, in Virginia, and from Augusta in Georgia, and was sold in Tennessee at ten dollars a bushel. At that day, we are told, the salt gourd was the treasure of every cabin. Iron also was brought, on pack horses, from the East, and sold at fabulous prices; so that it was used only in the repairing of plows and such other farming utensils as could not be made wholly of wood. Only wooden nails, latches and hinges were known in the settlements for many years. The hunting shirts of skins or home-spun cloth, moccasins, hats of home-dressed fur, were generally worn, and rendered dry goods brought from the East unnecessary. But when Jackson came to the Cumberland, in 1788, Nashville was already the center of an active trade, not only with the eastern States, but with Natchez and New Orleans. "Ten horses, packed with goods from Philadelphia, traveling by slow stages through the length of Virginia, and arriving at the

Bluff in the fall of the year 1786, was a sight worth looking at, and proves that Nashville was not then a 'one horse town.'"*

There is some slight reason to believe that Jackson dabbled in trade as soon as he had been long enough in his new home to get any thing to trade upon. Among the collections of the Tennessee Historical Society may be seen a note addressed by J. C. Montflorence to Andrew Jackson, dated July 23d, 1790, which reads as follows :—"DEAR SIR : Please to account with Captain Anthony Hart for the little venture of Swann skins which you were so obliging as to take down to the Natchez for me. And you will oblige very much, dear sir," etc., etc.

There are no means of elucidating this writing, preserved by chance so long while so many things of greater value have been lost. We at least learn from it that when Jackson accompanied Rachel Robards to Natchez in 1791, he performed the journey not for the first time. If Mr. Montflorence, who was also an active lawyer, sent his "little venture" down to Natchez, it is likely enough that Jackson did so too. But his absorbing business, during the first ten years of his residence in Tennessee, was the practice of the law. Land being then almost a legal tender, he became, as we have before remarked, the owner of large tracts, which, rising in value every year, and rising rapidly after the Nickajack expedition, made him comparatively rich. Land which he bought for half a dollar an acre in 1790 was worth five dollars an acre in 1798 ; in which year he owned, I presume, not less than fifty thousand acres.

We have seen him abruptly resigning the honorable post of Senator of the United States. To be a member of Congress, at that day, from a State so remote as Tennessee, (six weeks' journey from Philadelphia) absorbed nearly the whole year ; and this alone would have rendered such a man as Jackson, formed for activity and keen in the pursuit of for-

* Putnam's History of Middle Tennessee, page 174.

tune, averse to filling the office. Nor was there ever a man less inclined than he to pass the best hours of every day for seven successive months, quiescent in a red morocco chair, playing Senator. In 1798, while still holding his seat in the Senate, he succeeded in selling to a merchant of Philadelphia, who desired to invest money in western lands, some thousands of his own wild acres, for the sum of six thousand six hundred and seventy-six dollars.* The purchaser was David Allison, then one of the most extensive merchants in the country, a man whose paper, had he lived in our day, would have been styled "gilt-edged." Allison paid for the land in three promissory notes, which were payable, as I conjecture, at intervals of a year, or a year and a half. But so high was the credit of Allison, that Jackson was able with these long notes, endorsed by himself, to buy in Philadelphia a stock of goods suitable for the settlements on the Cumberland river. He then resigned his seat in the Senate ; sent on his goods by wagons to Pittsburg, by flat-boat down the Ohio to Louisville, by wagons again, or pack horses, across the country to the neighborhood of Nashville ; and went home himself to sell them.

He lived then upon a plantation called Hunter's Hill, about thirteen miles from Nashville, and two miles from the "Hermitage" that was to be. He owned there a tract of many thousand acres, of which a part was the subsequent Hermitage farm. A small portion only of his estate was under culture, but his importance in the neighborhood was attested by his living in a frame house, at a time when a house not made of logs was a curiosity. Long ago this mansion was burnt, but there is still standing, or recently was, a small block house near Hunter's Hill, which Jackson is said to have used as a store, and from a narrow window of which he sold goods to the Indians ; whose thieving propensities obliged him to exclude them from the interior of the estab-

* Papers in the suit of Andrew Jackson against Andrew Erwin. Nashville, 1813.

lishment. In the selling of his goods and the general management of his business, he was, for some years, assisted by John Hutchings, a near relation of Mrs. Jackson.

Jackson, as we have seen, accepted the judgeship of the Supreme Court; intending to continue his little store in operation, and to snatch time enough between his courts to make an occasional swift journey to Philadelphia for the purchase of a fresh supply of goods. For a while all went well with him. But, before the first Allison note was due, came the crash and panic of 1798 and 1799, during which David Allison failed. Notice was forwarded to Jackson to provide for the payment of the notes with which he had bought his stock of goods. This was a staggering blow; not only because the amount of the loss was large, but because the notes had to be paid in money, *real* money, money that was current in Philadelphia, which, of all commodities, was the one most scarce in the new States of the far West. To the honor of Andrew Jackson be it recorded, that each of these large notes was paid, principal and interest, on the day of its maturity. To do this cost him a long and desperate effort, one more severe, perhaps, than any other of his whole life, public or private. But it was *done*. In doing it, however, he became involved in various ways. He was an embarrassed and anxious man during the whole period of his judgeship, and found himself, after six years of public service, embarrassed and anxious still.

Andrew Jackson was a man singularly averse to anything complicated; and of all complications the one under which he was most restive was Debt. He *hated* Debt. So, about the year 1804, he resolved upon simplifying, or "straightening out" his affairs, and commencing life anew. He resigned his judgeship. He sold his house and improved farm on Hunter's Hill. He sold twenty-five thousand acres, more or less, of his wild lands in other parts of the State. He paid off all his debts. He removed, with his negroes, to the place now known as the Hermitage, and lived once more in a house of logs. He went more extensively into mercantile business

than ever. Soon, we find him connected in business with John Coffee; the firm now being, Jackson, Coffee & Hutchings. Coffee had before been engaged in business in a neighboring village, and, says tradition, had failed. The store occupied by the firm of Jackson, Coffee & Hutchings was a block house, standing then, and standing now, on Stone's River, at a place called Clover Bottom, four miles from the Hermitage, and seven from Nashville. The old block house is now a pile without inhabitant; the mortar is falling out of the interstices; the windows are broken; the roof is rotting away. Coffee (not yet married to Mrs. Jackson's niece) lived in the block house then, as well as sold merchandise therein, and Jackson rode over in the morning from the Hermitage, served in the store all day, and rode home at night, with the regularity of a man of business. Need I add, that this John Coffee, the partner of Andrew Jackson, was afterwards his faithful comrade in the wars—General Coffee, the Hero of the Twenty-third of December 1814!

Jackson was now a man with many irons in the fire. First, there was his farm, cultivated by slaves, superintended by Mrs. Jackson, in the absence of her lord. The large family of slaves, one hundred and fifty in number, of which he died possessed, were mostly descended from the few that he owned in his storekeeping days. He was a vigilant and successful farmer. To use the language of the South, "He *made* good crops." He was proud of a well-cultivated field. Every visitor was invited to go the rounds of his farm, and see his cotton, corn, and wheat, his horses, cows, and mules. He had, also, a backwoodsman's skill in repairing and contriving, and spent many a day in putting an old plow in order, or finishing off a new cabin.

On his plantation he had a cotton-gin, a rarity at that day,* upon which there was a special tax of twenty dollars a year. The tax books of Davidson county show that in 1804

* The cotton-gin was invented by Eli Whitney of Massachusetts, about 1793. So that the invention made rapid progress.

there were but twenty-four gins in the county, of which Andrew Jackson was the owner of one. This cotton-gin served to clean his own cotton, the cotton of his neighbors, and that which he took in exchange for goods.

The business of his store was of several kinds. He sold goods brought from Philadelphia, such as cloth, blankets, calico, and dry goods generally; prices on the Cumberland being about three times those of Philadelphia. Broadcloth bought in Philadelphia for five dollars a yard, Jackson, Coffee & Hutchings sold in their store for fifteen dollars.* They also dealt in salt, grindstones, hardware, gunpowder, cow bells, and whatever else the people of the neighborhood wanted. In payment for these commodities, they took, not money, but cotton, ginned and unginned, wheat, corn, tobacco, pork, skins, furs, and, indeed, all the produce of the country. This produce they sent in flat-boats down the Cumberland, the Ohio, and the Mississippi to Natchez, where it was sold for the market of New Orleans. It appears, also, that the firm made it a business to build boats for other traders, their situation

* The following Price Current is copied from the *Impartial Review*, of Nashville, of January 17, 1807. It may serve to show the nature of mercantile business at Nashville at the time when Andrew Jackson was a merchant in the vicinity:—

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT AT NASHVILLE, JANUARY 17, 1807.

	$ cts.		$ cts.
Ashes, Pearl and Pot	*none.*	Furs, small	25
Bacon	*none.*	Feathers, per lb	50
Beef, per cwt	3	Hogs' Lard, per lb	9
Butter, per lb	16 1-2	Lead, per cwt	10
Bees' Wax, per lb	25	Leather, soal	27
Bear Skins, from 75 cts to	2	Lime, per bush	16
Beaver Fur, per lb	1	Meal, Indian, from 42 cts. to	50
Bar Iron, per cwt	10	Pork, per cwt	3 50
Bricks, per 1000	8	Potatoes, per bush	37 1-2
Cotton, loose, per cwt	15	Rice, per lb	9
Cotton, baled	17	Salt, per bush. by the bbl	2
Cotton Baling, per yd	38	Staves, per 1000	3
Cotton Cordage, per lb	16	Tobacco, per cwt	3
Candles, per lb	18 1-2	Tallow, per lb	10
Corn, per bbl	1	Tar, per gall	66 2-3
Castings, per cwt	10	Twine, per lb	58
Deer Skins, per cwt	16	Wheat	*none.*
Flour, country, per cwt	3	Whisky, per gall	75
Flour, imported, per bbl	8		

on a branch of the Cumberland giving them facilities for that. At one time, too, probably before Coffee joined them, Jackson and Hutchings had a branch of their store at Gallatin, the capital of Sumner county, Tennessee, twenty-six miles from Nashville.*

* The following are advertisements from the *Impartial Review*, of January 17, 1807:—

I am authorized by a respectable mercantile house in New Orleans to purchase one thousand bales of COTTON, also $1000 worth of BEAR SKINS, for which approved BILLS on New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, will be given in payment. A. FOSTER.

T. OVERTON has Negroes to hire, among which are several mechanics. Also LANDS for sale in various parts of the State.
SOLDIERS' REST, January 9, 1807.

CAUTION.—The subscriber having been at very considerable expense of inclosing that bend of Cumberland river, known by the name of Robertson's Bend, for the purpose of confining and raising stock; and finding that private remonstrance will not prevent individuals from going into it repeatedly with guns and dogs, interrupting his stock, leaving his fences down, and even riding through his cotton fields, to the considerable injury of his crops, is compelled to take this method to caution all persons from entering said inclosure, on any pretense whatever, with gun or dog, as he is determined to deal with them (if detected) according to law. Any person wishing to go in quest of stock supposed to be within the inclosure can call at my house and obtain permission. JAMES ROBERTSON.
December 17, 1806.

Bills of Exchange.—On Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and London; also Pennsylvania Bank POST BILLS. Apply to
M. G. CULLEN & Co., *New Orleans.*
Who will advance four fifths of the amount of all Cotton, and a proportionable part of the value of all other produce addressed to their House in Liverpool. For sale, BILLS on London, at sixty days.

THE subscriber wishes to inform the citizens of Nashville and its vicinity that he intends carrying on the House Painting Business in all its various branches (equal to any in Europe). He also intends guilting, glazing, and all other works which may come before him in his line. He hopes the small performance which he has made at Wm. T. Lewis' may meet the approbation of the community. EZEKIEL HUDNALL.
January 9, 1807

MARRIED.—On Thursday evening last, *Mr. STEPHEN CANTREL*, to the agreeable and justly admired *Miss JULIET WINDLE*, both of this place.

General Jackson's fine horses were also a source of profit to him. At that period a good horse was among the pioneer's first necessities and most valued possessions; and, to this day, the horse is a creature of far more importance at the South, where every one rides and must ride on horseback, than at the North, where riding is the luxury of the few.

In the southern States, too, the horse is chiefly used for the saddle; there being a *servile class* of quadrupeds, mules, namely, to perform the more laborious and less honorable work of the plantation. The consequence is, that the qualities prized in the horse are those which fit him to bear his master along with grace, spirit and speed; the qualities which are summed up in the expression, thorough-bred. At an early day, therefore, we find the Tennesseeans devoting great attention to the rearing of high-bred horses—a business afterwards stimulated by their passion for the turf. Soon after Jackson left the bench, he set off for a tour in Virginia, then universally renowned for her breed of horses, for the sole object of procuring the most perfect horse in the country.* The far-famed TRUXTON was the result of this journey; Truxton—winner of many a well-contested race, and progenitor of a line of Truxtons highly prized in Tennessee to this hour.

The horses of Nashville and its vicinity have not deteriorated. The spectacle of a perfectly developed, undiminished MAN, mounted on a faultless HORSE, all gentleness and fire, mighty in size, swift of pace, and magnificent in form, is one which often delights and shames the pale northener in the neighborhood of Nashville. There is a gentleman living near that pleasant city an owner of many horses, not one of which has a pedigree less than two hundred years long.

To all these sources of profit—farm, cotton-gin, store, flatboat and horse—was added, it is said, an occasional transac-

* Many of these particulars were derived from William Donelson, Esquire, a younger brother of Mrs. Jackson, who lives and has lived all his life near the Hermitage, and speaks of these things from personal knowledge.

tion in negroes. There is an odium attached to this business in the slave States, as is well known ; and, consequently, the alleged negro trading of General Jackson has excited a great deal of angry controversy. I was myself informed, in a mysterious whisper, by a southern gentleman in high office, that this was the only "blot" on the character of the General. It is not necessary to investigate a subject of this nature. The simple truth respecting it, I presume, is, that having correspondents in Natchez, and being in the habit of sending down boat-loads of produce, the firm of which he was a member occasionally took charge of negroes destined for the lower country, and, it may be, sold them on commission, or otherwise.

The following letter was published in the newspapers of 1828, for the purpose of drawing votes from General Jackson. It was written by a Mr. S. K. Blythe, of Ash Grove, Tennessee :—

"Sir: In reply to your inquiry as to my knowledge of General Jackson being concerned in buying and selling slaves, I will briefly state that about the year 1805 or 1806 General Jackson and a Mr. Hutchings, his nephew by marriage, had a store in Gallatin. About that time, they purchased, of Dr. Rollins, a negro boy, and sent him to the lower country to sell. The negro had been previously in the hands of Dr. Rollins, to cure a sore leg, and was sold by Rollins to them, with a knowledge, by both parties, of that fact, as I understood at the time. Some time afterward, I had been up the Ohio, and on my return by the way of Smithland, I came to the place called the Horse Ford, below Eddyville, where boats were compelled to stop by reason of low water, where I saw the negro above alluded to, in a barge on his return from the lower country, where they had been unable to sell him by reason of his leg breaking out afresh. When the negro came home, he was put under Dr. Ward, and died. Jackson and Hutchings sued Rollins for a fraud in the negro. The suit was pending several years, and finally decided in favor of Rollins. I was summoned as a witness in the case. I have heard that there were other slaves purchased by Jackson and Hutchings, and sent to the lower country for sale ; but it is so long since, that I do not recollect any other particular case than the one named, and this one is impressed on my memory from the circumstance of the long and vexatious lawsuit to which Dr. Rollins was subjected, and the other facts related as above."

No importance is to be attached to this letter. The purpose for which it was written, the length of time that elapsed between the transaction and the time when the account of it was drawn up, destroy its value as evidence. I may state here, that General Jackson took slavery for granted. In no letter of his, of the hundreds I have perused, is there a sentence indicating that he had ever considered the subject as a question of right or wrong. His slaves loved him, and revere his memory. He was the most indulgent, patient, and generous of masters; so indulgent, indeed, that the overseers employed by him in later years, often complained of the consequent laxity of discipline on the estate.

Respecting General Jackson's mode of dealing, we have agreeable information. "A cool, shrewd man of business," remarked a venerated citizen of Nashville.* "He knew the value of an article. He knew his own mind. Hence, he was prompt and decided. No chaffering, no bargaining. 'I will give or take so much; if you will trade, say so, and have done with it; if not, let it alone.' A man of soundest judgment, utterly honest, *naturally* honest; would beggar himself to pay a debt, and did so; could not be comfortable if he thought he had wronged any one. He was swift to make up his mind; yet was rarely wrong; but whether wrong or right, hard to be shaken. Still, if convinced that he was in the wrong, no man so prompt to acknowledge and atone. He was a bank hater from an early day. Paper money was an abomination to him, because he regarded it in the light of a promise to pay, that was almost certain, sooner or later, to be broken. For his own part, law or no law, he would pay what he owed; he would do what he said he would."

The credit of General Jackson was remarkably high in Tennessee at this time, and continued so to the end of his life. There was never a day when his name to paper did not

* Dr. Felix Robertson, son of General James Robertson. Dr. Robertson, as before stated, was the first boy born in Nashville. He remembers Jackson from 1800.

make it gold. The anecdote relating to this, which has been afloat in the papers so long, may not be true, but it might have been: "Some time in 1838 or 1839, a gentleman in Tennessee became involved and wanted money; he had property and owed debts. His property was not available just then, and off he posted to Boston, backed by the names of several of the best men in Tennessee. Money was tight, and Boston bankers looked closely at the names. 'Very good,' said they; 'but, but—do you know General Jackson?' 'Certainly.' 'Could you get his endorsement?' 'Yes, but he is not worth a tenth as much as either of these men whose names I offer you.' 'No matter; General Jackson has always protected himself and his paper, and we'll let you have the money on the strength of his name.' In a few days the papers with his signature arrived. The moment these Boston bankers saw the tall A and long J of Andrew Jackson, our Tennesseean says he could have raised a hundred thousand dollars upon the signature without the slightest difficulty."

The store of Jackson, Coffee & Hutchings, it appears, did not prove very profitable. Some bad debts were made, and as there was then no mail between Nashville and the lower country, there was no way of ascertaining beforehand the market price of the commodities bought for transportation to New Orleans. Sometimes the boat-loads of produce reached a glutted market and there was a heavy loss. Moreover, the enormous cost of bringing goods from Philadelphia to the Cumberland narrowed the "margin" for profit, besides absorbing a large amount of money. The tradition is, that, after some years of storekeeping, Jackson sold out to Coffee, taking notes payable at long intervals in payment for his share; that Coffee floundered on awhile by himself and lost all he had in the world; that, afterwards, Coffee gave up the business, resumed the occupation of surveying, prospered, and married a niece of Mrs. Jackson; that, on the wedding day, General Jackson did the handsome and dramatic thing—brought out Coffee's notes from his strong box, tore them in halves, and presented the pieces to the bride, with a magni

ficent bow. Which latter incident has the merit of being entirely probable; for his generosity to the relatives of his wife was boundless.

Once, during these years of business activity, General Jackson came within an ace of total ruin, and all through his ignorance of law. When David Allison failed, he owed one Norton Prior twenty thousand dollars or more, which was secured by a mortgage on a tract of eighty-five thousand acres of land in Tennessee, the property of Allison. Prior, desiring to foreclose the mortgage, engaged Joseph Anderson, a noted Tennessee lawyer, to transact the business for him. Anderson was elected United States Senator, and being, therefore, unable to attend to the matter, engaged Andrew Jackson, who was about to retire, as he supposed, to private life, to procure the foreclosure. If successful, Jackson was to have as his fee ten thousand acres of the land. Upon reaching Tennessee, Jackson, as we have seen, was elected Judge of the Supreme Court; which excluded him from practice at the bar. He accordingly confided the matter to his old friend John Overton, agreeing to divide his fee of ten thousand acres equally with Overton on the completion of the foreclosure. Suit was brought in the United States District Court. The mortgage was foreclosed. Jackson received his five thousand acres, which, during his subsequent embarrassments he sold out in small parcels to settlers, giving them *warranted titles*. That is to say, he bound himself, in case the titles ever proved unsound, to buy back the land, not at the price at which he sold it, but at the price it might be worth in the market at the time when the defect in the title appeared. Such was the law of Tennessee at that day.

Years passed; the lands had trebled, quadrupled in value, and were covered with houses, barns, cotton-gins, and all the improvements of the growing country; when lo! a lawyer, who was interested in a portion of the Allison lands, discovered that the court which had decreed the foreclosure of the mortgage *had no jurisdiction in the matter!* It was a *federal* court. Neither Prior nor Allison were citizens of the

State in which the suit was brought, and *both* were citizens of Pennsylvania. Such was the ignorance, at that day, even among leading lawyers, of the laws growing out of the two-fold sovereignty, the State and the United States !

Upon hearing the whispered doubt as to the jurisdiction of the court, Jackson hurried away to his friend, George W. Campbell, at Nashville, and laid the case before him. Campbell told him at once that the proceedings in the foreclosure were void, and the titles to the lands worthless. Jackson saw ruin staring him in the face ; since the redemption of the lands at their enhanced value, and the purchase of all the improvements upon them, would require an amount of money, the payment of which would leave him penniless and in debt beyond hope of extrication. Nor was he alone involved. Every owner of the original tract of eighty-five thousand acres held his land by the same worthless title ; and those owners could then be numbered by hundreds !

" What's to be done ?" asked Jackson of his friend Campbell, when all the horrors of the situation broke upon him. " If *our* titles are void, whose title is good ? Whose *are* the lands ?"

To which Judge Campbell replied, that the foreclosure not having occurred, the lands belonged to the heirs of David Allison, though it was still subject to the twenty thousand dollar mortgage.

" Go to the heirs of Allison," said Campbell in substance, " armed with *your* claim against the Allison estate, which now must amount to nearly fourteen thousand dollars. They are in your power ; you are in theirs. Exchange claims with them. Give up their father's notes held by you. Get from them in return, first, a renunciation of their merely technical claim to this land ; and, secondly, the legal right to pay off the mortgage. That done, your titles are sound, and you can make such terms with the other owners of the lands as will secure you the payment of your old claims upon David Allison. They will be only too happy to pay their just pro-

portion of the price *you* will pay for securing them in their possessions."

The next morning's dawn saw the prompt Jackson mounted for a ride of four hundred miles through an Indian wilderness into Georgia, where the impoverished heirs of Allison were living. He found them, stated his business, accomplished his object by the payment of a small sum in cash, and returned a happy man, rescued from the jaws of ruin. In arranging terms, however, with the other proprietors of the tract, disputes arose, as might have been expected. A lawsuit of twelve years' duration was the result, which ended at last in compromise.

Jackson was still a keen lover of sport. The people about Nashville increased very rapidly both in numbers and wealth after the new century began. It became a gay and somewhat dissipated place. Billiards, for example, were played to such excess, that the game was suppressed by act of the Legislature. The two annual races were the great days of the year. Cards were played wherever two men found themselves together with nothing to do. Betting in all its varieties was carried on continually. Cock-fights were not unfrequent. The whisky bottle—could that be wanting?

In all these sports—the innocent and less innocent—Andrew Jackson was an occasional participant. He played billiards and cards, and both for money. He ran horses and bet upon the horses of others. He was occasionally hilarious over his whisky or his wine, when he came to Nashville on Saturdays. At the cock-pit no man more eager than he. There are gentlemen of the first respectability now living at Nashville who remember seeing him often at the cock-pit in the public square adjoining the old Nashville inn, cheering on his favorite birds with loudest vociferation.

"Hurrah! my Dominica! Ten dollars on my Dominica!" or, "Hurrah! my Bernadotte! Twenty dollars on my Bernadotte! Who'll take me up? Well done, my Bernadotte! My Bernadotte for ever!"

CHAPTER XXII.

FIGHTING ANECDOTES.

The wilderness does not fall before the backwoodsman's brawny arm, and become a pleasant habitable land, without leaving behind in the heart of its subduer something of its own wildness. Nor can the civilized man contend with the savage in deadly warfare for life and home, without exchanging qualities, usages, and arts with the foe. The western man of the olden time had much of the Indian in him. He caught the Indian's stealthy footstep; imbibed something of his passion for revenge; abandoned himself like him to the carouse, and learned to dispense with nearly all that the Indian does not use. And this was peculiarly the case in the south-western States; where, as soon as the settlers began to prosper, they began to be relieved from labor by slaves; and were almost as free to wander and amuse themselves as the Indian is who has a toiling squaw at home.

The slaves, too, were not the docile creatures we see their descendants now. Southern newspapers of that day, I observe, abound in advertisements of "*new negroes;*" negroes raw and savage from the African coast. The same papers, naturally enough, teem with advertisements of runaway slaves. From looking over a file of Georgia papers of 1790 to 1800, one would infer that the insertion of such advertisements was the chief end of the paper's existence, and the principal source of the printer's revenue.

General Sam Houston, a Tennesseean of the old school, had this state of things in his memory, perhaps, when he wrote his recent letter against reopening the African slave trade. "If this were once done," writes the old soldier, "the South would be overrun by African barbarians, and our lives, and, what is worse, our homes and our families, would be subject to their barbarities." Inevitably. The

present generation knows nothing of the terrible process by which African savages were converted into patient and submissive servants. Still less can the southern man of to-day perceive that his own race has been most powerfully influenced by the servile one. The traveler sees clearly enough that the white man, in exchanging qualities with the black, has not made a very good bargain. The black man has imbibed some of the white man's best qualities; the white man has caught some of the negro's worst.

Civilization was in the minority at that day. Every thing was against it. Abundance—Idleness—Indians—Africans—Isolation—Whisky! Is it surprising that the combined influence of these, where there was little to counteract their effect, should have converted large numbers of the conquering race into savages, and made almost every man a savage in some degree?

We have now to do with one phase of this savageism—fighting. The revolutionary war introduced among the people of rustic America the practice of resorting to arms for the settlement of quarrels. Every man who had worn a sash or even shouldered a musket in that contest, seems to have hugged the delusion that he was thenceforth subject to the Code of Honor. He retained the title and affected the tone of a soldier. I call it affectation; believing that no man with Saxon blood dominant in his veins ever yet fought a duel without being distinctly conscious that he was doing a very silly thing. Yet there never existed a people so given to dueling and other domestic battling as the people of the South and West from 1790 to 1810. In Charleston, about the year 1800, we are told, there was a club of duelists, in which every man took precedence according to the number of times he had been "out;"* so difficult was it for the duelists to support the reproaches of their own good sense. "I believe," says General W. H. Harrison, "that there were more duels in the north-western army between the years 1791 and

* Fry's *National Gazette*, Philadelphia, 1826.

1795 than ever took place in the same length of time, and amongst so small a body of men as composed the commissioned officers of the army, either in America or any other country."*

As late as 1834, Miss Martineau tells us, there were more duels fought in the city of New Orleans than there are days in the year: "Fifteen on one Sunday morning;" "one hundred and two between the 1st of January and the end of April."†

In the interior settlements, if dueling was rarer, fighting of a less formal and deadly character was so common as to excite scarcely any notice or remark. It was taken for granted, apparently, that whenever a number of men were gathered together for any purpose whatever, there must be fighting. The meetings of the Legislature, the convening of courts, the assemblages out of doors for religious purposes, were all alike the occasion both of single combats and general fights. "The exercises of a market day," says the Rev. Mr. Milburn, "were usually varied by political speeches, a sheriff's sale, *a half a dozen free fights* and thrice as many horse swaps."

David Crockett was a member of the Tennessee Legislature about this time—a green and gawky gentleman from one of the remote counties. He tells us how he behaved to a brother member, who had alluded to the new-comer as the "gentleman from the cane." His story shows that private combat was then regarded as a thing entirely *of course* when men differed:—

"Well," says Crockett, "I had never made a speech in my life. I didn't know whether I could speak or not; and they kept crying out to me 'Crockett, answer him—Crockett, answer him:—why the deuce don't you answer him?' So up I popped. I was as mad as fury; and there I stood and not a word could I get out. Well, I bothered, and stammered, and looked foolish, and still there I stood; but after a while I began to talk. I

* Montgomery's Life of Harrison, page 319.

† Society in America, ii., p. 189.

don't know what I said about my *bill*, but I jerked it into *him*. I told him that he had got hold of the wrong man; that he didn't know who he was fooling with; that he reminded me of the meanest thing on God's earth, an old coon dog barking up the wrong tree.

"After the House had adjourned, seeing Mr. M——l walking off alone, I followed him and proposed a walk. He consented, and we went something like a mile, when I called a halt. Said I, 'M——l, do you know what I brought you here for?' 'No.' 'Well, I brought you here for the express purpose of whipping you, and I mean to do it.' But the fellow said he didn't mean anything, and kept 'pologising, till I got into a good humor. We then went back together; and I don't believe anybody ever knew anything about it.

"I'll tell you another story of this same man: 'Twan't long after my difficulty with M——l, before he got into a fight with a member of the Senate, in which he was worsted—for he had his ruffle torn off, and by accident it remained on the battle ground. I happened to go there next morning, and having heard of the circumstance, knew how the ruffle came there. I didn't like M——l much, and I determined to have some fun. So I took up his fine cambric ruffle and pinned it to my coarse cotton shirt —made it as conspicuous as possible, and when the House met, strutted in. I seated myself near M——l; when the members, understanding how it was, soon filled the House with a roar of laughter. M——l couldn't stand it, and walked out. I, *thinking he might want a fight*, though I had tried him, followed after; but it didn't take place; and after a while he came up and asked me if that wasn't his ruffle. I told him yes, and presenting it, observed that I looked upon it as the flag of the lower House, which, in battle, had been borne off by the Senate; and, that being a member of the lower House, I felt it my duty to retake it."*

The same facetious narrator tells us of another legislator who, on being accused of corrupt practices, mounted the stump for the purpose of refuting the calumny. But his rage was such that he could not utter a coherent sentence. So he jumped down, saying, "I won't explain; but I'm d——d if I can't whip the man that started the report," and ran off in search of him. He could find no author; but, added David, his willingness to fight was taken as fair proof of his innocence. Those were the days when the Legislature convened at seven o'clock in the morning, and when the

* Sketches and Eccentricities of David Crockett of West Tennessee, p. 90.

neighbors of David Crockett so disdained the trammels of custom as to name their girls, Tom, Jack, and Harry, and their boys, Mary, Jane, and Susan.*

We should not naturally look into the biography of a clergyman for illustrations of the fighting habits of a people. We find, however, some of the most characteristic and astonishing of Tennessee fights recorded in the autobiography of glorious old Peter Cartwright, who fought and preached this region through in the early part of the century. It is a question, which converted most sinners, his fighting or his preaching. Here is a scene, among the most curious and suggestive, as well as amusing, of any ever described. It was a camp meeting in the woods :—

"We had a great many tents, and a large turn-out for a new country, and, perhaps, there never was a greater collection of rabble and rowdies. They came drunk, and armed with dirks, clubs, knives, and horsewhips, and swore they would break up the meeting. After interrupting us very much on Saturday night, they collected early on Sunday morning, determined on a general riot. At eight o'clock I was appointed to preach. About the time I was half through my discourse, two very fine-dressed young men marched into the congregation with loaded whips, and hats on, and rose up and stood in the midst of the ladies, and began to laugh and talk. They were near the stand, and I requested them to desist and get off the seats; but they cursed me, and told me to mind my own business, and said they would not get down. I stopped trying to preach, and called for a magistrate. There were two at hand, but I saw they were both afraid. I ordered them to take these men into custody, but they said they could not do it. I told them, as I left the stand, to command me to take them, and I would do it at the risk of my life. I advanced towards them. They ordered me to stand off, but I advanced. One of them made a pass at my head with his whip, but I closed in with him, and jerked him off the seat. A regular scuffle ensued. The congregation by this time were all in commotion. I heard the magistrates give general orders, commanding all friends of order to aid in suppressing the riot. In the scuffle I threw my prisoner down, and held him fast; he tried his best to get loose; I told him to be quiet, or I would pound his chest well. The mob rose, and rushed to the rescue of the two prisoners, for they had taken the other

* Sketches and Eccentricities, p. 40.

young man also. An old and drunken magistrate came up to me, and ordered me to let my prisoner go. I told him I should not. He swore if I did not, he would knock me down. I told him to crack away. Then one of my friends, at my request, took hold of my prisoner, and the drunken justice made a pass at me; but I parried the stroke, and seized him by the collar and the hair of the head, and fetching him a sudden jerk forward, brought him to the ground, and jumped on him. I told him to be quiet, or I would pound him well. The mob then rushed to the scene; they knocked down seven magistrates, and several preachers and others. I gave up my drunken prisoner to another, and threw myself in front of the friends of order. Just at this moment the ringleader of the mob and I met; he made three passes at me, intending to knock me down. The last time he struck at me, by the force of his own effort he threw the side of his face toward me. It seemed at that moment I had not power to resist temptation, and I struck a sudden blow in the burr of the ear and dropped him to the earth. Just at that moment the friends of order rushed by hundreds on the mob, knocking them down in every direction. In a few minutes the place became too strait for the mob, and they wheeled and fled in every direction; but we secured about thirty prisoners, marched them off to a vacant tent, and put them under guard till Monday morning, when they were tried, and every man was fined to the utmost limits of the law. The aggregate amount of fines and costs was near three hundred dollars. They fined my old drunken magistrate twenty dollars, and returned him to court, and he was cashiered of his office."

A scene without a parallel; in which ancient Law and new Lawlessness are curiously contrasted. How remarkable, that when there was enough regard for law to secure such ample and prompt punishment, there should also have been so much rampant barbarism! At another of these outdoor gatherings the brave preacher had a hot altercation with a notorious sinner, who rejoiced in the title of Major, a leading man in the neighborhood:—

"He flew into a desperate rage, and said if he thought I would fight him a duel, he would challenge me.

"'Major,' said I, very calmly, 'if you challenge me I will accept it.'

"'Well, sir,' said he, 'I do dare you to mortal combat.'

"'Very well, I'll fight you; and, sir,' said I, 'according to the laws of honor, I suppose it is my right to choose the weapons with which we are to fight.'

"'Certainly,' said he.

"'Well,' said I, 'then we will step over here into this lot, and get a couple of corn stalks; I think I can finish you with one.'

"But O, what a rage he got into. He clenched his fists and looked vengeance. Said he, 'If I thought I could whip you, I would smite you in a moment.'

"'Yes, yes, Major L.,' said I, 'but, thank God, you can't whip me; but don't you attempt to strike me, for if you do, and the devil gets out of you into me, I shall give you the worst whipping you ever got in all your life,' and then walked off and left him."

Observe this story, too, and the mighty Peter's manner of telling it:—

"There were two young men in this settlement, of wealthy and respectable parentage, who were distantly related. They both were paying attention to a very wealthy young lady. Some jealousy about rivalship sprung up between them; they were mutually jealous of each other, and it spread like an eating cancer. They quarreled, and finally fought; both armed themselves, and each bound himself in a solemn oath to kill the other. Thus sworn, and armed with pistols and dirks, they attended camp meeting. I was acquainted with them, and apprised of the circumstances of *this disagreeable affair*. On Sunday, when I was addressing a large congregation, and was trying to enforce the terrors of the violated law of God, there was a visible power more than human rested on the congregation. Many fell under the preaching of the word. In closing my discourse I called for mourners to come into the altar. Both of these young men were in the congregation, and the Holy Spirit had convicted each of them; their murderous hearts quailed under the mighty power of God, and with dreadful feelings they made for the altar. One entered on the right, the other on the left. Each was perfectly ignorant of the other being there. I went deliberately to each of them, and took their deadly weapons from their bosoms, and carried them into the preachers' tent, and then returned and labored faithfully with them and others (for the altar was full) nearly all the afternoon and night. These young men had a sore struggle; but the great deep of their hearts was broken up, and they cried hard for mercy, and while I was kneeling by the side of one of them, just before the break of day, the Lord spoke peace to his wounded soul. He rose in triumph, and gave some thrilling shouts. I hastened to the other young man, at the other side of the altar, and in less than fifteen minutes God powerfully blessed his soul, and he rose and shouted victory; and as these young men *faced* about they saw each other, and starting simultaneously, met about midway of the altar,

and instantly clasped each other in their arms. What a shout went up to heaven from these young men, and almost the whole assembly that were present."

So much for the gallant pioneer preacher, whom, however, we shall meet again, preaching valiantly to General Jackson, and sitting at the table of the Hermitage, an honored guest, because he had done so.

Nolte, the New Orleans broker and banker, author of "Fifty Years in both Hemispheres," not the most veracious work that could be named, tells us, among other things, that "A frightfully cruel practice prevailed at that time among the greater part of the rude inhabitants of the western States. It consisted in allowing the finger-nails to grow so long, that, by cutting them, you could give them the form of a small sickle; and this strange weapon was used, in the broils that constantly occurred, to cut out the eyes of the hostile party. This barbarous action was called *gouging*. Upon this excursion through Kentucky I saw several persons who lacked an eye, and others, both of whose eyes were disfigured. The exasperation then reigning throughout the United States, in relation to the difficulties with England, was much greater in the western provinces than along the sea coast, and the feeling was very intense. As I passed through Frankfort, on my way from Lexington to Louisville, I was told that the Legislature of Kentucky was just then in session. I had scarcely entered the legislative hall, when I heard a very enthusiastic orator dealing forth a violent diatribe against England, with the following words: 'We must have war with Great Britain—war will ruin her commerce—commerce is the apple in Britain's eye—there we must *gouge* her!' This flower of oratory was received with great applause."

The same author relates another and more striking anecdote: "Young Baring (the banker) was traveling through the western part of Virginia, which was at that time peopled by the roughest class of Americans, and the vehicle he used was a very handsome and newly-varnished traveling carriage. In accordance with the favorite custom of these wild fellows,

who usually carried a pen-knife or a nail in their pockets, one of the idlers, who stood and leaned about the door of the tavern, where he had alighted for refreshment, amused himself by scratching with a nail all sorts of ridiculous figures on the varnish of the carriage doors. Baring, who came out of the inn, and caught our friend engaged in this agreeable and polite occupation, the instant he saw what was going on, very sharply expressed his disapprobation. The loiterer responded, 'Look here, sir, don't be saucy; we make no ceremony. T'other day we had a European fellow here, like yourself, who was mighty saucy, so I pulled out my pistol and shot him dead, right on the spot. There he lies!' Baring rejoined, in the coolest manner imaginable, by asking, 'And did you scalp him, too?' The American was so struck with this, and felt this reproach upon his savage rudeness so keenly, that, after gazing at Baring suddenly and earnestly for a moment in silence, he exclaimed, 'By God! sir, you must be a clever fellow! let's shake hands!'"

It does not seem to have occurred to the narrator of this story, that the wild Virginian had *not* killed any "European fellow," but was merely testing the mettle of the stranger in his own wild way; or, as he might have expressed it, was "feeling around for a fight."

Perhaps no anecdote of this description conveys a more vivid idea of the *love* of combat which animated some of the early settlers, than the famous one which opens the volume, entitled "Georgia Scenes." It is one of the best managed anecdotes we have. The narrator was traveling in that secluded part of Lincoln county, Georgia, which was formerly called "The Dark Corner," a region noted for its natural beauty:—

"Rapt with the enchantment of the season and the scenery around me, I was slowly rising a slope, when I was startled by loud, profane, and boisterous voices, which seemed to proceed from a thick covert of undergrowth about two hundred yards in the advance of me, and about one hundred to the right of my road.

"'You kin, kin you?'

"'Yes, I kin, and am able to do it! Boo-oo-oo! Oh, wake snakes, and walk your chalks! Brimstone and —— fire! Don't hold me, Nick Stoval! The fight's made up, and let's go at it. —— my soul if I don't jump down his throat, and gallop every chitterling out of him before you can say 'quit!'

"'Now, Nick, don't hold him! Jist let the wild-cat come, and I'll tame him. Ned'll see me a fair fight; won't you, Ned?'

"'Oh, yes; I'll see you a fair fight, blast my old shoes if I don't.'

"'That's sufficient, as Tom Haynes said when he saw the elephant. Now let him come.'

"Thus they went on, with countless oaths interspersed, which I dare not even hint at, and with much that I could not distinctly hear.

"In Mercy's name! thought I, what band of ruffians has selected this holy season and this heavenly retreat for such Pandæmonian riots! I quickened my gait, and had come nearly opposite to the thick grove whence the noise proceeded, when my eye caught indistinctly, and at intervals, through the foliage of the dwarf oaks and hickories which intervened, glimpses of a man or men, who seemed to be in a violent struggle; and I could occasionally catch those deep-drawn, emphatic oaths which men in conflict utter when they deal blows. I dismounted and hurried to the spot with all speed. I had overcome about half the space which separated it from me, when I saw the combatants come to the ground, and, after a short struggle, I saw the uppermost one (for I could not see the other) make a heavy plunge with both his thumbs, and at the same instant I heard a cry in the accent of keenest torture, 'Enough! My eye's out!'

"I was so completely horror-struck, that I stood transfixed for a moment to the spot where the cry met me. The accomplices in the hellish deed which had been perpetrated had all fled at my approach; at least I supposed so, for they were not to be seen.

"'Now, blast your corn-shucking soul,' said the victor (a youth about eighteen years old) as he rose from the ground, 'come cutt'n your shines 'bout me agin, next time I come to the court house, will you? Get your owl-eye in agin if you can!'

"At this moment he saw me for the first time. He looked excessively embarrassed, and was moving off, when I called to him in a tone emboldened by the sacredness of my office and the iniquity of his crime, 'Come back, you brute! and assist me in relieving your fellow-mortal whom you have ruined for ever!'

"My rudeness subdued his embarrassment in an instant; and, with a taunting curl of the nose, he replied, 'You needn't kick before you're spurr'd. There a'nt nobody there, nor ha'nt been nother. *I was jist seein' how I could 'a fout.*' So saying, he bounded to his plow, which stood in the corner of the fence about fifty yards beyond the battle ground.

"And, would you believe it, gentle reader! his report was true. All that I had heard and seen was nothing more nor less than a Lincoln rehearsal; in which the youth who had just left me had played all the parts of all the characters in a court house fight.

"I went to the ground from which he had risen, and there were the prints of his two thumbs, plunged up to the balls in the mellow earth, about the distance of a man's eyes apart; and the ground around was broken up as if two stags had been engaged upon it."

But to resume. The reader will not be misled by these and other stories of frontier battlings. The majority of the pioneers, doubtless, lived in peace with their neighbors all the days of their lives.* Nor was there any necessity, even for a public man, to fight duels. There was Judge Hugh L. White of Tennessee, a man of proved courage, who set his face against the practice of dueling from the beginning of his career, and lost nothing either of the good will or the respect of his neighbors thereby. In 1817, he procured the passage of a stringent law which almost put an end to duels in Tennessee. It must be added, however, that Judge White was an exceptional character. Such was his tenderness of feeling, such his horror of shedding human blood, that he would not permit the annalist of Tennessee to so much as record his youthful exploit of killing the Indian chief, the King-fisher.†

For a man of General Jackson's blood and principles to

* The *present* frontier region of the United States exhibits a state of society similar to that which once prevailed in Tennessee, Georgia, and Kentucky.

There is a fighting *class* among the settlers in the Rocky Mountains. But, "this class," writes Mr. Horace Greeley, in June, 1859, "is not numerous." He adds, however, that it is "more influential than it should be in giving tone to the society of which its members form a part. Prone to deep drinking, soured in temper, always armed, bristling at a word, ready with the rifle, revolver, or bowie-knife, they give law and set fashions which, in a country where the regular administration of justice is yet a matter of prophecy, it seems difficult to overrule or disregard. I apprehend that there have been, during my two weeks' sojourn, more brawls, more fights, more pistol shots with criminal intent, in this log city of one hundred and fifty dwellings (Danver), not three fourths completed nor two thirds inhabited, nor one third fit to be, than in any community of no greater numbers on earth."—*N. Y. Tribune, June*, 1859.

† Memoirs of H. L. White, by Nancy N. Scott.

have lived in the Tennessee of that day without fighting, was impossible. His blood was hot, and his principles were those of a soldier of fifty years ago ; principles, remember, to which he was a *convert*, not an heir ; and a convert is apt to be over zealous. His good traits, no less than his bad ones, involved him in disputes which, there and then, could end only in fighting. He could not have been Andrew Jackson and not fought.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GENERAL JACKSON "CANES" MR. THOMAS SWANN.

An industrious citizen of Tennessee, during a certain presidential campaign, made a collection of General Jackson's fights and quarrels, devoting himself to the work with the zeal which belongs to a collector, and never giving up the search till his cabinet contained, to use his own language, "nearly one hundred fights, or violent and abusive quarrels." Then, resting from his labors, he published, after the manner of collectors, a descriptive catalogue of the most remarkable of his treasures, numbered from one to fourteen.*

Another Tennesseean, professing to be actuated only by a desire for knowledge, arranged the subject in the form of a catechism, or series of questions, which he contrived to draw out to the number of seventeen, as thus : *Did* General Jackson get into an affray with one Macklin, and receive a cudgeling from that unknown individual ? What was the *nature* of the castigation which the Hero of two Wars received from Hugh Montgomery ? For what offense did Robert Weakly,

* Reminiscences ; or, an Extract from the Catalogue of General Jackson's "Juvenile Indiscretions" between the ages of Twenty-three and Sixty. New York, 1828.

justice, bind Andrew Jackson to keep the peace toward Lewis Robards in 1790? *Was* General Jackson second in a duel between two boys of eighteen, Alexander Donelson and J. Winsted, and *did* he set them up at six feet? *Did* John Brown die in jail at the suit of General Jackson for debt, and if he *did*, why such rigor? *Was* there a mysterious funeral at the Hermitage last summer? *Did* General Jackson, when he was second to Thomas Overton in his duel with John Dickerson, call out to a carpenter, as they were going to the ground, to get a coffin ready for Dickerson? What about General Jackson's quarrels with John McNairy, David McGavock, William Polk, Robert Weakly, John Strother and Robert Hayes? How came the Hero to run Sam Jackson through the body in the streets of Nashville? and so on as far as number seventeen.

We need not rake over the ashes of all these extinct quarrels. Andrew Jackson lived seventy-eight years. Granting that he had in his life a hundred quarrels, it does not make the average per annum unreasonably high, considering that it was his principle to make his friend's quarrel his own, and considering, too, that during the first fifteen years of his residence in Tennessee he held offices which necessarily brought him into collision with the entire rascality of the State.

With regard to the personal violence to which some of these controversies led, the reader must be aware that, in Tennessee, when Andrew Jackson was a young man, people of warm temperament seldom quarreled without fighting. They thought it *best* to bring disputes to the swift arbitrament of battle, and so end them. They felt as valiant old Cartwright felt when some one threatened to "whip" him. "Well, sir," said the fighting preacher, "I never like to live in dread. If you really intend to whip me, come and do it now." The man continuing to bluster and threaten, the indomitable Peter got off his horse, and thus addressed the man: "Now, sir, you *have* to whip me, as you threatened, or quit cursing me, or I will put you in the river, and baptize you in the name of the devil, for surely you belong to him."

"This settled him," remarks Cartright; and soon after, when the preacher was a candidate for office, the would-be whipper voted for him, and remained, ever after, his *warm friend*. That was the true western method—Jackson's method—to let a quarrel blaze itself out as soon as possible, not smolder for years, souring and corroding two lives.

Let most of the old Jacksonian quarrels pass into oblivion. Some of them, however, were of such a nature, and are so notorious, that they can not be omitted in any fair account of his career. We have now arrived at one of these. The series of trivial and absurd events which led to the horrible tragedy of the Dickinson duel—events which, but for that tragic ending, would be nothing more than amusing illustrations of the manners of a past age—now claim our serious attention.

It all grew out of a projected horse race that was never run.

General Jackson, always fond of the turf, as all men of his temperament were, are, and will always be, was in these years particularly devoted to it, because it was a source of profit to him as well as pleasure. The Nashville race-course, too, was then at Clover Bottom, close to his own store, a superb circular field on Stone's river, famous as being the place where old Colonel Donelson, after his adventurous river-voyage, planted his first corn; famous, too, for having borne fine crops of corn for sixty years without rotation. A beautiful field it is, just large enough for a mile course, with the requisite margin for spectators and their vehicles. Here Jackson trained his racing colts; here he tried the paces of his renowned horse, Truxton, when he first brought him home from Virginia; here, every spring and autumn, he attended the races, among the most eager of the motley throng which those great occasions assembled. The ownership of Truxton rendered General Jackson a leader of the turf for some years, as that horse was conceded to be superior to any other in that part of the great West.

The name of this animal indicates the feelings of Jackson at that time. Commodore Truxton was then in the zenith of his popularity, as he had added to his revolutionary renown, by overcoming, with his frigate Constellation, the French ships *L'Insurgente*, in 1799, and *La Vengeance*, in 1800, both, after a well-fought action, and with a heavy loss on the part of the enemy. *Truxton* and the *Constellation* were magic names in the early part of the century. General Jackson could boast that he had voted for the completion of the Constellation at a time when the Navy was regarded as a federal creation, an aristocratical device of John Adams.

For the autumn races of 1805, a great race was arranged between General Jackson's Truxton and Captain Joseph Ervin's Plow Boy. The stakes were two thousand dollars, payable on the day of the race in notes, which notes were to be then due; forfeit, eight hundred dollars. Six persons were interested in this race: on Truxton's side, General Jackson, Major W. P. Anderson, Major Verrell, and Captain Pryor; on the side of Plow Boy, Captain Ervin and his son-in-law, Charles Dickinson. Before the day appointed for the race arrived, Ervin and Dickinson decided to pay the forfeit and withdraw their horse, which was done, amicably done, and the affair was supposed to be at an end.

About this time a report reached General Jackson's ears that Charles Dickinson had uttered disparaging words of Mrs. Jackson, which, as Colonel Avery has told us, was with Jackson the sin not to be pardoned. Dickinson was a lawyer by profession, but, like Jackson, speculated in produce, horses, and (it is said) in slaves. He was well connected, possessed considerable property, and had a large circle of gay friends. He is represented as a somewhat wild, dissipated young man; yet not unamiable, nor disposed wantonly to wound the feelings of others. When excited by drink, or by any other cause, he was prone to talk loosely and swear violently—as drunken men will. He had the reputation of being the best shot in Tennessee. Upon hearing this report, General Jackson called on Dickinson and asked him if he had

used the language attributed to him. Dickinson replied that if he had, it must have been when he was drunk. Further explanations and denials removed all ill feeling from General Jackson's mind, and they separated in a friendly manner.

A second time, it is said, Dickinson uttered offensive words respecting Mrs. Jackson in a tavern at Nashville, which were duly conveyed by some meddling parasite to General Jackson. Jackson, I am told,* then went to Captain Ervin, and advised him to exert his influence over his son-in-law, and induce him to restrain his tongue, and comport himself like a gentleman in his cups. "I wish no quarrel with him," said Jackson; "he is *used* by my enemies in Nashville, who are urging him on to pick a quarrel with me. Advise him to stop in time." It appears, however, that enmity grew between these two men. In January, 1806, when the events occurred that are now to be related, there was the worst possible feeling between them.

I give this account of the origin of the enmity as I have received it from General Jackson's surviving associates. Not that they received it from *him*. General Jackson was so averse to talking of a finished quarrel, that many of his most intimate friends—friends of years' standing—never heard him once allude to this sad business.

An affray in a Nashville tavern, between General Jackson and a Mr. Thomas Swann was the first act of the tragedy. Swann was a very young man, recently from Virginia, where he had completed his legal studies, and whence he had migrated to Tennessee, with excellent letters of introduction in his pocket. Two accounts of this affray are before me; one prepared by Mr. Swann, the other by General Jackson. The reader shall have the substance of both of them, as published in the Nashville newspaper of the time, called by the imposing name of the *Impartial Review and Cumberland Repository*, edited by Thomas Eastin, one of Mrs. Jackson's innumerable relatives.

* By General Sam Houston.

Mr. Swann states his case thus :—

"Patten Anderson" (warm friend to Jackson) "had observed in Messrs. George & Robert Bell's store, in presence of George Bell, Samuel Jackson and myself, that the notes offered by Captain Joseph Ervin, at the time of paying the forfeit between Truxton and Plow Boy, were different from those which General Jackson agreed to receive. Mr. Samuel Jackson disclosed this remark to Mr. Charles Dickinson, who called on me at King, Carson & King's store, for a confirmation of the report. I assured him that the information received from Samuel Jackson was correct. A few days after this, I met with General Jackson at his own store, and had with him the following conversation :—

"'Did Captain Ervin or Mr. Dickinson (I asked) offer to you in payment of the forfeit, different notes from those which you had agreed to receive at the time of making the race?'

"His answer was, that Dickinson's notes were the same; but that Captain Ervin's were different, and assigned this reason, that the notes which Captain Ervin was to have staked, and which he (Jackson) agreed to receive, were due, and on demand; but when he came forward to pay the forfeit, he offered him notes, not one (as well as I can recollect the expression) of which was due.

"Not many days after this, Captain Ervin and myself were riding from Nashville to Cloverbottom; Ervin asked me whether I had heard Patten Anderson make the statement above spoken of. I informed him I had. He then asked,

"'Did you ever hear General Jackson say anything about it?'

"I then related to him the conversation betwixt General Jackson and myself. Ervin denied the statement made by Jackson to be correct; and said he would prove by the affidavits of Mr. Dickinson, Mr. Carson and Captain Wright, that they were the same; that he tendered to General Jackson no note but what he had offered in stake; nor did he retain any from him but one on Robert Thompson, for which he gave his own to the house of King & Carson. I advised Captain Ervin first to speak with General Jackson on the subject, and we parted without further conversation.

"On Saturday, the 28th day of December, 1805, Captain Ervin, Mr. Dickinson and General Jackson met in Nashville, when a conversation was introduced by Mr. Dickinson relative to the identity of the notes offered by himself and Captain Ervin in payment of the forfeit. Mr. Dickinson informed me that General Jackson did, to him and Captain Ervin, acknowledge that the notes offered by them at the time of paying the forfeit were the same which he had agreed to receive; and further asserted, that whoever was the author of a report, that he (General Jackson) had stated

them to be different, was 'a damned liar.' On the day after receiving this information from Mr. Dickinson, I wrote this note:—

"NASHVILLE, January 3d, 1806.

"GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON:—Sir, I was last evening informed by Mr. Dickinson that, when called on by Captain Ervin and himself at Mr. Winn's tavern, on Saturday last, to say whether the notes offered by them, or either of them, at the time the forfeit was paid in the race between Truxton and Plow Boy, were the same received at the time of making the race, you acknowledged they were, and further asserted that whoever was the author of a report that you had stated them to be different, was a damned liar! The harshness of this expression has deeply wounded my feelings; it is language to which I am a stranger, which no man, acquainted with my character, would venture to apply to me, and which, should the information of Mr. Dickinson be correct, I shall be under the necessity of taking proper notice of. I shall be at Rutherford court before you will receive this, from whence I shall not return to Nashville before Thursday or Friday, at which time I shall expect an answer. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"THOMAS SWANN.

"To this note General Jackson replied in a letter couched in the following ambiguous expressions:—

"HERMITAGE, January 7th, 1806.

"THOMAS SWANN, ESQ.:—Sir, late last evening was handed me, among my returns from Haysborough, a letter from you, of the 3d inst., stating information from Dickinson, etc., etc., etc. Was it not for the attention due to a stranger, taking into view its tenor and style, I should not notice its receipt. Had the information, stated to have been received from Mr. Dickinson, stated a direct application of harsh language to *you*—had you not known that the statement, as stated in your letter, was not correct—had it not taken place in the same house where you then were—had not Mr. Dickinson been applied to by me to bring you forward when your name was mentioned, and he declined—had I not the next morning had a conversation with you on the same subject, and, lastly, did not your letter hold forth a threat of 'proper notice,' I should give your letter a direct answer. Let me, sir, observe one thing: that I never wantonly sport with the feelings of innocence, nor am I ever awed into measures. If incautiously I inflict a wound, I always hasten to remove it; if offense is taken where none is offered or intended, it gives me no pain. If a tale is listened to many days after the discourse should have taken place, when all parties are under the same roof, I always leave the person to judge of the motives that induced the information, and leave them to draw their own conclusions, and act accordingly. There are certain traits that always accompany

the gentleman and man of truth. The moment he hears harsh expressions applied to a friend, he will immediately communicate it, that explanation may take place; *when the base poltroon and cowardly tale-bearer will always act in the background.* You can apply the latter to Mr. Dickinson, and see which best fits him. I write it for his eye, and the latter I emphatically intend for him. But, sir, it is for you to judge for yourself; draw your own conclusions, and, when your judgment is matured, act accordingly. When the conversation dropt between Mr. Dickinson and myself, I thought it was at an end. As he wishes to blow the coal, I am ready to light it to a blaze, that it may be consumed at once, and finally extinguished. Mr. Dickinson has given you the information, the subject of your letter. In return, and in justice to him, I request you to show him this. I set out this morning for South-west Point. I will return at a short day, and, at all times, be assured I hold myself answerable for any of my conduct, and should any thing herein contained give Mr. Dickinson the spleen, I will furnish him with an anodine as soon as I return. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"ANDREW JACKSON.

"P. S.—There were no notes delivered at the time of making the race, as stated in your letter; nor was the meeting between me and Mr. Dickinson at Mr. Winn's tavern on that subject. The subject of the notes was introduced by Mr. Dickinson as an apology for his conduct, the subject of conversation."

Mr. Swann indulges in a variety of comments on General Jackson's letter, which are not important. He resumes his narrative :—

"We will now take a view of the heroic General's conduct subsequent to the diction of his ambiguous letter, 'AND LET IT BE REMEMBERED,' that the Sunday after its reception he came to town, and after having devoted the greater part of the evening* to the pleasures of Bacchus, he desired Mr. John Coffee to tell me if I wished to speak with him to do so immediately, as he was then ready to return home. An interview was accordingly requested, in which, contrary to my expectation, abuse was substituted for explanation. I told him I should demand that satisfaction which, as a gentleman, I was entitled to receive. His reply was, that if I challenged him he would cane me. I rejoined that his threats I despised, and if he dared to execute them I would put him instantly to death. He went into the public room at Mr. Winn's tavern, and there, in the presence of a num-

* At the South the word *evening* means *afternoon.*

ber of gentlemen, publicly proclaimed that if I dared to challenge him he would cane me, and then give me satisfaction; boasted that he would not wish a better breakfast than to kill fifty such men, and insinuated that it would be presumption in me to challenge a man of his age and standing in society. In a few days he received from me a note, of which the following is a copy:—

"General Andrew Jackson.—Think not that I am to be intimidated by your threats. No power terrestrial shall prevent the settled purpose of my soul. The statement I have made in respect to the notes is substantially correct. The torrent of abusive language with which you have assailed me is such as every gentleman should blush to hear; your menaces I set at defiance; and now demand of you that reparation which one gentleman is entitled to receive of another. My friend the bearer of this is authorized to make complete arrangements in the field of honor.

"Thomas Swann.

"Nashville, January 12th, 1806.

"To this he refused giving a direct answer, saying to my friend that he must first know me to be a gentleman. He then introduced a conversation relative to the cause which produced the note, stating, that the observations made to Charles Dickinson were not intended to have application to me, and that I could not by any possible fair construction make them apply to myself; but if I thought proper to trim or pare my head to fit the cap, he could not help it, but he did not intend it for me; he concluded by saying he would not answer my note, but would be in town on the next day.

"From a report of these observations I was induced to believe that General Jackson's intentions were pacific, and expected on his arrival in town to receive from him overtures of accommodation. Then, judge of my surprise (being thrown entirely off my guard to repel any hostile attack) when, on the next day, passing through the public room in the tavern, (not knowing that General Jackson was in town) he, surrounded by his friends, with a large bludgeon and a brace of pistols, assailed me, without giving me a moment's warning to defend myself! The affray being ended, I again demanded that reparation which the day before he had refused to give; and upon this ground, that having shown a disposition to execute the first part of a threat made a few days before, viz., to cane and then give me satisfaction, he would now comply with the latter part of his promise; but the ingenious General had discovered another pretext to shield himself from the dangers of an equal combat—'he did not know me as a gentleman.' Can he produce the testimony of a single witness to prove one solitary act of my life a departure from this character? I defy

him to do it. But perhaps, being a stranger, it may be said he did not know whether I was or not. To those who propose this query I answer, he was told I had letters of introduction, and could procure certificates to prove I was entitled to that character. But the General is forty-five years of age!!! Ergo, the laws of his country exempt him from the performance of military duty. In honor's code no such privileges are to be found. In a court of honor no such pleas are offered."

Such was the Swann version of this affray, to which may be properly added an important fact which Mr. Swann omits. General Jackson, in his "ambiguous" letter, made some aspersions upon Charles Dickinson which were the contrary of ambiguous, and notified Mr. Swann that those remarkably unambiguous expressions were designed *for Dickinson's own eye.* Swann accordingly showed the letter to Dickinson, who immediately wrote to General Jackson the following response :—

"JANUARY 10, 1806.

"GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON, SIR :—Last evening was shown me by Mr. Thomas Swann a letter from you in answer to a letter he had written you respecting a conversation that took place between you and myself at Mr. Winn's tavern, etc., etc.

"I there informed you of a report that Patten Anderson had given publicity to, that a different list was produced when we were about paying the forfeit, from the one we were to make our stake out of, and that he had it from you, which you denied ever sanctioning. I then informed you I had another author who said he did hear you say that a different list was brought by Captain Erwin, which, as soon as I mentioned, and before I could give my author, you declared the author had told a damned lie; that so far from saying so, you had never intimated such a thing to any one, and immediately asked, 'Who was the author?' to which I answered, 'Thomas Swann.' You wished Mr. Swann to be called forward, which I declined, lest Mr. Swann might think I wished to throw the burden off my shoulders on his; and the business being then entirely between Mr. Swann and yourself—Mr. Swann asserting that you had told him that a different list was produced by Captain Erwin, and you as positively denying it.

"After the report was circulated by Patten Anderson, Mr. Swann (as he informed me) was anxious to know if Patten Anderson was your herald; and further, as he had been introduced to Captain Erwin as a gentleman, he was desirous of knowing if any improper conduct had been at-

tempted, and after he had mentioned the business to you, you answered concerning the stake and forfeit as stated above.

"Your letter is so replete with equivocations that it is impossible for me to understand you. But in one part of your letter you say, 'had you not known that the statement of Mr. Dickinson was not correct,' which is denying that you contradicted what Mr. Swann had asserted. Should that be your meaning, I can prove it, not only by the assertions, but oaths of Mr. Samuel Jackson and Captain Ervin, whom I shall have sworn, that the world may know who can prove himself the gentleman and man of truth. Why should you have wished to have Mr. Swann called had you not denied what he had asserted? And do you pretend to call a man a tale-bearer for telling that which is truth and can be proved? Mr. Swann, after he understood an interview was to take place between you and myself, gave me liberty to make use of his name; and on our meeting, which was a few days after, he asked me if I had made use of his name and what you had said, an impartial statement of which I detailed to him. As to the word, *coward*, I think it as applicable to yourself as any one I know, and I shall be very glad when an opportunity serves to know in what manner you give your anodines, and hope you will take in payment one of my most moderate cathartics.

"Yours at command,

"CHARLES DICKINSON."

Dickinson, when he wrote this letter, was on the eve of a flat-boat voyage to New Orleans. By the time it reached General Jackson's hands, he had started down the river, and was miles beyond the reach of a reply. The tradition in Tennessee is, that all the way to New Orleans and back again he spent every leisure moment in practicing with the pistol, expecting on his return to be called out by General Jackson. Whether this was true or not, Jackson was so informed, and believed the story.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GENERAL JACKSON REPLIES TO MR. SWANN.

Upon reading Mr. Swann's communication in the *Impartial Review and Cumberland Repository*, General Jackson set about preparing a reply that should overwhelm and crush his youthful antagonist. He seems to have bestirred himself mightily. Unable to complete his reply in one week, he inserted a note in Mr. Eastin's newspaper to inform an expectant public that in the *next* issue of the paper he would bestow proper attention upon a late communication signed Thomas Swann.

This reply of Jackson's is surcharged with the very essence of biography, and is curiously characteristic of the time and scene. If it were not so, there would still be a kind of necessity for the insertion here of a great part of it; for who otherwise could *believe* that grown men could have been betrayed by their angry feelings into such boyish behaviour? Who could suppose that consequences so deadly could come of a dispute so petty? Who could believe that men who, at other times and on other scenes, appear in a light altogether noble and captivating, could ever have seriously occupied themselves with an affair like this? And who could imagine that such scenes as this correspondence reveals ever occurred in a town which has grown to be the polite city of Nashville?—a city in which northern vigor and southern generosity combine to please and win the visitor.

General Jackson thus began his communication:—

"Mr. Eastin: The respect I owe to the world makes it necessary that a publication under the signature of 'Thomas Swann,' in your *Impartial Review* of the 1st instant, should be noticed.

"To impose upon the public attention, through the medium of your useful paper, is not my wish; but as Mr. Swann has endeavored to exhibit to the public eye a statement of his case and character, an impartial public

will indulge such supplementary remarks as may be necessary to complete the caricature. In justice to Mr. Swann, and lest the figure when finished may appear the work of different artists, the groundwork, and even the various materials of which his drawing is composed, shall be carefully attended to.

"Not, however, in the new-invented style of support adopted by his friends, Mr. N. A. McNairy and Samuel Jackson—one the accredited agent of Mr. Swann, and the other invoked in his support. To a perfect understanding of the case of the complainant, let it briefly be premised, that a course race was made between Captain Ervin and myself, for 2,000 dollars in cash notes, payable at the day of the race. It was suggested that all Captain Ervin's notes were not payable precisely at the day. An accommodation was proposed, and a *schedule of the notes*, and Charles S. Carson's verbal assumpsit (being present) was offered for 440 dollars, or thereabouts, which was accepted. Mr. Ervin was previously informed that I had not any power over one half of the bet, as Major Verrell and Captain Pryor, who were interested in the other half, were about to leave the country; that one half must be payable at the day of the race, the other, which respected myself and Major W. P. Anderson, was not material.

"Mr. Charles Dickinson is the son-in-law to Captain Ervin, and was interested in the race, as it is understood. This race was afterward drawn on account of the indisposition of Captain Ervin's horse, upon an agreement to pay eight hundred dollars as a forfeit. The payment of this forfeit is the circumstance which gave rise to the conduct of Mr. Swann—his publication, the following certificates, and the subjoined remarks. The fact to be decided by the public is, whether Mr. Swann, in his solicitude to 'know the true statement,' though unconcerned, has omitted, in his assertion to Mr. Dickinson and the public, some material fact, or, in other words, whether I asserted that which was untrue?

"Mr. Hutchings has truly stated the assertion to which I have uniformly adhered, upon which Mr. Swann and myself were at issue; that issue has been decided—whether in a moral manner, casuists must determine—upon the following certificates and analysis:—

AFFIDAVIT OF JOHN HUTCHINGS.

"Being called on by General Andrew Jackson to state a conversation that took place, on a certain Saturday, in his store, when Thomas Swann was present, with myself and a number of other gentlemen, relative to the payment of the forfeit by Captain Ervin in the race between Plow Boy and Truxton, do certify that the subject was introduced by Captain P. Anderson, who was stating that, on that occasion, Captain Ervin had produced a different memorandum or schedule of notes than that which was

produced at the time the accommodation of the race took place in Nashville. General Jackson replied,

"'In that you are incorrect. Instead of producing a different schedule, he produced none at all.'

"Some person in the room, perhaps Mr. Swann, stepped toward the General, and said he had heard something on this subject, and wished to know the true statement. To which General Jackson observed that when Captain Ervin asked him up to Captain Hoggatt's to receive the forfeit, he, *Captain Ervin, produced to, and offered him notes, none of which were due and payable at the time; that he, the General, refused to receive them because one half were not due and payable; his reason being that one half were the property of Major Verrel and Captain Pryor, who were about to leave the country immediately.* Captain Ervin said they were part of the same notes exhibited in the schedule at Nashville. The General then asked Captain Ervin for that schedule. He put his hands in his pockets, and, after some search, said it was lost or mislaid, but that Mr. Dickinson had his notes and memorandum or schedule (that he might be called in), out of which the forfeit could be paid. Mr. Dickinson was then called in, produced his notes and memorandum, out of which, with an order on King, Carson & King, the forfeit was paid. When the General had finished his statement, Mr. Anderson said, 'Then I have taken up a wrong idea, and am mistaken,' or words to that import, and the subject ended.

"February 5th, 1806. JOHN HUTCHINGS."

JOHN COFFEE'S AFFIDAVIT.

"I do hereby certify that on or about the 12th day of January last I was in company with General Andrew Jackson, at Nashville, in Mr. Winn's tavern, when the General mentioned to me that some communications had come from Mr. Thomas Swann to him some days previous to that, in consequence of which perhaps Mr. Swann, from the pompous airs he put on, might wish to say something on the subject. He requested me to say to Mr. Swann, who was then in the house, that if he had any business with him (General Jackson), to make it known immediately, as he was about to leave Nashville. I complied with his request. Mr. Swann replied he was just waiting to speak with the General, and immediately stepped up to him. They walked out of the house together. After some minutes General Jackson came into the room (Mr. Swann passed by the door), and observed to him, as he passed on, and to the gentlemen in the house, that if Mr. Swann did attempt to support a statement made in a letter addressed from Mr. Swann to General Jackson (which letter the General showed the company), that he would cane him, inasmuch that the statement was false, that the author could not be a gentleman, and

that such would be the treatment he deserved. He observed he would probably be in town the next day, or in a few days, as his business would permit, and if Mr. Swann put on any airs with him he would cane him. He then left town.

"The General's business prevented him from returning to Nashville for some days, in which time Mr. Swann addressed another letter, by his friend, Mr. Nathaniel A. McNairy, to the General, observing that the statements made were substantially correct, etc. The General then was under a promise to cane him on sight. The day after the receipt of the last letter mentioned, General Jackson and myself went into Nashville together, he, under a determination to make good his promise. We stopped at Mr. Winn's tavern; had not been in the house but a few minutes when Mr. Swann came walking into the room. As soon as the General saw him he rose from his chair, observing, he was glad to meet with him, drew up his cane and gave him a very severe blow, which appeared to stagger Mr. Swann forward. The General gave back, as I supposed, to repeat his blows, came in contact with some chairs that stood behind him, and fell backwards over them towards the fire or hearth; but before he was down, the gentlemen present caught him and prevented further blows.

"Mr. Swann stepped back, put his hand behind him under his coat, as I supposed, to draw a pistol. Some person forbade his drawing. The General replied to the company, 'Let him draw and defend himself.' The General put his hand behind him and drew a pistol. The company all immediately gave back, and I supposed that a fire would immediately take place. But when Mr. Swann saw the General draw a pistol, he withdrew his hand, observing that he had no such intention. The General observed to him, that such was the treatment he deserved, and such he would always give young men, conducting themselves as he had done; that had he acted in a proper manner to him, he would have treated him otherwise. Mr. Swann observed, that he had just learned that he (the General) was come into the house, and that he had come down stairs to speak with him to pave the way for accommodation, or words to that purpose. Mr. Swann then withdrew from the room.

"Some short time after, in the same day, I was called on to hear a conversation between General Jackson and Mr. Nathaniel A. McNairy, the friend of Mr. Swann, as he expressed himself. The General observed to Mr. McNairy, that he knew not Mr. Swann as a gentleman; that he would not degrade himself by accepting his challenge; that he was a stranger to him; that his conduct towards him had been ungentlemanly. Consequently, he would not have any correspondence with him; but if Mr. Swann was dissatisfied with him from the treatment he had received, that he would accommodate him thus far: that he would ride with him anywhere, on any ground he would name; he would meet him in any

sequestered grove he would point out; or he would see him in any way he would suggest, through him, Mr. McNairy. He further observed, that if Mr. Swann had any friend, that was known to be a gentleman, who would step forward, in his behalf, that he there pledged himself to meet him on any gentlemanly ground. Mr. McNairy observed that his own knowledge of Mr. Swann would not justify his supporting him as a gentleman, but urged that a court of honor should be called; that he would produce such certificates as he thought would support his friend. General Jackson referred him to me for further proceedings on the occasion, and withdrew.

"My reply to Mr. McNairy was, that I thought that gentleman's honor and feelings were too delicate to arbitrate; that, under the existing circumstances, I thought the General's proposals were as far as he ought to go, and that further satisfaction he might not expect. He, Mr. McNairy, declined accepting the proposition. In the meantime he observed, his only wish was to do justice; that if Mr. Swann's papers did not hold him out to be the gentleman, he would withdraw himself from the business. He said it was unfortunate the General had been so rash, as he was fully convinced had a conversation taken place between the parties, before the General had struck Mr. Swann, that the thing would have been easily settled; inasmuch as he, Mr. McNairy, and Mr. Swann, on mature reflection, had discovered they had misconstrued the statements that were the original cause of dispute; that Mr. Swann, on seeing General Jackson ride into town, came to see him to have an explanation. Had this have been done, he said, a reconciliation would, in all probability, have taken place, but the General's caning him was now the only cause of complaint.

"Some hours after, in the same day, I called on Mr. McNairy, to know if they would accede to the proposition made him by General Jackson, assuring him it was the only one he would get. He declined, saying he supposed the thing would end with a publication in Mr. Swann's defense.

"Some two or three days after, when in Nashville in Mr. Winn's tavern, I was called on by General Jackson to hear a conversation between himself and Mr. McNairy, when General Jackson observed to Mr. McNairy that he had learned since he had just come to town, that McNairy had reported, and caused to be circulated, that when General Jackson refused to treat Mr. Swann as a gentleman, that he, Mr. McNairy, had observed that if Mr. Swann was not known as a gentleman, that he was one, and would meet him in behalf of his friend. Mr. McNairy replied, he had never said it, nor wished such an idea to go out; that he had said if General Jackson had a wish to fight him, he would see him; but denied ever offering or wishing to meet him. General Jackson said, Major Robert Purdy was his author, and he would call on him. He accordingly called

Major Purdy, who asserted firmly that Mr. McNairy had made such a statement to him. Mr. McNairy observed, that Major Purdy must have misconstrued his meaning. The Major replied, there could be no misconstruction; that the words were plain and construed themselves. Mr. McNairy observed, he never intended to have said such a thing, neither did he wish such an idea to go forth. General Jackson observed to Mr. McNairy, that 'too much had been said on the subject, and for the future, let there be no misunderstanding. I now pledge you my word and my honor, if any gentleman on a standing with myself will come forward as the friend of Mr. Swann, I will at all times meet him on any gentlemanly ground.' Thus the thing rested, so far as the same came to my knowledge.

"JOHN COFFEE."

STATEMENT OF ROBERT HAYS TENDING TO SHOW THAT MR. SWANN WAS NOT A GENTLEMAN.

"I certify that, some time in the month of January last, Mr. Samuel Jackson stated to me that Mr. Thomas Swann had (without being asked) proffered him the loan of some cash, and that he would furnish him with as much as 200 dollars or more, if he wished it. Mr. S. Jackson replied (after thanking him), that he would perhaps call on him in a few days for a loan, which he did in a day or two following, and observed that 100 dollars would answer him. Mr. Thomas Swann observed that he might have it at any time. The said S. Jackson called on him the day following for it, and the said Swann answered he had loaned it out, and he could not furnish him with any. The said S. Jackson further observed to me, that he had found out Mr. Thomas Swann, and that he had not acted the gentleman with him; to which I observed, if he acted in that manner, he treated you like a rascal, and said S. Jackson made answer, he did.

"ROBERT HAYS.

"Haysborough, February 3, 1806."

LETTER OF ROBERT BUTLER, SHOWING THAT SAMUEL JACKSON THOUGHT THAT MR. SWANN WAS NOT A GENTLEMAN.

"HAYSBOROUGH, February 3d, 1806.

"GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON:—Sir, agreeable to your request, the following certificate is a correct statement of a conversation that passed from Mr. Samuel Jackson, in the street of Haysborough, in my presence:—

"I certify that, on or about the 24th day of January, 1806, when standing in the street of Haysborough, with two or three gentlemen, Samuel Jackson, Esq., and Mr. —— Lee rode up to the place where we were standing, and the conversation taking a turn to the subject of General Andrew Jackson's and Mr. Thomas Swann's quarrel, Samuel Jackson, Esq.,

did state in my presence, that Mr. T. Swann treated him very rascally, and commenced the statement of the circumstances; but was interrupted through some cause unknown to me. The day or two following, the said S. Jackson having returned to Haysborough, and renewing the conversation, stated to me, that Mr. Thomas Swann had proffered him the loan of some money, without being questioned by said S. Jackson on the subject; his (Mr. Samuel Jackson's) answer was (after thanking him), if he really stood in need of it, he would call on him for 100 dollars. Said S. Jackson, finding necessity for making the application, did so (on the day following), and was answered by Mr. Swann that he had loaned his money out.

"ROBERT BUTLER."

ROBERT PURDY'S STATEMENT.

"Some time since Mr. Thomas Swann and myself had a conversation respecting Mr. Samuel Jackson. Mr. Swann asked me if I did not suppose that Mr. Jackson was one of the damnedest rascals on earth, and observed he, Jackson, was a damned rascal. Some further conversation took place, which I can not recollect.

"ROBERT PURDY.

"February 8, 1806."

GENERAL JACKSON RESUMES.

"Mr. Swann, in his letter and publication in your paper of the 1st instant, states 'that the notes offered by Captain Joseph Ervin at the time of paying the forfeit, etc., were different from those General Jackson agreed to receive.' What does Dickinson, his informant, state? That Swann said *a different list was produced.* Mr. Swann should have recollected that the *list of notes* and *notes offered* were different. The first was produced when an accommodation was proposed respecting the commutation of notes not payable for those that were; the second, to the payment of the forfeit, a fact which took place some time after the accommodation. By the accommodation, one half was payable; when the notes were offered, no list was produced.

"How does Mr. Swann prove the position he has taken, that different notes from the list were produced?

"1st. By his own assertion. Mr. Hutchings was present; see his affidavit.

"2d. Mr. Charles Dickinson's information is referred to; see Mr. Dickinson's letter. He states no such thing, but refers to a *different list.* These two correctative informants speak—one of *different notes actually offered,* the other of a *different list of notes.* Happy concordance! These two gentlemen possess the key of consistency.

"3d. Mr. Samuel Jackson is next referred to. Mr. Swann has not been so obliging as to give us any certificate, nor even a quotation from Mr. Jackson, of whom he was so polite as to say in the presence of Major Purdy that he was a damned rascal! (an appropriate witness for Mr. Swann). It is to be lamented that he did not, but it is to be hoped that Colonel Hays' and Mr. Robert Butler's certificates may ease Mr. Swann of the labor of vindicating his friend Samuel from any imputation. No doubt of their having well understood each other. Mr. Jackson flatly calls Mr. Swann a rascal. That they have confidence in each other we have no doubt. Mr. Jackson, in his opinion of Mr. Swann, has disclosed the ground on which this good understanding rests. Upon principles of reason and of law, a man can not discredit his own witness.

"4th. Mr. Nathaniel A. McNairy is quoted by Mr. Swann in support of his assertion of my inconsistency. This young man has industriously acquired such a reputation as to make it an arduous task to add to it. But as the selected supporter of Mr. Swann in the cause of consistency and bravery, it would be doing injustice to omit him. His certificate, which is only marked by a quotation, is introduced with triumph; his *I* without date or signature. This hopeful youth, who forgets to-day what he has uttered yesterday, thinks himself secure; but read Messrs. Baird and Purdy's certificates and Mr. Coffee's affidavit, and see what credit can or ought to be attached to the statement of such a character.

"Mr. Coffee states in substance that I would cane Mr. Swann, if he attempted to support the statement he had made; that he understood Mr. Swann afterwards wrote me that the statement was substantially correct; that, agreeable to promise, I did cane him; that Mr. Swann said, after this chastisement, that he had wished to pave the way for an explanation; that he was present at a conversation immediately afterwards between Mr. N. A. McNairy, the friend of Mr. Swann, and myself, when, among other things, Mr. McNairy proposed a court of honor, saying at the same time that his acquaintance with Mr. Swann would not justify his supporting him as a gentleman; and if Mr. Swann's papers did not support that character, he would withdraw himself. Note, Mr. Baird and Major Purdy state in substance that this young squire of high renown told them, he observed to me that if Swann's character as a gentleman was not known, he would meet me. Mr. Coffee further states that this friend of Mr. Swann expressed much concern that this affair had terminated in so rash a manner; that Mr. Swann had wished to see me for the purpose of an explanation; that Mr. Swann and himself had misconstrued the statement made, or, in other words, found out that they were in an error. How shameful is it, then, to persist in it.

"But Mr. McNairy tells Mr. Coffee that the caning was the only cause of complaint. Then why bring the points of veracity and consistency into

view in the publication? When Mr. Coffee called on Mr. McNairy to know what he thought of my proposition for redress, observing to him it was all he might expect, he declined taking any further part in the affair, and observed, he supposed it would end in a publication in Mr. Swann's defense. The squire had recourse to the same method on a former occasion, and what effect it produced 'the world might judge.' Mr. Coffee further tells us, that he was present when I called on Mr. McNairy to know if he had made use of the language stated in Major Purdy's certificate. Here the valiant squire's memory failed him; he denies that he ever said it, nor 'did he wish such an idea to go forth.' Major Purdy, being convenient, was called on. He told the squire what he had asserted, to which he answered, Major Purdy must have misunderstood him. Modest youth! But the Major tells him he could not, for he gave his own words. Misunderstood? How? This young man has either a vicious habit of deviating from the truth, or a natural weakness of memory, either of which is equally pernicious to society, and renders him a fit compeer for his friend. It is difficult to find an appropriate epithet for a character who descends to state falsehoods, where the honor of a man is at stake; where truth and justice ought to be the order of the day, with a person chosen to accompany another on the field of honor; and, in many cases, where integrity is the only shield of innocence. However, the squire's conduct is in perfect unison with a recent act on the field of honor; he fired before the word; it was declared to be an accident; and this prevarication, or whatever you may please to call it, I suppose he will declare to be another. Combine these two acts with the whole military feats of this young squire, and his deviations from the path of candor and truth in civil life. He is in my opinion (and I think the world will agree with me) deprived of that privilege in society which the gentleman and man of honor ought, in all cases, in justice to obtain.

"Thus, reader, I have endeavored to finish the picture. The groundwork only appears to be conceived by the author of the publication. The materials existing in the statements of his witnesses may with propriety be said to have been selected by the author. They are, however, the natural result of those chosen by himself; an application of such as were offered have only been made. It is true that the drapery sometimes exhibits black instead of white; but this the reader will excuse when he considers that, consistently with the plan I adopted, no other material could be had. A little more indulgence whilst a few other parts of the publication are noticed.

"Mr. Swann states in substance he was attacked in a defenseless situation, and off his guard; read the certificates of Messrs. Coffee and Claiborne. Judge for yourselves. His own declaration shows that he came into the room, knowing I was there, for the purpose (to make use of his

own words) '*to pave the way for an accommodation.*' These gentlemen state that Mr. Swann was about drawing a pistol! Why did he not do it? Any man can answer this question. Recollect, reader, his boast of *a certain death in case I attempted to cane him.* He had previously every assurance that I would not treat him like the gentleman, but that a caning would be given him in return for a challenge.

"Here then the hero steps forward with all the ostensible bravery of a duelist. The faithful promise was executed. And notwithstanding his gasconading expressions, '*that no power terrestrial should prevent the settled purpose of his soul,*' he shrunk at the sight of a pistol, and dropped his hands for quarter, although one of them was placed on, and in the act of drawing his own. Is this like the man of courage who said, '*that instant death should be the consequence?*' Or is it like the *coward* when his *settled purpose fails him?* When true bravery is assailed or attacked in any way, it will show to the world its genuineness. Yes, as much bravery is necessary in the act of self-defense in all cases as in the act of dueling—see Mr. Coffee's affidavit.

"Mr. Swann, on this occasion, has impertinently and inconsistently obtruded himself. He has acted the puppet and lying valet for a worthless, drunken, blackguard scoundrel, who is now at war with, and flatly contradicts, and gives Mr. Swann the lie. Here the reader can compare Charles Dickinson's letter with Mr. Swann's publication.

"Mr. Swann states his desire to obtain satisfaction; 'but an ingenious evasion had been discovered.' How does this agree with the evidence of Mr. Coffee and Major Purdy? He is told he can have satisfaction in any manner, in any way or situation, but that I will not degrade myself by the acceptance of a challenge from a stranger whose acts and conduct had been inconsistent with that of the gentleman—from a man who was capable of acting and writing to me in the manner Mr. Swann had done in his letters of the 3d and 12th of January.

"But Mr. Swann complains I would not acknowledge him a gentleman, and calls for proof of the contrary. If, therefore, I have not shown sufficiently that he has no just claim to the appellation of a gentleman, let him bring forth his letters introductory, or certificates, so much talked of. I was badly advised the day I chastised Mr. Swann, if those vouchers were not given by men in Virginia of known immoral and disreputable character.

"Is it worth while before I take my everlasting farewell of this group, to notice the last falsehood asserted by Mr. Swann in his publication? The fact is, I am only thirty-nine years of age, and if God should permit me to live thirty-nine years more, I will never again be caught before the public in competition with Mr. Swann or any of his auxiliaries.

"February 10th, 1806. ANDREW JACKSON."

CHAPTER XXV.

DUEL BETWEEN COFFEE AND McNAIRY.

Dickinson being still absent from Tennessee, the insulting language applied to him by General Jackson passed, for the time, without notice. But young McNairy, the "squire of high renown," was prompt to respond to that part of Jackson's communication which related to him. The *Impartial Review*, of the next week, contained the following sarcastic epistle from that young gentleman :—

"Mr. Eastin:—I would presume, from a view of the famous General's answer to Mr. Swann's publication in your last number, that part of the verdict to be expected from the public would be that the *brave General* is much more pleased in *shedding bushels of ink* than one ounce of blood, provided there is an equal chance that that one ounce should be extracted from *his own dear carcase*. But give him an advantage, and he is as brave as Julius Cæsar; such as this: give him a large brace of rifle-barreled pistols, and he will race a superannuated governor on the road as he travels, or he will meet Mr. Swann in some sequestered spot, that the alert General may obtain some dishonorable advantage when no eye can see him; or let him have a pistol, and he will shoot *at a man that has none, and drive him off to Kentucky*. God knows for what offense. *I apprehend the General knows, too*.

"Fie, fie upon it! General! Come out. You can make boys fight at six feet distance; risk yourself for once on equal terms, at least at ten yards. The risk is not great when you consider that your opponent will be under the impression that he has come in contact with *the brave, magnanimous, invincible and honorable Major General Andrew Jackson*, of Tennessee, *but not commander of the navies*.

"Let this suffice as a relish for the *gentleman General* until I shall have time to answer the charges exhibited by the *braggadocio General;* especially as it regards his honorable certifier, Mr. Coffee, who was under the necessity of being sworn, because he is not only *honorable, but religious*. The *sagacious General* would fain turn the public eye from the case of Mr. Swann and himself. Mr. Swann has a right to reply; after that, the *pure General* and myself will join issue; or I rather expect the General will

demur, for all he has got to do is to say a man is no gentleman. Perhaps he is right; the community can not well spare such men. In due time the public shall have all the documents in my power to afford, and I wish them, if they please, to suspend an opinion as far as regards the statement made in his publication against me. It is none but the cowardly who are always the cause of such disputes coming before the public; they ought to be transacted in conclave; but the General knows the more noise there is made, the less danger there is of his *sacred person.*

"Nashville, February 15th, 1806. NATHANIEL A. MCNAIRY.

"N. B.—The people of the western country may think who are gentlemen and who are not, but it is reserved for the *well born General* to decide that point. N. A. McN."

The gauntlet thus thrown down was taken up by Mr. John Coffee, and a duel was the immediate result. The events that transpired at this duel had an influence upon the more serious combat that followed it. Coffee's second on this occasion was Major Robert Purdy, who thus relates what occurred on the ground :—

"On the 1st day of March, 1806, Mr. N. A. McNairy met Mr. Coffee in the State of Kentucky, agreeable to promise, to render Mr. Coffee satisfaction for an insult given by him (McNairy) in his publication in Mr. Eastin's *Impartial Review* of the 22d ultimo; Mr. McNairy accompanied by his friend, Mr. George Bell, and Mr. Coffee by myself.

"Mr. Bell being requested by me to name for his friend the distance and mode of fighting, Mr. Bell observed, 'the usual distance, thirty feet,' which was agreed to. Mr. Bell pointed out the mode, which is as follows: first, the word, 'Make Ready;' at which time the parties were to raise their pistols; then, distinctly count, '*one, two, three,*' and then the word '*Fire;*' at which time the parties were to fire; a *snap* or *flash* to be considered as a fire. Should either of the pistols go off before the word 'make ready' is given, it is to be considered as an accident, and at liberty to load again previous to the other's firing. Should either of the parties fire after the word is given, 'Make Ready,' and before the word 'Fire,' the other is to fire at the word, should he think proper, or reserve his fire; all of which was agreed to by me.

"The ground was then laid off by Mr. Bell and myself, and we then threw up who was to give the word. I won it. We threw up for the choice of positions. I won it. Mr. Bell observed to me, that if either of the gentlemen fired before the word, it would be a hard case to shoot them. I answered, it would be equally disagreeable to me; but should either of them

fire before the word, they would be *disgraced*, which they must well know. We then proceeded to load the pistols, and called the gentlemen up, to whom the stipulations agreed to were read over by me, and fully explained, and both the gentlemen said they understood them perfectly. I then cautioned them to be careful not to fire before the word.

"The gentlemen then took their positions, and I repeated to them once or twice how the word would be given, and cautioned them again not to fire before the word. Mr. Bell and myself took our positions, with a loaded pistol in our hands. I proceeded to give the word, 'Make Ready,' at which time both the gentlemen raised their pistols, and appeared perfectly calm and deliberate. I then proceeded to count 'one,' and about the word 'two,' Mr. McNairy fired, and shot Mr. Coffee through the thigh. Mr. Coffee fired immediately after; but I am clearly of opinion it was in consequence of the wound he had received, that extracted his fire.

"I immediately walked up to Mr. McNairy with my pistol cocked, and observed to him (McNairy) that he ought to be shot; and also observed to him, that was it not for the agreement between Mr. Bell and myself, I would shoot him. Mr. McNairy observed, it was an accident. I replied to him, that accidents of this kind on the field were inadmissible. Mr. Bell observed, that Mr. Coffee had also fired before the word. Mr. Coffee answered Mr. Bell, that he was wounded through the thigh, which caused his pistol to go off. Mr. Bell admitted it might be the case. Mr. Coffee then advanced towards Mr. McNairy, and said to him, 'G–d d—n you, this is the second time you have been guilty of the same *crime*.' I told Mr. Coffee to desist; that this was an improper place to have words. Mr. Bell observed that they were ready to take another fire. I replied, that I would not suffer Mr. Coffee to take another fire; that he had no right to do so, owing to the conduct of Mr. McNairy's firing before the word. Mr. Bell then applied to me for a compromise. I then observed that Mr. Coffee would not, unless Mr. McNairy would disavow every thing he had said of Mr. Coffee in the public prints, and suffer this day's transaction to be published, which I supposed Mr. McNairy would not do. Mr. Bell also observed, that Mr. McNairy would not. Mr. McNairy and myself had some conversation on the subject of a compromise between Mr. Coffee and himself. I answered him in the same way I did Mr. Bell. Mr. McNairy observed to me, that he always had a good opinion of Mr. Coffee, and that Coffee had been dragged into the business as well as himself. We then retired."

Mr. George Bell, the second of McNairy, also published a statement not materially differing from the above, except with regard to what followed the accidental fire. "Mr

McNairy," said Bell, "appeared to be very much hurt at his firing before the word, and insisted on me to tell Mr. Coffee that he would lay down his pistol, and that he (Coffee) might load his pistol, and stand at the proper distance, and have one shot at him, if that would satisfy him. I told Mr. McNairy that I did not think Mr. Coffee would do that, and this I think, I mentioned to Major Purdy, and he also observed that Mr. Coffee would not do it. As it has always been my wish to see men who have once been in habits of intimacy, as Mr. McNairy and Mr. Coffee had been, if possible, to become so again, I then mentioned to Major Purdy, if we could not bring about a compromise between Mr. Coffee and Mr. McNairy, at least, that they should be on speaking terms, and do business together as gentlemen. Major Purdy observed that we could not, except Mr. McNairy would disavow every thing that he had said of Mr. Coffee in the public prints. I then told Major Purdy that Mr. McNairy would never do that. We then parted."

A peppery note from Major Purdy concluded this business: "I have been informed," said Purdy, "by Mr. George Bell, that a report has been in circulation, that when Mr. Coffee and Mr. McNairy were on the field of honor, that Mr. Bell had a great deal of difficulty to keep me from shooting Mr. McNairy, and that said McNairy had begged his life, and given a certificate of his improper conduct. Whoever stated such conduct as respects Mr. McNairy, is a liar and rascal."

CHAPTER XXVI.

DICKINSON RETURNS.

To General Jackson's communication Mr. Swann published a reply of prodigious length, the main object of which was to prove, by certificates and affidavits, that Thomas Swann was a gentleman, and General Jackson a coward.

Among the eminent Virginians who certified to Mr. Swann's gentlemanliness were Edmund Randolph and Edward Carrington. Mr. Randolph said: "I commit to paper with great pleasure what I know and what I believe with respect to Thomas Swann, Esq. He studied the law under my advice; and manifested the most steady attention to it during the time. I had no hesitation in anticipating that he would become an able lawyer; and I can with truth assert the acknowledged purity of his character."

Eleven other men of known character testified in similar terms to Mr. Swann's entire respectability.

Mr. Swann concluded his long communication with the following remarks: "The renowned General's famous publication is fraught with rancorous abuse, and slanderous defamation; and contains charges which are not only unfounded, but entirely irrelevant to the point at issue; one of which made by Samuel Jackson (a character which perhaps bears as great an affinity to him in disposition as in name), although amply in my power to disprove, I conceive it would be too condescending to stoop to a serious refutation of, when I reflect it was made by a man whose conduct has rendered him unworthy the notice of a gentleman. I shall now conclude this address to the public by assuring General Andrew Jackson (to use a favorite expression of his own) 'that I shall at all times hold myself answerable for any of my conduct.'"

Mr. Swann might have spared himself the labor of preparing his voluminous reply, for while it was yet in the compositor's hands, events were transpiring which turned the attention of the public away from the subordinate belligerents, and fixed it upon the principals. Dickinson was at home again. He reached Nashville about the 20th of May.

On the 22d of May, General Thomas Overton rode out to General Jackson's store at Clover Bottom with the information that Dickinson had written a most scurrilous attack upon Jackson, which he had placed in Mr. Eastin's hands for publication, and it would appear in the next number of the

paper. Jackson asked Overton to hasten back to town, get a sight of the article, bring him an account of its contents, and come prepared to give an opinion as to whether it was an article requiring "notice." Overton complied with the request.

"It's a piece that can't be passed over," reported Overton. "General Jackson, you must challenge him."

To which Jackson replied, "General, this is an affair of life and death. I'll take the responsibility *myself*. I'll *see* the piece and form my own judgment of it."

He mounted his horse, and rode to the office of the *Impartial Review*. The article was shown him as afterward published. The following is a copy of it :—

"Mr. Eastin :—In looking over the tenth number of your *Impartial Review* I discover that a *certain Andrew Jackson* has endeavored to induce the public to believe that some inconsistency had been attempted by me relative to his dispute with Mr. Thomas Swann. My letter to *Andrew Jackson*, as published by Mr. Joseph Ervin, is, I consider, a sufficient answer with any impartial person.

"I should have never condescended to have taken any notice of *Andrew Jackson* or his scurrilous publication had it not been promised by Mr. John Ervin, when he published my letter at length, which Mr. Jackson, for some cause unknown but to himself, had not the generosity to have published but in part.

"I shall take notice but of those parts of his publication which are intended for myself. The first is in his publication of the 8th of February, which reads thus : 'Mr. Charles Dickinson's information is referred to ; see Mr. Dickinson's letter. He states no such thing, but refers to a different list. These two correctative informants speak, one of different notes actually offered, the other of a different list of notes. Happy concordance! These two gentlemen possess the key of consistency.'

"I have no such accommodating disposition as to compare what I intend to offer to the public with that of any witness whatever, and, if it should differ, to correct in such manner as to correspond. What any person offers for publication, if called on, I think it is his duty to swear to. Andrew Jackson has had several disputes, which have appeared in different prints of this State, and, if his mode of publishing his thoughts on his different quarrels is such as to alter his publications to make them answer with those of his witnesses, I can only exclaim, *O tempora! O mores!*

"Another part of his publication, of the same date, is as follows : 'He,'

alluding to Mr Thomas Swann, 'has acted the puppet and lying valet for a worthless, drunken, blackguard scoundrel,' etc., etc. Should Andrew Jackson have intended these epithets for me, I declare him, notwithstanding he is a Major General of the militia of Mero district, to be a worthless scoundrel, 'a poltroon and a coward'—a man who, by frivolous and evasive pretexts, avoided giving the satisfaction which was due to a gentleman whom he had injured. This has prevented me from calling on him in the manner I should otherwise have done, for I am well convinced that he is too great a coward to administer any of those anodines he promised me in his letter to Mr. Swann. His excuse I anticipate, that his anodines have been in such demand since I left Tennessee that he is out of the necessary ingredients to mix them. I expect to leave Nashville, the first of next week, for Maryland. Yours, etc.,

"May 21st, 1806. CHARLES DICKINSON."*

One glance at this article revealed to General Jackson the nature of its contents. He hesitated not a moment. An hour later General Overton placed in Dickinson's hands the following letter :—

"CHARLES DICKINSON, SIR:—Your conduct and expressions relative to me of late have been of such a nature and so insulting that it requires and shall have my notice. Insult may be given by men, and of such a kind that they must be noticed and treated with the respect due a gentleman, although (in the present instance) you do not merit it.

"You have, to disturb my quiet, industriously excited Thomas Swann to quarrel with me, which involved the peace and harmony of society for awhile.

"You, on the 10th of January, wrote me a very insulting letter, left this country, caused this letter to be delivered after you had been gone some days, and viewing yourself in safety from the contempt I held you, have now in the press a piece more replete with blackguard abuse than any of your other productions. You are pleased to state that you would have noticed me in a different way, but my cowardice would have found a pretext to evade that satisfaction if it had been called for, etc., etc.

"I hope, sir, your courage will be an ample security to me that I will obtain speedily that satisfaction due me for the insults offered, and in the way my friend who hands you this will point out. He waits upon you for that purpose, and with your friend will enter into immediate arrangements for this purpose. I am, etc., ANDREW JACKSON."

* From the *Impartial Review* of May 24th, 1806.

Before the day closed, Jackson received, through Dr. Hanson Catlet, a reply to his challenge. "Your note of this morning," wrote Dickinson, "is received, and your request shall be gratified. My friend who hands you this will make the necessary arrangements."

The seconds immediately conferred, agreed upon the time and place of meeting, and drew up their agreement in writing:—"On Friday, the 30th instant, we agree to meet at Harrison's Mills, on Red river, in Logan county, State of Kentucky, for the purpose of settling an affair of honor between General Andrew Jackson and Charles Dickinson, Esq. Further arrangements to be made. It is understood that the meeting will be at the hour of seven in the morning."

Upon reading this over to his principal, Overton found him most averse to postponing the meeting for a whole week. Catlet had given as a reason for the delay that Dickinson had not a pair of dueling pistols, and it would require time to procure a pair.. This seemed a mere subterfuge to Jackson, who would, if he could, have fought that night. So he prompted his second to write the following note to Dr. Catlet: "Sir, the affair of honor to be settled between my friend General Jackson and Charles Dickinson, Esq., is wished not to be postponed until the 30th instant (say Friday) agreeable to your time appointed, if it can be done sooner. In order that no inconvenience on your part may occur, if you can not obtain pistols, we pledge ourselves to give you choice of ours. Let me hear from you immediately."

No answer came that night, nor early the next morning. The impetuous Jackson urged Overton to write a second note to his adversary's second: "Sir, I pressed you in favor of my friend General Jackson for immediate satisfaction for the injury that his feelings had received from a publication of Charles Dickinson. You replied that it might not be in your power to obtain pistols. In my note of yesterday, in order to remove any obstacles as it respected pistols, I agreed to give you choice of ours, the other we pledged ourselves to make use of. For God's sake, let this business be brought to an

issue immediately, as I can not see, after the publication, why Mr. Dickinson should wish to put it off till Friday."

This produced a brief and barely civil note from Dr. Catlet: "Sir, I have received your notes of yesterday and this date, and can only answer that it will not now be convenient to alter the day from that already agreed upon."

This settled the point in dispute. On the same day the seconds met again, and agreed upon the following: "It is agreed that the distance shall be twenty-four feet; the parties to stand facing each other, with their pistols down perpendicularly. When they are ready, the single word, FIRE, to be given; at which they are to fire as soon as they please. Should either fire before the word is given, we pledge ourselves to shoot him down instantly. The person to give the word to be determined by lot, as also the choice of position. We mutually agree that the above regulations shall be observed in the affair of honor depending between General Andrew Jackson and Charles Dickinson, Esq."

This was Saturday, May 24th, 1806. The duel was not to take place till the Friday following. The quarrel thus far had excited intense interest in Nashville, and the successive numbers of the *Impartial Review* had been read with avidity. The coming duel was no secret, though the time and place were not known to any but the friends of the parties. Bets, I am informed, were laid upon the result of the meeting, the odds being against Jackson. Dickinson himself is said to have bet five hundred dollars that he would bring his antagonist down at the first fire. Another informant says three thousand. But I have small belief in *any* of the ill things said of this man.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE DUEL.

The place appointed for the meeting was a long day's ride from Nashville. Thursday morning, before the dawn of day, Dickinson stole from the side of his young and beautiful wife, and began silently to prepare for the journey. She awoke, and asked him why he was up so early. He replied, that he had business in Kentucky across the Red river, but it would not detain him long. Before leaving the room, he went up to his wife, kissed her with peculiar tenderness, and said :

"Good bye, darling ; I shall be *sure* to be at home to-morrow night."

He mounted his horse and repaired to the rendezvous, where his second and half a dozen of the gay blades of Nashville were waiting to escort him on his journey. Away they rode, in the highest spirits, as though they were upon a party of pleasure. Indeed, they made a party of pleasure of it. When they stopped for rest or refreshment, Dickinson is said to have amused the company by displaying his wonderful skill with the pistol. Once, at a distance of twenty-four feet, he fired four balls, each at the word of command, into a space that could be covered by a silver dollar. Several times he cut a string with his bullet from the same distance. It is said that he left a severed string hanging near a tavern, and said to the landlord as he rode away,

"If General Jackson comes along this road, show him *that !*"

It is also said, that he laid a wager of five hundred dollars that he would hit his antagonist within half an inch of a certain button on his coat. I neither believe nor deny one of these stories ; but so many of the same kind are still told in the neighborhood, that it is safe to conclude that, on this

fatal ride, Dickinson *did* affect much of that recklessness of manner which was once supposed to be an evidence of high courage. The party went frisking and galloping along the lonely forest roads, making short cuts that cautious travelers never attempted, dashing across creeks and rivers, and making the woods ring and echo with their shouts and laughter.

Very different was the demeanor of General Jackson and the party that accompanied him. General Thomas Overton, an old revolutionary soldier, versed in the science, and familiar with the practice of dueling, had reflected deeply upon the conditions of the coming combat, with the view to conclude upon the tactics most likely to save his friend from Dickinson's unerring bullet. For this duel was not to be the amusing mockery that some modern duels have been. This duel was to be *real*. It was to be an affair in which each man was to strive with his utmost skill to effect the purpose of the occasion—disable his antagonist and save his own life. As the principal and the second rode apart from the rest, they discussed all the chances and probabilities with the single aim to decide upon a course which should result in the disabling of Dickinson and the saving of Jackson. The mode of fighting which had been agreed upon was somewhat peculiar. The pistols were to be held downward until the word was given to fire; then each man was to fire *as soon as he pleased*. With such an arrangement, it was scarcely possible that both the pistols should be discharged at the same moment. There was a chance, even, that by extreme quickness of movement, one man could bring down his antagonist without himself receiving a shot. The question anxiously discussed between Jackson and Overton was this: Shall we try to get the first shot, or shall we permit Dickinson to have it? They agreed, at length, that it would be decidedly better to *let* Dickinson fire first. In the first place, Dickinson, like all miraculous shots, required no time to take aim, and would have a far better chance than Jackson in a quick shot, even if both fired at once. And in spite of anything Jackson could do, Dickinson would be almost sure to get the first fire. Moreover,

Jackson was *certain* he would be hit; and he was unwilling to subject his own aim to the chance of its being totally destroyed by the shock of the blow. For Jackson was resolved on hitting Dickinson. His feelings toward his adversary were embittered by what he had heard of his public practicings and boastful wagers. "I should have hit him, if he had shot me through the brain," said Jackson once. In pleasant discourse of this kind, the two men wiled away the hours of the long journey.

A tavern kept by one David Miller, somewhat noted in the neighborhood, stood on the banks of the Red river, near the ground appointed for the duel. Late in the afternoon of Thursday, the 29th of May, the inmates of this tavern were surprised by the arrival of a party of seven or eight horsemen. Jacob Smith, then employed by Miller as an overseer, but now himself a planter in the vicinity, was standing before the house when this unexpected company rode up. One of these horsemen asked him if they could be accommodated with lodgings for the night. They could. The party dismounted, gave their horses to the attendant negroes, and entered the tavern. No sooner had they done so, than honest Jacob was perplexed by the arrival of a second cavalcade—Dickinson and his friends, who also asked for lodgings. The manager told them the house was full; but that he never turned travelers away, and if they chose to remain, he would do the best he could for them. Dickinson then asked where was the next house of entertainment. He was directed to a house two miles lower down the river, kept by William Harrison. The house is still standing. The room in which Dickinson slept that night, and *slept* the night following, is the one now used by the occupants as a dining-room.

Jackson ate heartily at supper that night, conversing in a lively, pleasant manner, and smoked his evening pipe as usual. Jacob Smith remembers being exceedingly pleased with his guest, and, on learning the cause of his visit, heartily wishing him a safe deliverance.

Before breakfast on the next morning the whole party

mounted and rode down the road that wound close along the picturesque banks of the stream.

About the same hour, the overseer and his gang of negroes went to the fields to begin their daily toil; he, longing to venture within sight of what he knew was about to take place.

The horsemen rode about a mile along the river; then turned down toward the river to a point on the bank where they had expected to find a ferryman. No ferryman appearing, Jackson spurred his horse into the stream and dashed across, followed by all his party. They rode into the poplar forest, two hundred yards or less, to a spot near the center of a level platform or river bottom, then covered with forest, now smiling with cultivated fields. The horsemen halted and dismounted just before reaching the appointed place. Jackson, Overton, and a surgeon who had come with them from home, walked on together, and the rest led their horses a short distance in an opposite direction.

"How do you feel about it now, General?" asked one of the party, as Jackson turned to go.

"Oh, all right," replied Jackson, gayly; "I shall wing him, never fear."

Dickinson's second won the choice of position, and Jackson's the office of giving the word. The astute Overton considered this giving of the word a matter of great importance, and he had already determined *how* he would give it, if the lot fell to him. The eight paces were measured off, and the men placed. Both were perfectly collected. All the politenesses of such occasions were very strictly and elegantly performed. Jackson was dressed in a loose frock-coat, buttoned carelessly over his chest, and concealing in some degree the extreme slenderness of his figure. Dickinson was the younger and handsomer man of the two. But Jackson's tall, erect figure, and the still intensity of his demeanor, it is said, gave him a most superior and commanding air, as he stood under the tall poplars on this bright May morning, silently awaiting the moment of doom.

"Are you ready?" said Overton.

"I am ready," replied Dickinson.

"I am ready," said Jackson.

The words were no sooner pronounced than Overton, with a sudden shout, cried, using his old-country pronunciation, "FERE!"

Dickinson raised his pistol quickly and fired. Overton, who was looking with anxiety and dread at Jackson, saw a puff of dust fly from the breast of his coat, and saw him raise his left arm and place it tightly across his chest. He is surely hit, thought Overton, and in a bad place, too; but no; he does not fall. Erect and grim as Fate he stood, his teeth clenched, raising his pistol. Overton glanced at Dickinson. Amazed at the unwonted failure of his aim, and apparently appalled at the awful figure and face before him, Dickinson had unconsciously recoiled a pace or two.

"Great God!" he faltered, "have I missed him?"

"Back to the MARK, sir!" shrieked Overton, with his hand upon his pistol.

Dickinson recovered his composure, stepped forward to the peg, and stood with his eyes averted from his antagonist. All this was the work of a moment, though it requires many words to tell it.

General Jackson took deliberate aim, and pulled the trigger. The pistol neither snapped nor went off. He looked at the trigger, and discovered that it had stopped at half cock. He drew it back to its place, and took aim a second time. He fired. Dickinson's face blanched; he reeled; his friends rushed toward him, caught him in their arms, and gently seated him on the ground, leaning against a bush. His trowsers reddened. They stripped off his clothes. The blood was gushing from his side in a torrent. And, alas! here is the ball, not near the wound, but above the *opposite* hip, just under the skin. The ball had passed through the body, below the ribs. Such a wound could not but be fatal.

Overton went forward and learned the condition of the wounded man. Rejoining his principal, he said, "He won't want anything more of you, General," and conducted him

from the ground. They had gone a hundred yards, Overton walking on one side of Jackson, the surgeon on the other, and neither speaking a word, when the surgeon observed that one of Jackson's shoes was full of blood.

"My God! General Jackson, are you hit?" he exclaimed, pointing to the blood.

"Oh! I believe," replied Jackson, "that he has pinked me a little. Let's look at it. But say nothing about it *there*," pointing to the house.

He opened his coat. Dickinson's aim had been perfect. He had sent the ball precisely where he supposed Jackson's heart was beating. But the thinness of his body and the looseness of his coat combining to deceive Dickinson, the ball had only broken a rib or two, and raked the breast-bone. It was a somewhat painful, bad-looking wound, but neither severe nor dangerous, and he was able to ride to the tavern without much inconvenience. Upon approaching the house, he went up to one of the negro women who was churning, and asked her if the butter had come. She said it was just coming. He asked for some buttermilk. While she was getting it for him, she observed him furtively open his coat and look within it. She saw that his shirt was soaked with blood, and she stood gazing in blank horror at the sight, dipper in hand. He caught her eye, and hastily buttoned his coat again. She dipped out a quart measure full of buttermilk, and gave it to him. He drank it off at a draught; then went in, took off his coat, and had his wound carefully examined and dressed. That done, he dispatched one of his retinue to Dr. Catlett, to inquire respecting the condition of Dickinson, and to say that the surgeon attending himself would be glad to contribute his aid toward Mr. Dickinson's relief. Polite reply was returned that Mr. Dickinson's case was past surgery. In the course of the day, General Jackson sent a bottle of wine to Dr. Catlett for the use of his patient.

But there was one gratification which Jackson could not, even in such circumstances, grant him. A very old friend of

General Jackson writes to me thus : "Although the General had been wounded, he did not desire it should be known until he had left the neighborhood, and had therefore concealed it at first from his own friends. His reason for this, as he once stated to me, was, that as Dickinson considered himself the best shot in the world, and was certain of killing him at the first fire, *he did not want him to have the gratification even of knowing that he had touched him.*"

Poor Dickinson bled to death. The flowing of blood was stanched, but could not be stopped. He was conveyed to the house in which he had passed the night, and placed upon a mattrass, which was soon drenched with blood. He suffered extreme agony, and uttered horrible cries all that long day. At nine o'clock in the evening he suddenly asked why they had put out the lights. The doctor knew then that the end was at hand ; that the wife, who had been sent for in the morning, would not arrive in time to close her husband's eyes. He died five minutes after, cursing, it is said, with his last breath, the ball that had entered his body. The poor wife hurried away on hearing that her husband was "dangerously wounded," and met, as she rode toward the scene of the duel, a procession of silent horsemen escorting a rough emigrant wagon that contained her husband's remains.*

The news created in Nashville the most profound sensation. "On Tuesday evening (afternoon) last," said the *Impartial Review* of the following week, "the remains of Mr. Charles Dickinson were committed to the grave, at the residence of Mr. Joseph Ervin, attended by a large number of citizens of Nashville and its neighborhood. There have been few occasions on which stronger impressions of sorrow or tes-

* This account of the duel was compiled from many sources, verbal and printed; but most of the incidents which occurred *on the field* I received from an old friend of General Jackson, who heard them related, and saw them *acted*, by General Overton. In narrating some of the minor events, I have had to choose between conflicting statements; yet I feel confident that this account contains no error of importance; no error affecting the moral quality of the principal acts.

timonies of greater respect were evinced than on the one we have the unwelcome task to record. In the prime of life, and blessed in domestic circumstances with almost every valuable enjoyment, he fell a victim to the barbarous and pernicious practice of dueling. By his untimely fate the community is deprived of an amiable man and a virtuous citizen. His friends will long lament with particular sensibility the deplorable event. Mr. Dickinson was a native of Maryland, where he was highly valued by the discriminating and good; and those who knew him best respected him most. With a consort that has to bear with this, the severest of afflictions, and an infant child, his friends and acquaintances will cordially sympathize. Their loss is above calculation. May Heaven assuage their anguish by administering such consolations as are beyond the power of human accident or change."

But the matter did not rest here. Charles Dickinson had many friends in Nashville, and Andrew Jackson many enemies. The events preceding, and the circumstances attending the duel were such as to excite horror and disgust in many minds. An informal meeting of citizens was held, who could hit upon no better way of expressing their feelings than sending the following memorial to the proprietors of the *Impartial Review*:—"The subscribers, citizens of Nashville and its vicinity, respectfully request Mr. Bradford and Mr. Eastin to put the next number of their paper in mourning as a tribute of respect for the memory, and regret for the untimely death of Mr. Charles Dickinson."

Seventy-three names, many of which were of the highest respectability, were appended to this document. Mr. Eastin had no hesitation in promising to comply with the request.

Upon his couch at the Hermitage General Jackson heard of this movement. With his usual promptitude, he dispatched to the editor the following letter:—"Mr. Eastin:—I am informed that at the request of sundry citizens of Nashville and vicinity, you are about to dress your paper in

mourning 'as a tribute of respect for the memory and regret for the untimely death of Charles Dickinson.' Your paper is the public vehicle, and is always taken as the public will, unless the contrary appears. *Presuming that the public is not in mourning for this event*, in justice to that public, it is only fair and right to set forth the names of those citizens who have made the request. The thing is so novel that names ought to appear that the public might judge whether the true motives of the signers were 'a tribute of respect for the deceased,' or something else that at first sight does not appear."

The editor, with equal complaisance and ingenuity, contrived to oblige all parties. He placed his paper in mourning, he published the memorial, he published General Jackson's letter, and he added to the whole the following remarks:— "In answer to the request of General Jackson I can only observe that, previously, the request of some of the citizens of Nashville and its vicinity had been put to type, and as soon as it had transpired that the above request had been made, a number of the subscribers, to the amount of twenty-six,* called and erased their names. Always willing to support, by my acts, the title of my paper—always willing to attend to the request of any portion of our citizens when they will take the responsibility on themselves, induced me to comply with the petition of those requesting citizens, and place my paper in mourning. Impartiality induces me also to attend to the request of General Jackson."

* The following were the names actually published: Hanson Catlett, Thomas E. Wagaman, Thomas G. Watkins, Boyd McNairy, John McNairy, William Tait, Duncan Robertson, John H. Smith, Thomas Williamson, William T. Lewis, John Nichols, Thomas C. Clark, Dancy McCraw, John Maclin, Jeremiah Scales, Timothy Demonbrum, Elisha Johnston, James P. Downes, William B. Robertson, William Lytle, D. Moor, Robert Stoteart, J. Gordan, J. B. Craighead, P. Boum, Alexander Craighead, John Read, Robert P. Currin, Roger B. Sappington, Roger B. Currey, Thomas Swann, Ernst Benior, William Y. Probert, C. Wheston, J. Baird, Hervey Lane, Samuel Finney, William Black, R. Hewett, Thomas Ramsey, Nathaniel McCairys, Thomas Napier, Robert Hughes, James King, Robert Bell, Felix Robertson.

A week or two later, Captain Ervin, the father-in-law of the unfortunate Dickinson, published a brief recapitulation of the quarrel from the beginning, incorporating with his article a final statement by Mr. Thomas Swann. Swann exculpated Dickinson wholly. "I do avow," said he, "that neither Mr. Dickinson nor any other person urged me forward to quarrel with Jackson." He asserted in the most solemn manner that every thing had occurred just as in the published correspondence and affidavits it had appeared to occur. He admitted, however, that there was enmity between Jackson and Dickinson before his own quarrel with Jackson began.

Captain Ervin objected to Jackson's conduct in the field. "It may not," said he, "be improper to inquire whether General Jackson had a right, according to the laws of dueling, to recock his pistol after having snapped it? It is said it was agreed that a snap should not be considered a fire. Granted; but was it not also agreed that nothing which was not committed to writing should be considered as binding or having effect? A snap not to be considered as a fire was not committed to writing. Consequently, it was not one of the stipulations in the agreement; neither was it warranted by the usual practice; yet such was the cruel fate of the unfortunate Dickinson. He gallantly maintained his ground, and fell a victim to this unguarded, illiberal and unjust advantage. Peace be to his manes! respect to his memory, which will be ever dear to his friend, Joseph Ervin."

To this the seconds replied in a joint card, certifying that the duel was conducted fairly, according to the conditions agreed upon beforehand.

General Jackson's wound proved to be more severe and troublesome than was at first anticipated. It was nearly a month before he could move about without inconvenience, and when the wound healed, it healed falsely; that is, some of the viscera were slightly displaced, and so remained. Twenty years after, this forgotten wound forced itself upon his remembrance, and *kept* itself there for many a year.

It was Dickinson's bullet that killed Andrew Jackson at last.

The reader is now in possession of all the attainable information which could assist him in forming a judgment of this sad, this deplorable, this shocking, this wicked affair. Unfortunately, the evidence which makes against Jackson is indubitable, while the extenuating circumstances rest upon tradition only. It is evident that he was deeply embittered against Dickinson before the affair with Swann began. No man is competent to pronounce decisively upon Jackson's conduct in this business, who does not know precisely and completely the cause of that original enmity. A very slight observation of life is sufficient to show that the party most injured is the one that often *appears* to be most in the wrong. A chronic grinding Wrong extorts, at length, the wrathful word or the avenging blow. The by-stander hears the imprecation, sees the stroke, and knowing nothing that has gone before, condemns the victim and pities the guilty. That Jackson was singularly morbid upon the subject of his peculiar marriage, we shall often observe.

It is not true, as has been alleged, that this duel did not affect General Jackson's popularity in Tennessee. It followed quick upon his feud with Governor Sevier; and both quarrels told against him in many quarters of the State. And though there were large numbers whom the nerve and courage which he had displayed in the duel blinded to all considerations of civilization and morality, yet it is certain that at no time between the years 1806 and 1812, could General Jackson have been elected to any office in Tennessee that required a majority of the voters of the whole State. Almost any well-informed Tennesseean, old enough to remember those years, will support me in this assertion. Beyond the circle of his own friends, which was large, there existed a very general impression that he was a violent, arbitrary, overbearing, passionate man; but that it was safest not to mention the circumstance. Of his own circle, however, he

was as much the idol then as he was when he was his country's idol.*

* The following, cut from a leading Democratic organ in 1859, is a good example of the way in which a popular hero's most doubtful actions are made to minister to his popularity:—

JACKSON AND DICKINSON.

"Jackson settled at Nashville between the years 1790 and 1800, and began the practice of the law. Dickinson was already there, following the same profession. He was a great duelist, having killed several in duels, and almost certain to kill the first fire. His mode of firing was very uncommon. Instead of raising his pistol from his side to fire at the word, he would bring it down from above until he got it to the proper level, and then fire. All of the merchants in Nashville had Dickinson retained in their behalf, and he being the only lawyer there until General Jackson came, no redress could be obtained by the opposite side. General Jackson refused to be retained by these merchants to the exclusion of all other parties. The consequence was, that he issued fifty writs at the first term of the court at Nashville.

"He issued writs against the merchants, who until then had gone scott free. This irritated them, and they (being desirous of getting General Jackson out of the way) incited Dickinson to provoke a duel. He began by acting on trials offensively to the General.

"He remonstrated with Dickinson, and plainly informed him that he would not submit to such disrespectful treatment.

"Dickinson persisted, and General Jackson challenged him. The time and place for the combat were fixed upon, and the news spread for miles around. There were at least two hundred people on the ground, and bets were made as if it were a horse race.

"Dickinson himself bet that he would kill Jackson on the first fire. Dickinson fired first, and his ball hit General Jackson on the right pap, and peeled his breast. He had a callous lump there until the day of his death. As soon as the smoke of Dickinson's pistol blew away, and he saw General Jackson still standing, he exclaimed: 'Haven't I killed the damned rascal?' General Jackson told General Eaton that until then he meant to give him his life; but on hearing these words, he raised his pistol, fired and killed Dickinson instantly."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GENERAL JACKSON ENTERTAINS AARON BURR.

It is a relief to turn from these revolting scenes to others in which our hero appears in a light altogether pleasing; showing himself the faithful citizen and the faithful friend.

General Jackson, as we have already mentioned, removed from Hunter's Hill, about the year 1804, to the adjoining estate, which he named the Hermitage. The spacious mansion now standing on that estate, in which he resided during the last twenty-five years of his life, was not built untll about the year 1819.

A square, two story block house was General Jackson's first dwelling-place on the Hermitage farm. This house, like many others of its class, contained three rooms; one on the ground floor, and two up stairs. To this house was soon added a smaller one, which stood about twenty feet from the principal structure, and was connected with it by a covered passage. This was General Jackson's establishment from 1804 to 1819. These houses are still standing at the Hermitage, though not so close together as they were formerly. The larger block house stands where it stood when occupied by General Jackson; but has been cut down into a one story house, and used for the last thirty years as a negro cabin. It does not differ, in any respect, from the ordinary block negro cabins of the South. The interior, never ceiled, is now as black as ebony with the smoke of sixty years. There is the usual trap door in the middle of the floor for the convenience of stowage under the house, for cellar there is none. There is the usual vast fire-place, capable of a cord of wood; from which Jackson went forth to the wars, haggard and anxious; to which he returned, still haggard, but with the light of victory in his face. The smaller house has been

drawn up near the present Hermitage; where it also serves as a negro cabin, and shows its ring of little ebony faces round the generous fire as the stranger peeps in. The building which formerly connected these two stands near by, and is used as a store-house. "There is nothing but plunder in it," explained one of the negro women.

Jackson was abundantly satisfied with his little group of block houses, and built the Hermitage mansion at last solely as a testimonial of his regard for his wife. In that pleasant climate, with its eight months of summer, and its thirty days of decided winter, a House is not the important affair it is in regions less genial. It is rather a luxury than a necessity; a better umbrella than a tree in a long rain; on cold nights a slight improvement upon camping out; a convenience for mothers with young children; an article well enough to have on a farm, but very far from being the terribly indispensable thing it is in countries where to be houseless is death. It astounds northern people to see what inferior houses southeners are content to occupy who could build palaces if they would. The truth is, they do not *live* in their houses. Their life is on horseback, in the fields, in the woods, out of doors. On the coldest days they do not feel comfortable unless the door stands wide open to let in the sun; the air rushing in by a thousand apertures, and keeping the northern visitor in a shiver.

In an establishment so restricted, General Jackson and his good-hearted wife continued to dispense a most generous hospitality. A lady of Nashville tells me that she has often been at the Hermitage in those simple old times, when there was in each of the four available rooms, not a guest merely, but a *family;* while the young men and solitary travelers who chanced to drop in disposed of themselves on the piazza, or any other half shelter about the house. "Put down in your book," said one of General Jackson's oldest neighbors, "that the General was the prince of hospitality; not because he entertained a great many people; but because the poor, belated peddler, was as welcome as the President of the

United States, and made so much at his ease that he felt as though he had got home." (It is "put down," you observe, Mr. William Donelson.)

We have now to contemplate General Jackson performing the rites of hospitality to a distinguished person.

May 29th, 1805, Colonel Burr, then making his first tour of the western country, visited the thriving frontier town of Nashville. For several reasons Burr was extremely popular in Tennessee. He had powerfully advocated the cause of the young State when difficulties arose respecting her admission into the Union in 1796; a service Tennessee bore in mind when she voted for Jefferson and Burr in 1800, and had not forgotten in 1805. Colonel Burr's duel with Hamilton, which occurred thirteen months before this visit, would not, in any circumstances, have injured his standing in the Tennessee of that day. Hamilton was odious to the western Republicans, and dueling was an institution of their own. The killing of Hamilton *restored* Burr to his former standing with the Republican party in the western States, and the "ostracism" to which that act had subjected him in his own State gave him, in the wild West, the additional regard which we award to a man who is persecuted for an act that flatters our own customs, and assists us to forgive our own sins. Moreover, Burr had just descended from the office of Vice President with more than the eclat that ordinarily attends the assumption of that office. The long trial of Judge Chase by the Senate had attracted universal attention; Burr conducting it, as a spectator remarked, with the impartiality of an angel and the rigor of a devil. Colonel Burr's farewell speech to the Senate, just then circulating in the remoter newspapers, was also exceedingly admired.

Throughout the West, therefore, Burr was received as the great man, and nowhere with such distinction as at Nashville. People poured in from the adjacent country to see and welcome so renowned a personage. Flags, cannons and martial music contributed to the eclat of his reception. An extemporized but superabundant dinner concluded the cer-

emonies, in the course of which Burr addressed the multitude with the serious grace that usually marked his demeanor in public. Could Jackson be absent from such an ovation—Jackson, who had been with the great man in Congress, and worked in concert with him for Tennessee? Impossible!

On the morning of this bright day General Jackson mounted one of his finest horses, and rode to Nashville attended by a servant leading a milk-white mare. In the course of the dinner General Jackson gave a toast: "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute;" and when Colonel Burr retired from the apartment, General Overton proposed his health to the company. General Jackson returned home at the close of the day accompanied by Colonel Burr, who was to be his guest during his stay in that vicinity. Burr remained only five days at the Hermitage, but promised to make a longer visit on his return. In the hasty outline of a journal which he kept for the amusement of his daughter, he made this entry concerning his first visit to Nashville:—"Arrived at Nashville on the 29th of May. One is astonished at the number of sensible, well-informed and well-behaved people found here. I have been received with much hospitality and kindness, and could stay a month with pleasure; but General Andrew Jackson, having provided us a boat, we shall set off on Sunday, the 2d of June, to navigate down the Cumberland, either to Smithland, at its mouth, or to Eddyville, sixty or eighty miles above; at one of which places we expect to find our boat, with which we intend to make a rapid voyage down the Mississippi to Natchez and Orleans. Left Nashville, on the 3d of June, in an open boat. Came down the Cumberland to its mouth, about two hundred and twenty miles, in an open boat, where our ark was in waiting. Reached Massac, on the Ohio, sixteen miles below, on the 6th. Here found General Wilkinson on his way to St. Louis. The General and his officers fitted me out with an elegant barge, sails, colors and ten oars, with a sergeant and ten able, faithful hands."

"Where our ark was in waiting," says Burr. We per-

ceive from this remark, that he had made a detour for the express purpose of visiting Nashville, leaving his ark on the Ohio, and rejoining it lower down. General Wilkinson, I may also observe, was probably an old acquaintance of Jackson's. Years before, Wilkinson had been a Kentucky storekeeper; and the people of Nashville used sometimes to ride all the way to Wilkinson's store in Kentucky, for the purpose of procuring some article not obtainable at their own scantily supplied repositories. Burr's acquaintance with Wilkinson dated from the Revolution, when they were fellow-soldiers.

August the 6th, 1805, Burr visited the Hermitage again, on his return from New Orleans, as he had promised. Of this visit, which lasted eight days, we have no knowledge except that derived from Burr's too brief diary:—"Arrived at Nashville on the 6th August. You now see me safe through the wilderness, though I doubt (hussey) whether you knew that I had a wilderness to pass in order to get here. Yes, about four hundred and fifty miles of wilderness. The hospitality of these people will keep me here till the 12th instant, when I shall partake of a public dinner, given, not to the Vice President, but to A. B. I shall be at Lexington on the 19th. I have directed Bradley's new map of the United States to be sent to you; this will enable you to trace my route, and I pray you to study the map attentively. I am still at Nashville (August 13th). For a week I have been lounging at the house of General Jackson, once a lawyer, after a judge, now a planter; a man of intelligence, and one of those prompt, frank, ardent souls whom I love to meet. The General has no children, but two lovely nieces* made a visit of some days, contributed greatly to my amusement, and have cured me of all the evils of my wilderness jaunt. If I had time I would describe to you these two girls, for they deserve it. To-morrow I move on towards Lexington."

There is no doubt as to the topic upon which Colonel

* Nieces of Mrs. Jackson.

Burr and General Jackson chiefly conversed on this occasion. There was but *one* topic then in the western country,—the threatened war with Spain.

Antipathy to Spaniards had been for twenty years a ruling passion with that portion of the western people whose prosperity depended upon their possessing free access to the mouth of the Mississippi. The Spanish authorities on the great river comported themselves so as to keep alive this ill feeling. They were arrogant, mean and dishonest. Even the placid and philosophic Baily, whose adventures in Tennessee we have followed in a previous chapter, lost his temper in dealing with them. Having been treated with singular and most obvious injustice by a Spanish magistrate, Baily, (who passed for an American,) asked him to point out the *law* by which he was guided to a decision so extraordinary. "Never," says Mr. Baily, "shall I forget the looks of the man at this (what he called impertinent) question; for, wondering at my assurance, and threatening me with the horrors of the Callibouse if I any longer disputed his authority, he laid his hand upon his breast and told me that *he* was the law; and that as *he* said the case was to be determined. I could not help laughing at the insulting effrontery of the man when he made this speech, at which he seemed more than ever enraged; and, I believe, had it not been for the neighboring situation of the American commissioner and commander, together with the general revolting spirit of the district, that I should have been hurried off to immediate imprisonment, if not to the *mines*."

This was in 1797. A long course of irritating behavior had, at length, brought Spain and the United States to the verge of war. The whole country expected it. The West longed for it. And, perhaps, no man then residing in the valley of the Mississippi looked forward to it with such intensity of desire as Andrew Jackson. No news would have been more welcome at the Hermitage than that General Wilkinson had marched into Texas and begun the war. Meanwhile, between Burr and Jackson, as between every other two men

that found themselves together, the question was still renewed: Shall we have war with Spain?

Colonel Burr returned to the East. Months passed, during which Jackson and Burr occasionally corresponded. The following is one of Burr's letters to his friend Jackson, written during this interval. It is a letter adapted with wonderful skill to move and rouse a man like Jackson, who was an ardent, and therefore a jealous lover of his country:—

AARON BURR TO ANDREW JACKSON.

"WASHINGTON CITY, March 24, 1806.

"DEAR SIR:—Your letter of the 1st January arrived here whilst I was in South Carolina, and was not received till about two months after its date.

"You have doubtless before this time been convinced that we are to have no war if it can be avoided with honor, or even without. The object of the administration appears to be to treat for the purchase of the Floridas; and the secret business which so long occupied Congress is believed to be an appropriation of two millions of dollars for that purpose. This secret is a secret to those only who are best entitled to know it—our own citizens.

"But notwithstanding the pacific temper of our government, there is great reason to expect hostility, arising out of the expedition under General Miranda. This expedition was fitted out at New York, and the object is pretty well known to be an attempt to revolutionize the Caraccas, which is the native country of Miranda. Though our government disavows all knowledge of this proceeding, which, however, is not justified to the entire satisfaction of the public, yet foreign courts will hold it responsible for the conduct of an armament composed of American citizens, and openly fitted out in an American port; and it would not surprise me if on a knowledge of these facts at Paris and Madrid our vessels in the ports of those kingdoms should be seized and measures taken for the reduction of Orleans.

"If these apprehensions should be justified by events, a military force on our part would be requisite, and that force might come from your side of the mountains. It is presumed that West Tennessee could not spare more than two regiments.

"I am glad to learn that you have had your division reviewed; but you ought not to confine your attention to those men or officers who accidentally bear commissions. Your country is full of fine materials for an army, and I have often said a brigade could be raised in West Tennessee which would drive double their number of Frenchmen off the earth. I take the liberty of recommending to you to make out a list of officers from colonel

down to ensign for one or two regiments, composed of fellows fit for business, and with whom you would trust your life and your honor. If you will transmit to me that list, I will, in case troops should be called for, recommend it to the Department of War, and I have reason to believe that on such an occasion my advice would be listened to.

"But Mr Randolph's denunciation of the President and the Secretary of State engage at present more of public attention than all our collisions with foreign powers, or than all the great events on the theater of Europe. I did not hear Mr. Randolph, but am told that he charged the President with duplicity and imbecility; that he (the President) used bold language in his message to the two Houses to amuse the public, and secretly exercised his influence to prevent any vigorous measure, alluding to the business transacted with closed doors for the purchase of the Floridas. I will send you Mr. Randolph's speeches as soon as published, but presume that the acrimony which was manifested on the floor will not appear without some qualification in print.

"You will herewith receive two documents respecting Barbary affairs. It deserves to be remarked that though these facts were all known to the administration before the meeting of Congress, yet Colonel Lear still holds office and enjoys the confidence and support of the Executive. Nevertheless, it is thought that the treaty with Tripoli will not be ratified by the Senate.

"All these things, my dear sir, begin to make reflecting men to think, many good patriots to doubt, and some to despond. I am, dear sir, gratefully and affectionately, your friend and servant,

"A. Burr."*

Upon the receipt of this letter, General Jackson hastened to comply with the request it contained with regard to preparing lists of officers for two imaginary regiments. For this purpose, he consulted with General James Robertson and several other friends at Nashville. The lists were soon dispatched.

A few days after, a considerable packet from Colonel Burr reached General Jackson through the mail, accompanied by a brief note addressed to the "Hon'ble Andrew Jackson, Esq'r." Burr had the franking privilege, but these letters to Jackson, I observe, are not franked, but charged the usual "twenty-five" cents on the outside; perhaps, because the franking

* From MSS. of Major William B. Lewis.

privilege was not granted to the retiring Vice President by the *unanimous* vote of the body over which he had presided. "Agreeably to my promise," wrote Burr, in the note accompanying the packet, "you will find herewith inclosed a copy of Mr. Randolph's speech. It is accompanied by one of Mr. Swan, a Quaker farmer from New Jersey. Since these speeches have been published the injunction of secrecy has been taken off, and a copy of the journal of the proceedings with closed doors is also inclosed. Though you may not be immediately able to answer, yet I beg you will not delay to acknowledge the receipt of my letter of last month. I am about to visit Philadelphia, but you may continue to address me at this place (Washington). My letters will be carefully forwarded."

This note, dated "Ap. 5th, '06," reached General Jackson when he was in the midst of his affair with Swann. That bloody and infernal duel was subsequently fought. Jackson, suffering much from his wound, suffering more from excitement and the coolness of friends, was an unhappy man during the summer of 1806, and, perhaps, in his secret soul, a repentant one. He, probably, thought little of Burr, or the Spanish difficulties, as he lay on his settee at the Hermitage, waiting for the healing of his wound. With September, however, came cooler days, restored health, reviving spirits, and—Aaron Burr. Burr had brought to the western country, and left on Blennerhassett Island, his daughter, Theodosia; intending never again to return to the eastern States. He was in the full tide of preparation for descending to the lower country.

The morning after his arrival at the Hermitage, General Jackson, on hospitable thoughts intent, wrote to a friend in Nashville the following note:—"Colonel Burr is with me; he arrived last night. I would be happy if you would call and see the Colonel before you return. Say to General O. that I shall expect to see him here on to-morrow with you. Would it not be well for us to do something as a mark of attention to the Colonel? He has always and is still a true and trusty friend to Tennessee. If General Robertston is

with you when you receive this, be good enough to say to him, that Colonel Burr is in the country. I know that General R. will be happy in joining in anything that will tend to show a mark of respect to this worthy visitant."

The note produced all the effects desired. General Robertson, General Overton, Major W. P. Anderson, and many others of the leading men at Nashville, rode out to the Hermitage to pay their respects to Colonel Burr, and to invite him to their houses. "He dined with me," says General Robertson, in one of his letters, "and I was several times in his company. He told me he expected to make settlements with his son-in-law on the western waters. I endeavored to find how the Executive of our government was held with, but he was so guarded, I gained but little satisfaction." To private attentions was added the honor of an invitation to a public ball. Already, however, some rumors were afloat, attributing to Burr unlawful designs; and there were not wanting those who questioned the propriety of this invitation. But the popularity of Burr and the influence of General Jackson prevailed, and the invitation was given. There are still a few persons living at Nashville who remember this famous ball; remember the hush and thrill attending the entrance of Colonel Burr, accompanied by General Jackson in the uniform of a Major General; and how the company lined the sides of the room, and looked intently on while the two courtliest men in the world made the circuit of the apartment, General Jackson introducing his guest with singular grace and emphasis. It was a question with the ladies which of the two was the finer gentleman.

After a stay of a few days, Colonel Burr left Tennessee to take up the threads of his enterprise in Kentucky and Ohio.

October passed by. On the 3d of November, General Jackson, in his character of business man, received from Burr some important orders; one for the building, on Stone's river at Clover Bottom, of five large boats, such as were then used for descending the western rivers, and another for the gradual

purchase of a large quantity of provisions for transportation in those boats. A sum of money, in Kentucky bank notes, amounting to three thousand five hundred dollars, accompanied the orders. General Jackson, nothing doubting, and never reluctant to do business, took Burr's letter of directions and the money to his partner, John Coffee, and requested him to contract at once for the boats, and prepare for the purchase of the provisions. Coffee proceeded forthwith to transact the business. I notice, also, that Patten Anderson, one of Jackson's special intimates, was all activity in raising a company of young men to accompany Burr down the river. I observe, too, that Anderson's expenses were paid out of the money sent by Burr to Jackson; at least in the account rendered to Burr by Jackson and Coffee at the final settlement, there is an item of seven hundred dollars cash paid to Anderson. Anderson succeeded in getting seventy-five young men to enlist in his company.

What with the mustering of recruits, the building of boats and the accumulation of provisions, Clover Bottom—so silent and deserted now, its old wooden bridge across the deep ravine of a river seldom thundering under a vehicle, Jackson's old store standing lone and desolate in a field—must have presented a lively scene in the autumn of 1806.

CHAPTER XXIX.

EXPLOSION OF BURR'S PROJECT.

It was not until the 10th of November, a week after the receipt of Burr's orders and money, that General Jackson, according to his own account, began to think there might be some truth in the reports which attributed to Burr unlawful designs; reports which he had previously regarded only as

new evidences of the malice of Burr's political enemies and his own.

To Jackson, as to all others in Nashville, Burr had represented that his first object was the settlement of a great tract of land on the Washita river; but that, if war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was his intention to head an expedition into Texas and Mexico. For his own part, he said, he had little doubt that war was impending; it might be expected at any moment; it might already have began. The administration, he would insinuate, knew perfectly well where he was, what he was doing and what he intended, though, for reasons of policy, they would not yet suffer their hand to appear. He said nothing about the means he had employed to *precipitate* the war; nothing of Samuel Swartwout's secret mission to General Wilkinson's camp; nothing of the letters in cipher designed to act upon Wilkinson's cupidity and fears; nothing, in fact, of any part of his plans that could excite distrust in the minds of these honest and patriotic pioneers.

But about the 10th of November, while General Jackson and his partners were full of Burr's business, a friend of Jackson's visited the Hermitage, who succeeded in convincing him that some gigantic scheme of iniquity was on foot in the United States; a conspiracy for the dismemberment of the Union; and that it was possible, nay, almost probable, that Colonel Burr's extensive preparations of boats, provisions and men had some connection with this nefarious plan. General Jackson's own narrative of his conversations with this anonymous friend shall be laid before the reader in a moment. Suffice it here to say that his suspicions were aroused by them early in the month of November.

He took the proper measures without loss of time. He told Coffee that the boats contracted for and begun must be finished, and the provisions bought must be paid for; but that no new transaction must be entered into by their firm for Aaron Burr until these suspicions were completely removed. He wrote to Burr, acquainting him with what he

had heard, and demanding to know the truth. Having been informed by his friend that New Orleans was the preliminary object of the conspirators, he wrote a warning letter to William C. C. Claiborne, the Governor of the Orleans Territory, couched in language most mysterious. The letter to Governor Claiborne, dated November 12th, was as follows :—

"SIR :—Although it is a long time since I wrote you, still that friendship that once existed remains bright on my part; and although since I have had the pleasure of seeing you I have waded through difficult and disagreeable scenes, still I have had that fondness for my old and former friends that I ever had; and their memory has been more endeared to me by the treachery I have experienced, since I saw you, by some newly-acquired ones. Indeed I fear *treachery* has become the order of the day. This induces me to write to you. Put your town in a state of defense. Organize your militia, and defend your city as well against internal enemies as external. My knowledge does not extend so far as to authorize me to go into detail; *but I fear you will meet with an attack from quarters you do not at present expect.* Be upon the alert; keep a watchful eye upon our General (Wilkinson) and beware of an attack as well from our own country as Spain. *I fear there is something rotten in the state of Denmark.* You have enemies within your own city that may try to subvert your government and try to separate it from the Union. You know I never hazard ideas without good grounds, and you will keep these hints to yourself. But I say again, be on the alert; *your government I fear is in danger. I fear there are plans on foot inimical to the Union.*

"Whether they will be attempted to be carried into effect or not, I can not say; but rest assured they are in operation, or I calculate boldly. Beware of the month of December. I love my country and government. I hate the Dons; I would delight to see Mexico reduced; but I will die in the last ditch before I would yield a foot to the Dons, or see the Union disunited. This I write for your own eyes, and for your own safety; profit by it, and the ides of March remember."

Besides this truly awful epistle, he wrote a letter to President Jefferson, offering the services of his division of militia :—

"TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES:—

"SIR,—In the event of insult or aggression made on our government and country FROM ANY QUARTER, I am well convinced that the public senti-

ment and feeling of the citizens within this State, and particularly within my division, are of such a nature and such a kind that I take the liberty of tendering their services, that is, under my command; and at one moment's warning, after your signification that this tender is acceptable, my orders shall be given conformably.

"I beg leave to offer to your view the enclosed orders some short time ago issued by me, since which time I have not been furnished with complete returns of the volunteer companies; but from the information I possess, I have no doubt that three regiments of volunteers (to be commanded by their own officers, and such as may be recommended by their General) can be brought into the field, ready to march, in twenty days from the receipt of orders.

"Accept assurances of my high consideration and respect, etc."

To other friends and officials he communicated his suspicions without reserve; particularly to General Overton and General Robertson.

A month went by; during which occurred Burr's arrest in Kentucky, his defense by Henry Clay, and his triumphant acquittal. December 14th Burr was once more in Nashville, intending there to load his boats, and drop down the Cumberland to its mouth, where he was to meet his flotilla from Blennerhassett island. Thence they were all to float down together to Natchez—to Wilkinson—to Texas—to the halls of the Montezumas—to the throne of Spanish America—to an empire bounded, if bounded at all, by the limits of the valley of the Mississippi; New Orleans its capital, Aaron the First its emperor, the brilliant Theodosia and her boy to succeed him!

Colonel Burr called at the Hermitage; its master was absent. He found Mrs. Jackson cool and constrained. Returning to Clover Bottom he mentioned this unwonted coolness to Coffee, and asked him the reason of it. Coffee explained. "At Clover Bottom," says Coffee, in a formal statement of these affairs, "there was a tavern; and to this place Colonel Burr came and remained about a week, until he had got every thing in readiness for his departure down the river. On his first arrival General Jackson was absent from home; having returned within a few days afterwards,

the General came, in company with General Overton, to the Clover Bottom, where Colonel Burr resided. An interview took place between them and Colonel Burr, at which they informed him of the suspicions and distrust that were entertained against him. Burr repelled them, and expressed deep regret that there should be any such ; and remarked, that he could and would be able to satisfy every dispassionate mind, that his views and objects were friendly to the government, and such as he had represented them to be. In a few days after, he left the country. A son of Colonel Hays, about seventeen years of age, as has been represented, nephew to Mrs. Jackson, went along. His father had become reduced in his circumstances ; had been personally known to Colonel Burr, during the Revolution ; and his son was a young man of promise. It had been proposed to the old gentleman, that he should take him, and aid him in his education, which was consented to by his father. General Jackson gave him letters to Governor Claiborne, and instructed young Mr. Hays, as I understood at the time, that should he discover Colonel Burr's views to be at all inimical to the United States, or adverse to the designs of government, to leave him, and place himself under the protection and care of Governor Claiborne."

This nephew of Mrs. Jackson, Stokely D. Hays by name, published an explanation of his connection with Burr. "In the winter of 1806–7," he says, "the Colonel came to Nashville, and sent for me when at school near there, and on meeting him, he claimed the promise which had been made to him on his first visit—but stated he was going by the way of the Mississippi, and that I must accompany him, and that he had seen my father and obtained his consent ; that he received me as a son, and I must consider him in the character of a father. I observed to him, that I must see and consult my friends, before I gave my final consent. On advising with them, some doubt of Mr. Burr's object was suggested, but he having pledged his word of honor that he had nothing in view hostile to the best interests of the United States, I determined to go with him. Mr. C. C. Claiborne was at that

time Governor of Louisiana, and an old friend of my father's, and had requested him to permit me to go to New Orleans as his private secretary. To him General Jackson wrote a letter, and gave me to deliver, urging it on me, in the most earnest manner, to leave Burr, if at any time I should discover he had any views or intentions inimical to the interests or integrity of the government."

On the 22d of December, in two unarmed boats, Burr and his few followers left Clover Bottom. Coffee explains in an affidavit the nature of the final settlement between the adventurer and the firm of which himself was a member :— "The report of his acting in opposition to the wishes of the government, prevented his procuring supplies of provisions ; and he had not use for all the boats that had been made for him. Two, I believe, was the number he made use of for himself and those with him. The balance of the boats—the number I do not recollect—were left by Mr. Burr ; and afterward, by virtue of his order in favor of Patten Anderson, the boats, or the proceeds thereof, were paid over to Mr. Anderson. When Mr. Burr was at Clover Bottom, General Jackson and myself made a settlement with him, the said Burr ; and, after charging him with the boats and other articles furnished him for his voyage down the river, I returned him all the balance of his money ($1725 62) in the very same notes first sent by him, and the accounts were then completely closed and paid on both sides, as I understood."*

Burr had not been gone many hours before the President's proclamation denouncing him reached Nashville, and threw that peaceful town, and all the country round about, into a delirium of excitement. Burr was immediately burnt in effigy in the public square. There was contention which man should surpass all others in the fury of his patriotic zeal. All this can be imagined. We have only to do with the performances of General Jackson on this great occasion.

On the 1st of January, he received special communica-

* Affidavit of Colonel John Coffee, in action of Blennerhassett *vs.* Andrew Jackson, Natchez, 1815.

tions from the President and Secretary of War, ordering him to hold his command in readiness to march, and to use all means in his power to frustrate the designs of the traitors. To issue the requisite orders to his division, and to dispatch a messenger to alarm the lower country, was the work of a very few hours. Let the following correspondence and papers attest his zeal and activity.

By a special messenger, John Murrell, he sent, among other letters, a note of warning to Captain Bissell, of the United States army, commandant of Fort Massac, on the Ohio, past which the mighty flotilla was expected to go. "Sundry reports," he wrote to Bissell, "which has reached me, state that there are a number of armed men, with boats loaded with arms and ammunition, assembled on the Ohio, at, or near the mouth of Cumberland, with intentions hostile to the peace and interest of the United States. I have no doubt but you have received the President's proclamation, and orders from the Secretary of War, to intercept and bring to justice all men engaged in any enterprise contrary to the laws or orders of our government. If these you have not received, should it come to your knowledge that there is an assemblage of men and boats, who have illegal enterprises in view, it is expected that you will exert your force to take and bring to justice all such. You will be also good enough to give me information of and concerning such assemblage of armed men and boats loaded with warlike stores, their number, and point of rendezvous; and dispatch the bearer back without delay, with such information as you may have in your power to communicate."

The messenger returned in a few days with the information that no warlike flotilla could be found or heard of in the lower country. Captain Bissell's reply to Jackson's note reads like satire. "This day, January 5th, per express," he wrote, "I had the honor to receive your very interesting letter of the 2d inst., and shall pay due respect to its contents; as yet, I have not received the President's proclamation alluded to, nor have I received any orders from the Department

of War relative to the subject-matter of your letter. There has not, to my knowledge, been any assembling of men or boats at this, or any other place, unauthorized by law or presidency, but should any thing of the kind make its appearance which carries with it the least mark of suspicion as having illegal enterprises or projects in view hostile to the peace and good order of government, I shall, with as much ardor and energy as the case will admit, endeavor to bring to justice all such offenders. For more than two weeks past I have made it a point to make myself acquainted with the loading and situation of all boats descending the river ; as yet, there has nothing the least alarming appeared. On, or about the 31st ult., Colonel Burr, late Vice President of the United States, passed this with about ten boats, of different descriptions, navigated with about six men each, having nothing on board that would even suffer a conjecture more than a man bound to a market ; he has descended the rivers toward Orleans. Should any thing to my knowledge transpire interesting to government I will give the most early notice in my power."

Meanwhile the panic in Nashville was unabated. The revolutionary veterans, all over fifty years of age, headed by General James Robertson, tendered their services to General Jackson in a formal address. " This is an important crisis," said these old men, " when the limits of legal active exertion ought not to be sought with a microscopic eye. So far as our bodily powers will admit, we cheerfully submit to the rigors of military institutions. Our country will require nothing unnecessarily of us. The thread of age will not be broken, but it will be used to the extent of its strength. Under these impressions we agree to embody ourselves, and, aged and infirm as we may be, offer our services and fortunes to our country in support of its laws and constituted authorities."

To this address, which seems to have made a profound impression, General Jackson sent a reply which was highly Jacksonian :—

"General James Robertson and the Corps of Invincibles you have the Honor to command:—The tender of your services at this serious crisis, when our government has warned us to be watchful, is honorable, not only to yourselves, but the country in which we live. It is interesting and grateful at the present moment. The Executive of the Union, in whom we all have confidence, will not only receive it with pleasure, as a mark of attachment to the government and laws; but the faithful historian of passing times can not avoid noticing it as an instance of patriotism to be found only in republics; for their support they rest on the opinion and affections of the people, and, above all governments, union of sentiments and action is necessary.

"Though all citizens must be sensible of the inestimable blessings we enjoy, yet your generous expression of them has filled me with emotions of ardor as extraordinary as the occasion which gave birth to them. May all men cherish such sentiments, is my sincere wish. Age, in a government of laws and freedom, is entitled to a claim of patriotism, but it is usually entitled to the highest respect from youth. The frost of age and experience is as necessary in the moral as in the physical world. The dissipated attention of men is collected, and the natural relaxation of youth invigorated. Hence our union of sentiments in the position that all men ought to contribute their mite, in some mode, to the public good. But when age, in its wisdom, bounds beyond its ordinary limits of counsel and admonition into the hardy field of exertion, my God! how can I express my sensations!

"Age, from the immutable principles of the law of nature, is entitled to an exemption from continued bodily exertion; but should the danger which threatens our country require your service in the field, it is hoped that the occasion may be temporary, and that you only will be wanting in the field of battle, where your years and meritorious services will be duly considered. There your commander well knows that your former services, presence and bravery will be equal to a regiment of men.

"Accept the thanks of the government, and of your General to whom you have so generously offered your services, with the sentiments of my grateful respect."

The militia were furbishing their arms and hastening to the rendezvous. The first troops in readiness to march were the two Nashville companies, who were reviewed by the Major General amid the enthusiasm of the town. "On Saturday last," says the *Impartial Review* of January 17th, "two companies of the militia of this county were reviewed by Major General A. Jackson, at this place. We can not but express

our satisfaction at the promptness with which this rendezvous was attended, and the patriotism displayed by the major general; likewise the brigadier generals, among whom were Brigadier General Isaac Roberts, who, on his return from Duck river, received his orders and immediately hastened to obey them. The unity of sentiment which pervaded every breast on this occasion, and the general flame of indignation which burst forth on all sides at the recollection of the traitorous conduct of the individuals whose expedition gave rise to the orders that called them together, is a pleasing memento to our fellow-citizens generally, that neither the intrigue of restless ambition, nor the efforts of disorganizing demagogues, can withdraw our affections from that Union on which our prosperity and happiness depend."

A few days sufficed to allay the panic. The return of the General's express from the Ohio, with the news that no hostile expedition had there been heard of, was a damper to the military ardor of the militia. Upon the assembling of the division, therefore, General Jackson delivered an address to them, praising their patriotic promptitude, and dismissed them to their homes again. This address, which was so much admired, that the officers with one voice demanded its publication, was as follows:—

"Friends and Fellow-Soldiers:—The President's proclamation, as well as the Secretary of War's letter to me, dated on the 19th of last month, has given rise to the preparatory steps taken to have the militia under my command in complete readiness. Those communications sound the tocsin of alarm. They are sufficient evidence to us that the repose of our country is about to be interrupted; that an illegal enterprise has been set on foot by *disappointed, unprincipled, ambitious* or *misguided individuals;* and that they are about to be carried on against the government of Spain, contrary to the faith of treaties. Other reports state that the adventurers in this enterprise were numerous; that they had assembled at the mouth of Cumberland river, in considerable force and hostile array; that they had for their object a separation of the western from the eastern part of the United States; and that an attack would, in the first place, be made on New Orleans.

"These things, my fellow-soldiers, gave rise to my orders of the 2d

instant, to the end that twelve companies of volunteer corps might be prepared to march on the 5th. I did at the same time order Brigadier General James Winchester to take the commend. As a previous and necessary measure to any order to march, I dispatched a confidential express to the mouth of Cumberland river and to Massac, with a letter to Captain Bissell, the commanding officer at that place. This express returned on the 8th instant, from whose report, together with the information given by Captain Bissell, we are furnished with the very pleasing news that nothing in that quarter is the least alarming. The alluded to address from the commanding officer has been read to you on parade. Under all these circumstances, added to the limited point of view which the orders given me must be interpreted, I have deemed proper to dismiss the corps under my command, and direct them to return to their respective homes until their country shall require their services, and until further orders shall be given. The appearances of unanimity, the ardor displayed on this occasion, and the promptness with which both the officers and men have attended to their duty and orders, are sure pledges to their country and to their General, that when emergency shall require, they will fly with the wings of Patriotism to support the united government of their country, and the liberty it so bountifully affords. He also clearly sees the great physical strength of our country displayed much to his satisfaction, in the promptness and alacrity with which General Winchester, General Johnston and the officers and men now in view, have shown in their attention to his orders. Here is the bulwark of our country always sufficient to support and defend the constituted authorities of our government. When the insolence or vanity of the Spanish government shall dare to repeat their insults on our flag, or shall dare to violate the sacred obligations of the good faith of our treaties with them; or should the disorganizing TRAITOR attempt the dismemberment of our country or criminal breach of our laws, let me ask what will be the effects of the example given by a tender of service made by such men as compose the *Invincible Grays*, commanded, too, by the father of our infant State, General James Robertson?

"It must and will produce effects like these: The youthful patriot will be invigorated to a proper sense of duty and zeal, and the vengeance of an insulted country will burst upon the devoted heads of any foreign invaders, or the authors of such diabolical plans. When we behold aged, deserving and respectable men, whom the laws of their country exempt from common military duty, the very first to come forward in the event of danger, and whose situation is every how comfortable at home, thus to act, what must be the degree of feeling and sensibility excited? It is beyond comprehension, but merits the highest encomium.

"Friends and fellow-soldiers, I can not dismiss you without making honorable mention of the patriotism of Captain Thomas Williamson, displayed

on the present occasion, who, in twenty-four hours after the receipt of my letter, notified me he was ready to march at the head of a full company of volunteers. Such promptness as this will be a fit example for the hardy sons of freedom, should the constituted authorities require our service.

"Return, fellow-soldiers, to the bosom of your families, with the best wishes of your General, until your country calls, and then it is expected you will march on a moment's warning."*

CHAPTER XXX.

GENERAL JACKSON IS SUSPECTED.

These public writings of the General during the Burr panic are somewhat different in tone from his private letters of the same period. He was in a fog. He knew not what to make of this unexpected explosion, for which no cause could be discovered. Moreover, the letter of the Secretary of War, General Henry Dearborn, to himself, was couched in language at once "dubious" and offensive. A note which Jackson wrote, the day after the receipt of the Secretary's order, to his friend Major Patten Anderson, reveals his feelings at the time, and is, besides, an extremely curious epistle. This was the beginning of his difference with the administration of Mr. Jefferson, which had effects upon the history of the country. To Patten Anderson, January 4th, he wrote :—

"I received your note: its contents duly observed. The receipts as directed I have retained. The negro girl named, if likely, at a fair price, I will receive.

"I have received some communications from the President and Secretary of War; and your presence is required at my house to-morrow evening, or early Monday morning, to consult on means and measures, and to determine the latitude of the authority. It is the merest old-woman letter from the Secretary that you ever saw. Your presence on Sunday evening

* From the *Impartial Review* of January 10th and 17th, 1807.

will be expected, and your presence on Monday morning at nine o'clock can not be dispensed with; you must attend. I have sent an express to the mouth of the Cumberland and to Massac to see and hear and make observations. I have wrote to Captain Bissle; but from information received at the moment the messenger was starting gives me reason to believe that Bissle is the host of Aaron Burr. Wilkinson has denounced Burr as a traitor, after he found that he was implicated. This is deep policy. He has obtained thereby the command of New Orleans, the gun boats armed; and his plan can now be executed without resistance. But we must be there in due time, before fortifications can be erected, and restore to our government New Orleans and the western commerce. You must attend. Give to those officers that you see assurances that all volunteer companies will be gratefully accepted of. We must have thirty, thirty-five or forty companies into the field in fifteen or twenty days; ten or twelve in four. I have it from the President, I have it from Dixon, that all volunteers will be gratefully accepted. To-morrow night Winchester will be with me; I wish you there. The Secretary of War is not fit for a granny. I fear John Randolph's ideas were too correct; but dubious as he has wrote, there are sufficient authority to act. Act I will, and by the next mail I will give him a letter that will instruct him in his duty, and convince him that I know mine. If convenient, bring the girl with you; and health and respect.

"A. JACKSON.

"Compliments to Mrs. Anderson. I must tell you that Bonaparte has destroyed the Prussian army. We ought to have a little of the emperor's energy."*

At Washington, meanwhile, General Jackson was suspected of being in league with the alleged traitors. Among other letters received by the government during the panic, was one from a Captain Read, of Pittsburg, who declared "upon his honor," that he was "firmly persuaded" that large bodies of troops from Tennessee, *with General Andrew Jackson at their head*, were in full march to join the traitors!

* The *Impartial Review*, at this period, frequently devoted half its available space to the doings of Napoleon. The number which appeared next after the date of this letter had a whole page respecting the Jena campaign. "The battle of Jena," said the *Review*, "has erased the shame acquired by the battle of Rosbach, and thus in seven days determined a campaign which has quenched the dreadful thirst for war that tormented the court of Prussia." This shows sympathy with Napoleon.

The *Richmond Inquirer*, too, of December 30th, 1806, contained a hint of similar import. "We are happy," said the editor of that influential journal, "to hear that General Wilkinson had been tampered with *unsuccessfully;* we must acknowledge that we have entertained involuntary suspicions of him as well as of a militia general in Tennessee, who some time past issued a thundering proclamation, rousing the resentment of the people against the Spaniards."

It was fortunately in the power of General Jackson's friend, George W. Campbell, member of the House of Representatives from Nashville, to refute these calumnies. Jackson was accustomed, for many years, to write long confidential letters to that gentleman, several of which I have had the advantage of copying. Among others, one written in the midst of the Burr excitement, containing comments upon that affair, written in the freedom of friendship. This letter Mr. Campbell laid before President Jefferson, who copied the parts of it relating to Burr; which were afterwards published. The perusal of this letter it probably was that induced Mr. Jefferson to declare so emphatically, that Tennessee was "faithful," and "particularly General Jackson." The original letter, yellow with age, torn with its various adventures and journeys, and bearing upon it the formal certificate of the facts just stated, is still preserved, and was copied from the original for insertion here.

ANDREW JACKSON TO GEORGE W. CAMPBELL.

"(Confidential.)—The late denunciation of Aaron Burr as a traitor has excited great surprise and general indignation against Burr. Still from the opinion possessed of the accuser (Wilkinson) many there are who wait for the proof before they will pronounce him guilty of the charge. One thing is generally believed, that if Burr is guilty Wilkinson has participated in the treason.

"The public mind has been much agitated from various reports of Burr having been met at the mouth of Cumberland river with one hundred boats and one thousand armed men; and it was stated as a fact, that the captain at Massac and all the men were going with him. Subsequent reports stated they had gone. An express which I had started on receipt of the Secre-

tary of War's letter of the —— has returned, and states that Burr was at Fort Massac on the 30th ult., in company with ten boats, six men on board of each, without arms or anything that can afford suspicion, and that Captain Bessel has been doing his duty as a valiant officer. I had ordered out twelve companies of volunteers on the receipt of the Secretary of War's letter to check the adventurers, which on return of express I dismissed.

"I shall send you a copy of the Secretary of War's letter to me by next mail, with the remarks I intend making on it. It is couched in such offensive terms that shows he is unfit to discharge the duties of his station, and that he is devoid of all knowledge on perilous occasions that ought to compose the general or commander. I hope I know my duty as a soldier, and the first duty of a good citizen, when danger threatens, to attend to the safety of his country. This being done, I will pay my respects to the Secretary of War, and duly note his letter, which I will enclose you by next mail, and which I hope as a brother* and a friend you will give that publicity to that I may direct.

"Will you permit me to bring to your view a subject that has been made known to me as a brother? I mean the dispute that is likely to arise between you and General Robertson respecting a piece of land. This dispute I would advise to be left between two or three brothers to decide. Should it get into court it will be expensive, and create passions that never ought to exist between brothers; and I have no doubt the dispute can be as well ended, and justice be as much attained by the verdict of three brothers as any other way. The land to General Robertson is a great thing; he has sold it, and made a general warrantee, and this, he states, I think, before he knew of your claim. He also states that General Armstrong is willing to return you your money, with interest, on your relinquishing to General Robertson your claim to this tract. And there is five thousand acres on Elk that can be had to satisfy the balance of the judgment.

"I hope, sir, you will view these observations as from the heart of a friend, who wishes you both equally well, and who does not wish to see you in law, unless when the rules laid down by which we are united can not obtain that justice that each individual is entitled to. I have never heard from either how the right has been derived, neither do I know how justice will decide; but as the thing is between two brothers, and two that I highly esteem, and who I do know highly esteem each other, I would be truly sorry to see anything arise that would create a bitterness. And if you go to law, I know it will have this effect, and have others also that would be painful to me as a friend of both to see.

* Campbell and Jackson were both Free Masons.

"The General appears much hurt at you making the purchase, after you knew (as he states) that he had purchased; from which I am fearful, unless it is settled by two brothers or three, that it will lead on statements that may do neither of you any benefit. For these reasons, I have told him, as I now tell you, the proper way will be to leave it to three brethren. Such you can find as are legal characters. This he states he is willing to do, and I hope it will meet your wishes.

"I have no doubt but from the pains that has been taken to circulate reports, it will be rumored that I am on full march to unite with Burr. This I know you never will believe until you have it from myself, or from such a source that you know can not err. Should you ever hear that I am embarked in a cause inimical to my country, believe it not. Should you hear that treasonable intentions have come to my knowledge, and that I have been" [torn], "believe them not; or that I would not put any man out of existence that would name such a thing to me, without on the ground of discovering it to the proper authorities, believe them not. And if Burr has any treasonable intentions in view, he is the basest of all human beings. I will tell you why. He always held out the idea of settling Washita, unless a war with Spain; in that event, he held out the idea that from his intimacy with the Secretary of War, he would obtain an appointment; and if he did he would revolutionize Mexico.

"About the 10th of November, Captain —— called at my house, and after a stay of a night and part of a day, introduced the subject of the adventurers; and, in part, stated these intentions were to divide the Union. I sternly asked how they would effect it. He replied, by seizing New Orleans and the bank, shutting the port, conquering Mexico, and uniting the western part of the Union to the conquered country. I, perhaps with warmth, asked him how this was to be effected. He replied, by the aid of the federal troops, and the General (Wilkinson) at their head. I asked if he had this from the General. He said he had not. I asked him if Colonel Burr was in the scheme. He answered he did not know, nor was he informed that he was; that he barely knew Colonel Burr, but never had any conversation. I asked him how he knew this, and from whom he got his information. He said from Colonel ——, in New York.

"Knowing that Colonel Burr was well acquainted with him, it rushed into my mind like lightning! Considering what he had held out to me, General Robertson and General Overton, and the hospitality I had shown him, I viewed it as base conduct to us all, and heightened the baseness of his intended crimes if he was really about to become a traitor. I sat down and wrote to Governor Smith and Dr. Dixson. I wrote to Governor Claiborne to put his citadel in a state of defense, without naming names, except Wilkason. When this was done, I wrote Colonel Burr in strong terms—my suspicions of him, and until they were clear from my mind, no

further intimacy was to exist between us. I made my suspicions known to General Robertson and some others. Not long after, I received his answer, with the most sacred pledges that he had not, nor never had, any views inimical or hostile to the United States, and whenever he was charged with the intention of separating the Union, the idea of insanity must be ascribed to him. After his acquittal in Kentucky he returned to this country, and, to all that named the subject, made the same pledges, and said he had no object in view but was sanctioned by legal authority, and still said that, when necessary, he would produce the Secretary of War's orders—that he wanted none but young men of talents to go with him; with such he wanted to make his settlement, and it would have a tendency to draw to it wealth and character. For these reasons, from the pledges made, if he is a traitor, he is the basest that ever did commit treason, and being tore to pieces, and scattered to the four winds of heaven, would be too good for him. But we will leave him for time and evidence to verify his hue. I have given you the outlines, and a few weeks will give you the proof.

"I have no doubt tired your patience, but I must trespass a little farther, and request your attention to a little private business. Some posts ago I wrote to Judge Anderson to send me on a deed for six hundred and forty acres of land, and enclose the courses. By same mail I wrote to Dr. Dixson, and enclosed him also a copy of the courses. I am fearful these letters have not went to hand, for which reason I take the liberty of sending you the courses, and request that you will obtain a deed from Judge Anderson, and send it on to me. I have sold the land, and the deed was to have been made the first of this month. Thus I wrote the Judge, and I know, if he received the letter, he has sent it on, and it has been lost on the way. My dear sir, your attention to this business will confer a lasting obligation.

"Present my compliments to Mason, Blount and any others that may inquire after me. With friendly wishes for your welfare and happiness, believe me to be, with high esteem, yours,

"January 15th, 1807. ANDREW JACKSON.

"P. S.—This letter for your own eyes."

A few words more, and we may dismiss this Burr mystery. Further reflection revived in General Jackson's breast something of his former friendship for Burr, and convinced him that no treason had been intended. A few months later, we find him at Richmond, whither he had been summoned as a witness in the trial of Burr. There he harangued the crowd in the Capitol Square, defending Burr, and angrily denouncing Jefferson as a persecutor. There are those living who

heard him do this. He made himself so conspicuous as Burr's champion at Richmond, that Mr. Madison, the Secretary of State, took deep offense at it, and remembered it to Jackson's disadvantage five years later, when he was President of the United States, with a war on his hands. For the same reason, I presume, it was that Jackson was not called upon to give testimony upon the trial.

Burr, it seems, was equally satisfied with Jackson. Blennerhasset, in that part of his diary which records his prison interviews with Burr, says: "We passed to the topics of our late adventures on the Mississippi, in which Burr said little, but declared he did not know of any reason to blame General Jackson, of Tennessee, for anything he had done or omitted. But he declares he will not lose a day after the favorable issue at the Capitol (his acquittal), of which he has no doubt, to direct his entire attention to setting up his projects (which have only been suspended) on a better model, 'in which work', he says, 'he has even here made some progress.'"

Jackson's feelings during his detention at Richmond were partly expressed in one of his letters to his friend Anderson, dated June 16th, of which the following is a copy:—

"I am still detained here; and at what time I will be able to leave it is uncertain. General Wilkinson, after detaining the court for twenty days, has at length arrived, and the bills against Burr are sent up to the Grand Jury. Whether the testimony will be sufficient to convince the minds of the Grand Jury that guilt exists, either as to treason or misdemeanor, is problematical. I am more convinced than ever that treason never was intended by Burr; but if ever it was, you know my wishes—that he may be hung. I am still more convinced that whatever may have been the project of Burr, James Wilkinson has went hand in hand with him; but, *Eaton*-like*, when he found that such was the integrity and virtue of the western citizens, that a sufficient force could not be obtained, he became the patriot to save himself from the frowns and indignation of an insulted people; and to bring about that event by a lawless tyranny, which he found could not be carried into effect by force. There are a variety of opinions on the subject, which a few days will furnish sufficient light for the impartial mind to act on. All I wish is, that if guilt ever did exist, that all

* Eaton was a leading witness against Burr.

concerned may be punished; if they are innocent, that they may be acquitted. But I have no opinion that it is just to sacrifice one as a peace-offering to policy, and permit others of equal guilt to pass with impunity. I am sorry to say that this thing has, in part, assumed the shape of a political persecution, and for which I refer you to the papers of this place. I am told you receive them. A subpœna has been sent on for the President, with a *duces tecum*. What may be the return I know not; but it appears that Mr. Hay,* by a change, is placed in the opposite situation that he acted in when Calandar was tried; and his own doctrine is used against him. As soon as the Grand Jury have acted on this thing, I will advise you thereof.

"At the race, I hope you will see Mrs. Jackson; tell her not to be uneasy. I will be home as soon as my obedience to the precept of my country will permit. I have only to add, as to the race, that the mare of Williams is thought here to be a first-rate animal of her size; but, if she can be put up, she will fail in one heat. It will be then proper to put her up to all she knows at once.—Adieu."

This letter was only a very partial revelation of Jackson's feelings. In truth, he went all lengths in defense of Burr; nor was it possible for him to support any man in any other way. Toward Wilkinson, whom he regarded as the betrayer of Burr, his anger burned with such fury that if the two men had met in a place convenient, the meeting could hardly have had any other result than a—"difficulty." An incident which actually did occur at Richmond, during the trial, suggested this remark. Samuel Swartwout, Burr's confidential secretary, aid-de-camp, embassador, and factotum, was walking, one day, in a street of Richmond, of which the pavement was too narrow to admit of the convenient passing of two persons. What should he encounter there but the portly person of General James Wilkinson! Swartwout not only refused to give way to the General, but, on finding himself in close proximity to him, fell into a paroxysm of disgust and rage, and *shouldered* the great Wilkinson into the middle of the street. Jackson was wild with delight when he heard of it. There was no man, out of his own circle of Tennessee friends, that General Jackson was more affectionately devoted

* Mr. Hay was the prosecuting attorney.

to than he was to Samuel Swartwout; and this peculiar fondness, sustained as it was by Mr. Swartwout's winning cast of character, dated from that *push*. A lucky push it proved for Swartwout twenty years after.

General Jackson returned home immediately after the indictment of Burr and Blennerhasset for treason. The editor of the *Impartial Review* thanks him for communicating the news of the indictment, as he passed through Nashville, July 14th, on his way home from Richmond.

From that time forward, Jackson was known as a malcontent with the administration. In the presidential election of 1808, he openly avowed a preference for Monroe over Madison, who was the candidate of the Republican party and of Jefferson. Monroe had shared with Chancellor Livingston the credit of the negotiations which ended in the purchase of Louisiana; and, on being transferred to London, had won general applause by the spirited manner in which he protested against the Orders in Council. Returning to the United States in 1808 he was a formidable rival to Madison for the suffrages of the Republicans. In the conclaves of the party his "claims" were admitted; but postponed, with the "understanding" (useful word! meaning nothing—meaning all) that eight years later he should be the candidate of the party. They had formerly an amicable and pleasant way of arranging these little differences. Until recently, the presidency was always *bespoke* twenty-four years ahead—as shall, by and by, be shown. Whether General Jackson carried his opposition to Madison so far as not to vote for him when he became the Republican candidate is not known. It is certain, however, that his preference for Monroe over Madison was known to both those gentlemen, and influenced the conduct of both.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ADOPTION OF A SON AND HEIR.

The Hermitage was more a hermitage than ever after these events. The enemies of the Hermit had gained a certain triumph over him. I observe in the list of those who assisted in the burning of Burr's effigy at Nashville, the name of Thomas Swann; which favors the conjecture that the zeal against Burr was, in some degree, a manifestation of enmity to the man who had been so conspicuously his friend. Ill-affected toward his former political associates, an object of distrust or aversion, or both, to the administration, his home enemies cowed, perhaps, by the late duel, but in no degree conciliated, General Jackson now withdrew from commercial business, and devoted himself exclusively to the affairs of his fine plantation; happy in a vocation of which he was master, and which kept him always where alone he was ever contented—at home.

He had a very happy home. Mrs. Jackson, besides being an excellent manager and mistress, was also a kind and jovial soul. She had a wonderful memory, which contained a great store of anecdotes and tales. She could remember the Cumberland settlements from their infancy; had shared the perils of her father's famous river voyage; had lived through that eventful period when the day was exceptional in which there was no alarm, and the week fortunate when no one was slain by Indians; had heard her father, and his friend, Daniel Boone, and the other heroes of the wilderness, recount their adventures and escapes. All these things it was her delight to tell to the younger guests of the Hermitage, whose delight it was to hear her. Nor was she so entirely illiterate as has been alleged. I have nine of her letters in my collection, one of which is eight foolscap pages long. The spelling of these epistles is bad, of course, and the grammar not faultless; but their existence is at least sufficient to refute a common

opinion in Tennessee, that Mrs. Jackson could not write. Unlearned, however, she was, in the lore of the schools, though not so in that of the woods, the dairy, the kitchen and the cabin. The negro women at the Hermitage, who remember her ways and tastes, say that there was nothing on the estate that she was so proud of as the remarkably fine spring that gushed behind the old block house, and which was inclosed, when the General could afford the expense, to form her dairy.

It is pleasant, too, to know that she was fond of, and excelled in, the hearty diversions of the frontier; particularly in the vigorous, old-fashioned dances. She was a short and stout woman. The General was tall and slender. The spectacle is said to have been extremely curious when they danced a reel together, which they often did; a reel of the olden time that would shake to pieces the frequenters of modern ball-rooms. The time came when she imbibed opinions (now giving way everywhere before more enlightened ones) which place a ban upon diversions which are both innocent and preservative of innocence. But in these earlier years, she was a gay, merry, natural human being; happy herself, and a source of happiness to all around her.

Her husband loved her with that entireness which belongs to the love of men, and to them only, whose lives are pure, from puberty to gray hairs. There was a certain stateliness, or reserve, too, in their intercourse—a something as different as possible from that slangy familiarity of recent times, which is employed to cover up incompetence and awkwardness, and which is death to the pleasure, no less than to the dignity, of social converse. Self-respect, and respect for one another, elevated and preserved their mutual love. It is true, nevertheless, that after dinner they sat by the fire, *both* smoking a long reed pipe, of the kind still universally used in the southern States.

Children only were wanting to complete their home. But children were denied them; a sore grief to both, for both loved children, and desired ever to have them in their house.

The circle of Mrs. Jackson's relatives was so extensive that some of her young nephews and nieces were almost always at the Hermitage ; and all her relatives were *his*. He counted it among the chief circumstances of his happiness that, separated as he was from his own kindred by distance, he found in hers all that his heart and home required.

About the year 1809 it chanced that twins were born to one of Mrs. Jackson's brothers, Savern Donelson. The mother, not in perfect health, was scarcely able to sustain both these new comers. Mrs. Jackson, partly to relieve her sister, and partly with the wish to provide a son and heir for her husband, took one of the infants, when it was but a few days old, home to the Hermitage. The General soon became extremely fond of the boy, gave him his own name, adopted him, and treated him thenceforth to the last hour of his life, not as a son merely, but as an only son. This boy is the present Andrew Jackson, Esq., of Louisiana, inheritor of the General's estate and name, master of the Hermitage until it recently became the property of the State of Tennessee.

And here we see the immense difference between a biography and a life. The arrival at General Jackson's house of this plump and ruddy infant was an event concerning which it is impossible to say much in a work of this kind. But, to Andrew Jackson, how much more important the day than any 8th of January or 4th of March ! This boy, next to his wife, was the delight of his life, the hope of his old age. This boy was to perpetuate his name and preserve his estate after his death. He was the solace of ten thousand hours when victories and honors seemed but the trivial incidents of the past. For this boy's little rosy face, peeping from window or piazza, it was that he looked on coming in sight of his home after a long absence. And this inconceivably great addition to his happiness and well-being, this permanently influencing fact we must pass over with little more than mention. So true is it that only the masters of fiction can portray human life with an approach to correctness.

A few years later another little nephew of Mrs. Jackson's,

the well-known Andrew Jackson Donelson, became an inmate of the Hermitage, and was educated by General Jackson. The visitor then could often see the General seated in his rocking chair, with a chubby boy wedged in on each side of him, and a third, perhaps, in his lap, while he was trying to read the newspaper. This man, so irascible sometimes, and sometimes so savage, was never so much as *impatient* with children, wife or servants. This was very remarkable. It used to astonish people who came for the first time to the Hermitage to find that its master, of whose fierce ways and words they had heard so much, was, indeed, the gentlest and tenderest of men. They discovered, in fact, that there were two Jacksons : Jackson militant and Jackson triumphant ; Jackson crossed and Jackson having his own way ; Jackson, his mastership unquestioned, and Jackson with a rival near the throne.

It was astonishing, too, to notice how instantaneously he could change from one Jackson to the other. He was riding along one day with his wife, when some careless wagoners drove their lumbering vehicle against his carriage, giving the lady a somewhat violent jerk. Instantly Jackson broke forth with a volley of execrations so fierce and terrific that the wagoners, who were themselves the roughest of the rough, shrunk involuntarily under their wagon, amazed and speechless. They drove away without attempting to reply, feeling themselves hopelessly outdone in their own speciality.

On this occasion, as on many similar ones, he was not a tenth part as angry as he seemed. He was never so angry as to give his enemy an advantage. Another wagon story occurs to me at this moment, which shows how prudent he could be until it was safe to give way to his feelings. The wagoners, it may be premised, were in those times what boatmen have since been in the western country, a numerous, important, peculiar and reckless class of men, with something of the gipsy, much of the Indian, and a little of the highwayman, in their composition. For many years, the great West depended for its supplies of manufactured goods chiefly upon

wagon and pack-horse trains, conducted by these wild fellows from the Atlantic ports across the mountains. One of their expedients for beguiling the tedium of their long journeys was to stop solitary travelers and compel him to do something for their amusement. As General Jackson was riding along the lonely wilderness road between Nashville and Knoxville one day, he was hailed by two burly wagoners, who ordered him to get out of his carriage and dance for them. Feigning simplicity, he said he could not dance without slippers, and his slippers were in a trunk strapped behind his carriage. They told him to get his slippers. He opened his trunk, took out a pair of pistols, and advancing before them with one in each hand, said, with that awful glare in his eye before which few men could stand :—

"Now, you infernal villains, you shall dance for me. *Dance*, . . . DANCE !"

He made them dance in the most lively manner, and finished the interview by giving them a moral lecture, couched in language that wagoners understood, and delivered with energy.

That curious tobacco box story, still often told in Tennessee, and probably founded in truth, if not wholly true, illustrates the same trait. The incident occurred at Clover Bottom, on the great day of the races, when the ground was crowded with men and horses. It was customary for the landlord of the tavern there to prepare a table in the open air, two hundred feet long, for the accommodation of the multitude attending. On the day alluded to, several races having been run, there was a pause for dinner, which pause was duly improved. The long table was full of eager diners ; General Jackson presiding at one end ; a large number of men standing along the sides of the table waiting for a chance to sit down ; and all the negroes of the neighborhood employed as waiters who could look at a plate without its breaking itself. A roaring tornado of horse-talk half drowned the mighty clatter of knives and forks. After the dinner had proceeded awhile, it was observed by General Jackson and those who sat

near him, that something was the matter near the other end of the table—a fight, probably. There was a rushing together of men, and evident excitement. Now, "difficulties" of this kind were so common at that day, whenever large numbers of men were gathered together, that the disturbance was little more than mentioned, if alluded to at all, at Jackson's end of the table, where sat the magnates of the race. At length, some one, in passing by, was heard to say, in evident allusion to the difficulty:

"They'll finish Patten Anderson this time, I *do* expect."

The whole truth flashed upon Jackson, and he sprang up like a man galvanized. How to get to the instant rescue of his friend! To force a path through the crowd along the sides of the table would have taken time. A moment later and the tall General might have been seen striding toward the scene of danger *on the top of the table*, wading through the dishes, and causing hungry men to pause astounded, with morsels suspended in air. As he neared the crowd, putting his hand behind him into his coat pocket—an ominous movement in those days, and susceptible of but one interpretation—he opened his tobacco box, and shut it with a click so loud that it was heard by some of the bystanders.

"I'm coming, Patten!" roared the General.

"Don't fire," cried some of the spectators.

The cry of *don't fire* caught the ears of the hostile crowd, who looked up, and saw a mad Colossus striding toward them, with his right hand behind him, and *slaughter* depicted in every lineament of his countenance. They scattered instantaneously, leaving Anderson alone and unharmed!

Poor Anderson escaped that day, but his time was at hand. No Tennesseean, who can remember as far back as 1810, can have forgotten the killing of Patten Anderson, and the exciting trial of the murderers. I introduce it here for the sake of recording a single remark that General Jackson made in giving his testimony on that occasion; a remark that has clung to the memory of my informant, a lawyer who

attended the trial, though he has forgotten almost every thing else that was said and done.

The two brothers Anderson had two enemies, a father and son, named Magness. The feud originated in a transaction in land; the Magnesses, it is said, having sold to the Andersons a forged warrant for a valuable tract. Be that as it may, these four men were inflamed with hatred, two against two. The altercations between them were frequent and bitter; until it seemed as if nothing but blood could appease the wrath that burned in all their hearts. They were all to meet at court on a certain day, when, it was hoped, their case would be finally adjudicated, and the matter disposed of for ever. A foreboding of evil oppressed the mind of Patten Anderson as he rode to the court, and he said to his companion, "If I get safe through to-day, I'll leave the country and go to Illinois, where I can live in peace with my neighbors."

Near the court house, while the people were waiting for the arrival of the judge, old Magness began to talk to Patten Anderson on the old grievance. Both became excited. Magness said something extremely irritating. Anderson, overcome with passion, raised his hand (with a dirk in it, say some) to strike. At that moment, young Magness, who was sitting near, watching (Jackson thought) for that very moment to arrive, drew a pistol from his breast and shot Anderson dead. He gave himself up to the authorities, averring that what he had done was done to save his father from a deadly stroke.

General Jackson, and the other friends of the Andersons, thought they saw, in this affair, a calculated, contrived assassination. The trial, which took place at Franklin, in Williamson county, near the center of the State, lasted two weeks, and was attended by a great concourse of people. Franklin, then a frontier village, boasted two small taverns, one of which was occupied by General Jackson and the Anderson party, the other by the adherents of the Magnesses. The best lawyers in the State were engaged. Felix Grundy

was one who defended the prisoner. Thomas H. Benton, a young lawyer then, was engaged on the side of the prosecution. The feelings of all parties were roused to the highest pitch of excitement, and the affair seemed to resolve itself, at last, into a contest between the partisans and the opponents of General Jackson. One of my informants remembers seeing General Jackson, after dinner one day, haranguing the multitude from the piazza of the tavern with fearful vehemence, the orator being evidently a little the worse for drink. One of the Magness party, going by at the time, thought proper to indicate his opinion of something that General Jackson said, by shrugging his shoulders and saying, "Pshaw!" Jackson paused in his speech, and looked around for the utterer of the contemptuous interjection, saying,

"Who *dares* to say *pshaw* at me? By——! I'll knock any man's head off who says pshaw at me!"

The offender walked on, and General Jackson finished his after-dinner speech.

But this was not the remark for the sole sake of which the Magness story was revived in these pages. In giving his evidence, General Jackson was asked by counsel what was the character of Patten Anderson for peaceableness. This was thought to be a home thrust at the witness, since every one present knew that the unfortunate Patten was a man of high temper, which had betrayed him, not unfrequently, into—"difficulties," and General Jackson could not deny it. He saw the game, however, in an instant, and, in an instant, was ready with his superb reply:—

"Sir," said Jackson, with his most Jacksonian look, "my friend, Patten Anderson, was the NATURAL ENEMY OF SCOUNDRELS!"

Every one drew the desired inference that the natural enemy of scoundrels must naturally have had a good many difficulties *with* scoundrels.

What followed this remark is not remembered. The prisoner was convicted of manslaughter only, and was sentenced to be branded in the hand. The verdict, I have been

assured, was milder than it would have been, but for the extraordinary zeal displayed by the friends of the deceased to secure a capital conviction. This seemed to rouse a spirit of opposition in the minds of the jury, which is thought to have saved the prisoner's life.

Mr. Benton's allusion to this trial, with some other recollections of his, as given in the Thirty Years' View, may be properly added here :—*

"The first time that I saw General Jackson was at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1799—he on the bench, a judge of the then Superior Court, and I a youth of seventeen, back in the crowd. He was then a remarkable man, and had his ascendant over all who approached him, not the effect of his high judicial station, nor of the senatorial rank which he had held and resigned; nor of military exploits, for he had not then been to war; but the effect of personal qualities, cordial and graceful manners, hospitable temper, elevation of mind, undaunted spirit, generosity, and perfect integrity. In charging the jury in the impending case, he committed a slight solecism in language which grated on my ear, and lodged on my memory, without derogating in the least from the respect which he inspired; and without awakening the least suspicion that I was ever to be engaged in smoothing his diction. The first time I spoke to him was some years after, at a (then) frontier town in Tennessee, when he was returning from a southern visit, which brought him through the towns and camps of some of the Indian tribes. In pulling off his overcoat, I perceived on the white lining of the turning-down sleeve, a dark speck, which had life and motion. I brushed it off, and put the heel of my shoe upon it—little thinking that I was ever to brush away from him game of a very different kind. He smiled; and we began a conversation in which he very quickly revealed a leading trait of his character—that of encouraging young men in their laudable pursuits. Getting my name and parentage, and learning my intended profession, he manifested a regard for me, said he had received hospitality at my father's house in North Carolina; gave me kind invitations to visit him, and expressed a belief that I would do well at the bar—generous words, which had the effect of promoting what they undertook to foretell. Soon after, he had further opportunity to show his generous feelings. I was employed in a criminal case of great magnitude, where the oldest and ablest counsel appeared—Haywood, Grundy, Whiteside—and the trial of which General Jackson attended through concern for the fate of a friend. As junior counsel I had to precede my elders, and did

* Benton's Thirty Years' View, i., 736.

my best; and it being on the side of his feelings, he found my effort to be better than it was. He complimented me greatly, and from that time our intimacy began.

"I soon after became his aid, he being a Major General in the Tennessee militia—made so by a majority of one vote. How much often depends upon one vote!—New Orleans, the Creek campaign, and all their consequences, date from that one vote!—and after that, I was habitually at his house; and, as an inmate, had opportunities to know his domestic life, and at the period when it was least understood and most misrepresented. He had resigned his place on the bench of the Superior Court, as he had previously resigned his place in the Senate of the United States, and lived on a superb estate of some thousand acres, twelve miles from Nashville, then hardly known by its subsequent famous name of the Hermitage—name chosen for its perfect accord with his feelings; for he had then actually withdrawn from the stage of public life, and from a state of feeling well known to belong to great talent when finding no theater for its congenial employment. He was a careful farmer, overlooking every thing himself, seeing that the fields and fences were in good order, the stock well attended, and the slaves comfortably provided for. His house was the seat of hospitality, the resort of friends and acquaintances, and of all strangers visiting the State—and the more agreeable to all from the perfect conformity of Mrs. Jackson's character to his own. But he needed some excitement beyond that which a farming life can afford, and found it, for some years, in the animating sports of the turf. He loved fine horses—racers of speed and bottom—owned several, and contested the four mile heats with the best that could be bred, or brought to the State, and for large sums. That is the nearest to gaming that I ever knew him to come. Cards and the cock-pit have been imputed to him, but most erroneously.* I never saw him engaged in either. Duels were usual in that time, and he had his share of them, with their unpleasant concomitants; but they passed away with all their animosities, and he has often been seen zealously pressing the advancement of those against whom he had but lately been arrayed in deadly hostility.

"His temper was placable as well as irascible, and his reconciliations were cordial and sincere. Of that my own case was a signal instance. After a deadly feud, I became his confidential adviser; was offered the highest marks of his favor, and received from his dying bed a message of friendship, dictated when life was departing, and he would have to pause for breath. There was a deep-seated vein of piety in him, unaffectedly showing itself in his reverence for divine worship, respect for the ministers of

* Mr. Benton is in error here, as he often is in unimportant details. Benton never lived at Nashville.

the gospel, their hospitable reception in his house, and constant encouragement of all the pious tendencies of Mrs. Jackson.* And when they both afterwards became members of a church, it was the natural and regular result of their early and cherished feelings. He was gentle in his house, and alive to the tenderest emotions; and of this I can give you an instance, greatly in contrast with his supposed character, and worth more than a long discourse in showing what that character really was. I arrived at his house one wet, chilly evening in February, and came upon him in the twilight, sitting alone before the fire, a lamb and a child between his knees. He started a little, called a servant to remove the two innocents to another room, and explained to me how it was. The child had cried because the lamb was out in the cold, and begged him to bring it in, which he had done to please the child, his adopted son, then not two years old. The ferocious man does not do that! and though Jackson had his passions and his violence, they were for men and enemies—those who stood up against him—and not for women and children, or the weak and helpless: for all whom his feelings were those of protection and support.

"His hospitality was active as well as cordial, embracing the worthy in every walk of life, and seeking out deserving objects to receive it, no matter how obscure. Of this I learned a characteristic incident, in relation to the son of the famous Daniel Boone. The young man had come to Nashville on his father's business, to be detained some weeks, and had his lodgings at a small tavern towards the lower part of the town. General Jackson heard of it; sought him out; found him; took him home to remain as long as his business detained him in the country, saying, 'Your father's dog should not stay in a tavern where I have a house.' This was heart! and I had it from the young man himself long after, when he was a State senator of the General Assembly of Missouri, and, as such, nominated me for the United States Senate at my first election in 1820; an act of hereditary friendship, as our fathers had been early friends.

"Abhorrence of debt, public and private, dislike of banks, and love of hard money, love of justice and love of country, were ruling passions with Jackson; and of these he gave constant evidence in all the situations of his life. Of private debts, he contracted none of his own, and made any sacrifices to get out of those incurred for others. Of this he gave a signal instance, not long before the war of 1812, selling the improved part of his estate, with the best buildings of the country upon it, to pay a debt. . . . He was attached to his friends and to his country, and never believed any report to the discredit of either, until compelled by proof. He would not believe in the first reports of the surrender of General Hull, and became sad and oppressed when forced to believe it. He never gave up a friend in a doubtful case, or

* All this belongs to a later period.

from policy or calculation. He was a firm believer in the goodness of a superintending Providence, and in the eventual right judgment and justice of the people. I have seen him at the most desperate part of his fortunes, and never saw him waver in the belief that all would come right in the end. In the time of Cromwell, he would have been a Puritan.

"The character of his mind was that of judgment, with a rapid and almost intuitive perception, followed by an instant and decisive action. It was that which made him a General and a President for the time in which he served. He had vigorous thoughts, but not the faculty of arranging them in a regular composition, either written or spoken; and in formal papers he usually gave his draft to an aid, a friend, or a secretary, to be written over—often to the loss of vigor. But the thoughts were his own, vigorously expressed; and without effort, writing with a rapid pen, and never blotting or altering; but, as Carlyle says of Cromwell, hitting the nail upon the head as he went. I have a great deal of his writing now, some on public affairs, and covering sheets of paper, and no erasures or interlineations anywhere. His conversation was like his writing—a vigorous flowing current, apparently without the trouble of thinking, and always impressive. His conclusions were rapid and immovable, when he was under strong convictions, though often yielding on minor points to his friends. And no man yielded quicker when he was convinced; perfectly illustrating the difference between firmness and obstinacy. . . . .

"He had a load to carry all his life, resulting from a temper which refused compromises and bargainings, and went for a clean victory or a clean defeat in every case. Hence, every step he took was a contest, and, it may be added, every contest was a victory. . . . . .

"There was an innate, unvarying, self-acting delicacy in his intercourse with the female sex, including all womankind; and on that point, my personal observation (and my opportunities for observation were both large and various) enables me to join in the declaration of the belief expressed by his earliest friend and most intimate associate, the late Judge Overton, of Tennessee. The Roman general won an immortality by one act of continence. What praise is due to Jackson, whose whole life was continent? I repeat, if he had been born in the time of Cromwell, he would have been a Puritan. Nothing could exceed his kindness and affection to Mrs. Jackson, always increasing in proportion as his elevation and culminating fortunes drew cruel attacks upon her. I knew her well, and that a more exemplary woman in all the relations of life, wife, friend, neighbor, relation mistress of slaves, never lived, and never presented a more quiet, cheerful, and admirable management of her household. She had not education, but she had a heart, and a good one; and that was always leading her to do kind things in the kindest manner. She had the General's own warm heart, frank manners and hospitable temper; and no two persons could have been

better suited to each other, lived more happily together, or made a house more attractive to visitors. She had the faculty—a rare one—of retaining names and titles in a throng of visitors, addressing each one appropriately, and dispensing hospitality to all with a cordiality which enhanced its value. No bashful youth or plain old man, whose modesty sat them down at the lower end of the table, could escape her cordial attention, any more than the titled gentlemen at her right and left. Young persons were her delight, and she always had her house filled with them—clever young women and clever young men—all calling her affectionately 'Aunt Rachel.' I was young then, and was one of that number. I owe it to early recollections and to cherished convictions—in this last notice of the Hermitage—to bear this faithful testimony to the memory of its long mistress, the loved and honored wife of a great man. Her greatest eulogy is in the affection which he bore her living, and in the sorrow with which he mourned her dead."

CHAPTER XXXII.

GENERAL JACKSON'S WAR WITH SILAS DINSMORE.

Silas Dinsmore was agent to the Choctaw Indians. The Indian Agents were persons of importance in the early day. Appointed by the general government, they represented in the Indian country the power and authority of the United States. They paid over to the chiefs the annuity of the tribe, and held them to the performance of the duties of which that annuity was the recompense. It was the agent who strove to protect the Indians from the encroachments of the settlers, and the settlers from the thieving visits of the Indians; who compelled the chiefs to deliver up offending Indians, and *complained* of white men who had done the Indians wrong. It was theirs, in short, to see that the inevitable process by which the Indian country was to change owners went on with as little as possible of violence, anguish, and terror.

Clothed with an authority derived from the government of the United States, whose flag floated from the staff before their houses, the medium of the government's benefactions,

and themselves liberally salaried,* these agents sometimes acquired over the Indians an almost regal influence ; which they sometimes used for the noblest purposes. Many of the agents appointed by the early Presidents were not politicians, but men of sense and feeling, who taught the Indians some of the arts of civilization, while their wives showed the squaws how to sew, spin, knit, weave, and make bread. The civilization of the Cherokees began with the labors of the men whom President Washington sent to live among them in the character of agents ; good men, who united in themselves the best qualities of the magistrate and the missionary.

To their other duties was afterwards added that of preventing runaway negroes from taking refuge in the Indian country. The settlements were then few and far between. Between Nashville and the Mississippi river, between Nashville and the Gulf of Mexico, the wilderness was almost unbroken. That fine region swarmed with Indians ; for, as before remarked, the country best for the white man is best for the Indian also.

It was in the discharge of that part of his duty which related to the protection of the interests of slave-owners that Silas Dinsmore gave mortal offense to some of the good people of Nashville, and to General Jackson. At first, it seems, Dinsmore was complained of for not being rigid *enough* in the enforcement of the laws. Accordingly, in the month of April, 1811, he caused a board to be erected on the road in front of his agency buildings, bearing the following inscription :—

"TAKE NOTICE, TRAVELERS.

"Whereas complaints are made that runaway negroes effect their escape through the Indian countries, under the protection of pretended masters, I hereby give notice that I shall arrest and detain every negro found traveling in the Choctaw country whose master has not a passport as the law requires, and also evidence of property in such negro.

"SILAS DINSMORE."

* Dinsmore's salary was eighteen hundred dollars; equal to three thousand now.

He carried out this notice to the letter, stopping every negro whose master had not with him the requisite papers. *This* it was which gave such extreme offence. Complaints were accordingly forwarded to the Secretary-of-War, who wrote, October 15th, 1811, to Mr. Dinsmore, telling him that he was carrying his authority a little too far. "Complaints," said the Secretary (W. Eustis), "having been repeatedly made to this Department, from respectable sources, of the practice of arresting the servants of gentlemen traveling through the Choctaw country without passports, in future you will suffer the servants of persons of known respectability of character, and where no design of fraud is apprehended, to pass unmolested when accompanying their masters, and you will deliver over to their masters those servants who have been detained for want of the requisite passports, except in cases where a fraudulent intention is evident."

This order, besides rebuking the zealous agent, threw upon *him* the responsibility of deciding, from the appearance of a traveler, whether he was or was not the lawful owner of the negroes accompanying him. Mr. Silas Dinsmore gently remonstrated. "The crowd of Indians," he wrote, November 13th, "assembled to receive their annuity, prevented me from answering your letter of October 15th by the return mail. Complaints have been made to me, as well as to your department, against my conduct in arresting gentlemen's servants. On reference to my record I find that, since the 24th of April last, two hundred and twelve people of color have passed this place, only twenty-five of whom were without passports and arrested. *The masters of these latter censure, and those of the former approve my conduct.* I have also received the thanks of every man of property in the Mississippi Territory with whom I have conversed for the security my vigilance has given to their property by intercepting fugitive slaves, and rendering their escape, through the wilderness, almost an impossibility. And while the law requires every person coming into this country to be provided with a passport, a complaint from a person violating this law, and

to the executive part of the government, too, which is bound to enforce the law, would seem to come with a very ill grace. . . . Should you still determine that the law and former instructions shall in any manner be suspended, I beg that your orders may be general, and not impose on me the unpleasant task of discriminating between the exterior appearance and the reality of a gentleman. At the moment your letter arrived, a negro was brought (arrested by my order) eighty-three miles distant. He was in the possession of Jessie McGarey, son of Colonel Hugh McGarey, of Kentucky, a young man of decent deportment. He, however, made his escape, and the negro proved to be the property of Mr. Barnes, a planter of the Mississippi Territory."

A few weeks later, December 6th, he wrote to the Secretary again, and more urgently, on the subject. "By the last mail," he wrote, "I received letters stating, with urgent importunity, that four negroes had absconded, and probably put themselves under the protection of fictitious masters, and soliciting the utmost of my vigilance to intercept them. How can I do it consistent with your last letter? The evil is great and growing, and would seem to demand the aid of government to check it by lawful means."

Before the month closed he wrote a third time, enclosing a resolution, passed by the Legislature of the Mississippi Territory,* approving the act of Congress under which he had

* Resolution of the Legislative Council of Mississippi, December 18th, 1811:—

"*Resolved*, By the Legislative Council and House of Representatives of the Mississippi Territory in General Assembly convened, that the operation of the third section of an act of Congress regulating trade and intercourse with the Indian tribes, and to preserve peace on the frontiers, has been productive of many beneficial consequences to the citizens of this Territory, preserving to the proper owners a great deal of valuable property which would otherwise have been irrevocably lost.

"COWLES MEAD, Speaker of the House of Representatives.

"ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY, President of the Legislative Council.

"Approved, December 18th, 1811.

"HENRY DAINGERFIELD, Secretary of the Mississippi Territory, executing the powers and performing the duties of the Governor of said Territory in his absence."

acted, which required that *all persons going through the Indian country should be provided with a passport.* "A full conviction," added Mr. Dinsmore, "of the necessity of executing the law of the United States, has induced me to continue to exact passports of all negroes until I shall receive positive orders to the contrary. The comparative few who have been stopped, and who complain, bear so small a proportion to the number who approve the law, that I should feel myself delinquent in neglecting to execute it as heretofore, and the resolution of the Legislature was intended to show or express the general impression of approbation on my conduct. I hope you will view the subject as I do, and at least pardon, if not approve, my zeal, as I verily believe nothing less will secure the property of this country."

The replies of the Secretary of War to these letters still threw the responsibility upon the poor agent. "The intention," wrote Mr. Eustis, "of the letter from this Department of the 15th of October last, was to invest in you *a discretion* to act in cases where, from your knowledge of the persons, no evil could result from a relaxation of your instructions, and a real grievance would ensue from a strict execution of them. Such a discretion was all that was contemplated, and all that is intended you should exercise."

And, again, a few weeks later:—"The laws regulating trade and intercourse with Indians provide against all trespasses and encroachments on the Indian territory, but are not construed to authorize the stopping of any person traveling through the country in a peaceable manner on the public road or highway; you will, therefore, refrain from the exercise of any such authority hereafter."*

The affair might have rested here, if General Jackson had not taken it up. It chanced that he had occasion, about this time, to pass by the agency-house of Mr. Dinsmore with a considerable number of negroes, the property of a firm of which he was an inactive partner. Upon the dissolution of

* All from Niles' Register, vol. xxxiv.

this firm (Jackson, Coleman and Green), the junior partner (a relative of Mrs. Jackson's, for whose benefit the General had embarked some capital and more credit in the business) was deputed to take a number of negroes to the lower country for sale. From the proceeds of this sale, the capital advanced by General Jackson was to be returned to him. Some time after the departure of the young man with the negroes, word was brought to Nashville that he was mismanaging and abusing his trust; that he had sold some of the negroes to little advantage, and was squandering the money at the gaming table. Jackson mounted his horse, rode to Natchez, and marched back the negroes toward Nashville. On approaching the Choctaw agency, he armed two of his negroes and procured a rifle for himself, being resolved to settle this passport question in a practical manner. Having reached the agency without opposition, he ordered his negroes to go to the banks of a creek near by and take their breakfast, while he went in quest of the agent. Dinsmore was absent from home. General Jackson, therefore, could only leave a message for him at the agency, to the effect that he, Andrew Jackson, had been *there*—should have been glad to see Mr. Dinsmore—could not wait, however—was going on homeward, *with his negroes;* intimating that the Choctaw agent might make what he could of it. Jackson completed his journey without molestation, and made no secret, on his arrival at Nashville, of the manner in which he had defied the power of the too zealous Dinsmore.*

* I notice, since this chapter was prepared, that a different account of General Jackson's proceedings at the agency is in print. I append, therefore, one of the authorities for the above statement. The following is part of a letter written by Mr. R. Weakly, of Nashville, June 14th, 1828:—"I heard General Jackson say, ... that on the morning he was to pass the agency he armed two of his most resolute negro men, and put them in front of his negroes, and gave them orders to FIGHT THEIR WAY, if necessary. He further observed, that a friend had put into his hands the night before, or on that morning, a GOOD RIFLE; that when he came opposite the agency, he directed his negroes to go to a branch, and eat their breakfast; that he rode up to the agency, where he saw several Indian countrymen; inquired of them for Mr. Dinsmore who informed

Jackson now bestirred himself to procure the removal of the agent from his office; and the agent, hearing of it, continued to send to Washington proof upon proof of the necessity of insisting upon passports in every instance. In one of his dispatches to the Secretary of War, he enclosed a letter from a friend in Nashville, "which exhibits," wrote Dinsmore, "a specimen of the zeal, if not the discretion of General Jackson and others." Mr. C. Stump, a linseed trader in the Choctaw country, was the friend who wrote the letter referred to, of which the following is the material part:—

"I conceive it my duty, from the friendship I owe you, to inform you of what is going on here to injure your standing as an agent and as a man of honor. It is currently stated here, by some particular persons, that you are, in the first place, acting in violation of the laws of your country; second, that in stopping of negroes, you have acted impartially; you have taken bonds of some, and let others pass unmolested. Also, they charge you with *intoxication*, insomuch that it renders you incapable of doing your duty, with general other charges not recollected by me. The Jacksons are collecting all the certificates in their power; and I have been informed that your friend T. B.'s certificate will also be had. I have been informed that they have taken John Jones' certificate, John Donally's, Thomas Claybourne's, Joseph Erwin's and many others not now recollected. All which certificates they are taking, as I have been informed, for the purpose of sending to the Secretary of War, for the purpose to have you removed from office.

"I heard our great General A. J. swear in a public company, that if you didn't desist in stopping of people's negroes, he would be damned if he did not burn you and your agency too. This I heard this hero repeat frequently; and requested me as being your friend, to inform you what he said. However, I did not wish to be writing on such a subject, for fear of being dragged into the contest; however, my feelings are such as compelled me to give you the information. I hope you will not make use of my name, unless necessity requires it; you know what a violent man A. J. is, of course. I hope you will waive any information I give you, and in

him Mr. Dinsmore was not there, or from home. He told them to tell Mr. Dinsmore he should have been glad to have seen him, but he could not wait; that he was going on home with his negroes. A fellow named John Amp, whom I raised, was one of the negroes armed and put in front, as the General then stated."

being the author, unless it should be requested in positive terms; your author then I stand at command. James Jackson is the person who is collecting said certificates, and swearing to have you removed if in the power of him. Impression has been made on the minds of the citizens of Nashville very unfavorable respecting of you, which I have contradicted in every instance, which has, in several instances, terminated in a severe quarrel."

Mr. Dinsmore, at length, put a climax to his previous enormities, by stopping a lady who was traveling through the Choctaw country with a train of ten negroes, for none of whom had she passports or proof of ownership; and not only did he detain her negroes, but he published a card in a newspaper informing the public that he had done so, and should continue to act in a similar manner in all similar cases. This was too much for General Jackson to endure in silence. To his old friend, George W. Campbell, at Washington, he poured out his feelings in an epistolary torrent, foaming and tumultuous.

"The Honorable George W. Campbell, Esq., Sir:—You will receive herewith enclosed the certificate of John Gordon and Major Thomas G. Bradford, editor of the *Clarion*, on the subject of the card bearing date September 11, 1812, published in the *Clarion* on the 26th of September, 1812, from Silas Dinsmore, United States agent to the Chocktaw nation, in the proper handwriting of the said Silas Dinsmore. You will also receive enclosed the paper of the 26th September, containing the card of Mr. Dinsmore, which I beg you to lay before the Secretary of War as soon as this reaches you, and I beg you to communicate without delay his determination as it respects the removal of Mr. Dinsmore.

"When I received your letter of the 10th of April last, enclosing me an extract of the Secretary of War's letter to Silas Dinsmore, agent to the Chocktaw nation, I, nor the citizens of West Tennessee, hesitated not to believe that Silas Dinsmore would cease to exercise over our citizens such lawless tyranny as he had been in the habit of; and that our peaceful and honest citizens would be left to enjoy the free and unmolested use of that road as secured to them by treaty. You can easily judge, and so can the Secretary of War, our surprise and indignation at the wanton insult offered to the whole citizens of West Tennessee by the publication of his card in the *Clarion*, in which he boasts that he has set at defiance the solemn treaty that secures to our citizens and those of the United States the free and unmolested use of that road, as well as the express instructions of the Sec-

retary of War of the 23d of March last, and boasts his detention of a defenseless woman, and her property—*and for what?* The want of a passport! And, *my God!* is it come to this? Are we *freemen, or are we slaves? Is this real, or is it a dream?* For what are involved in a war with Great Britain? Is it not for the support of our rights as an independent people, and a nation, secured to us by nature's God, as well as solemn treaties, and the law of nations? And can the Secretary of War, for one moment, retain the idea that we will permit this petty tyrant to sport with our rights, secured to us by treaty, and which by the law of nature we do possess, and sport with our feelings by publishing his *lawless tyranny exercised over a helpless and unprotected female?* If he does, he thinks too meanly of our patriotism and gallantry.

"Were we base enough to surrender our independent rights secured to us by the bravery and blood of our forefathers, we are unworthy the name of *freemen*. And we view all rights secured to us by solemn treaty, under the constituted authority, rights secured to us by the blood of our fathers, and which we will never yield but with our lives. The indignation of our citizens is only restrained by assurances that government, so soon as they are notified of this unwarrantable insult, added to the many injuries that Silas Dinsmore has heaped upon our honest and unoffending citizens, that he will be removed. Should we be deceived in this, be *frank* with the Secretary of War, that we are freemen, and that we will support the supremacy of the laws, and that the wrath and indignation of our citizens will sweep from the earth the invader of our legal rights and involve Silas Dinsmore in the flames of his agency-house. We love order, and nothing but the support of our legal and inalienable rights would or could prompt us to an act that could be construed as wearing the appearance of rashness. But should not the source of the evil be removed, our rights secured by treaty restored to our citizens, the agent and his houses will be demolished; and when government is applied to, and so often notified of the injuries heaped upon our citizens, and they will adhere to the agent who delights in treading under foot the rights of the citizens, and exults in their distresses, the evil be upon the government, not upon the people who have so often complained without redress. We really hope that the evil will be cut off by the root, by the removal of the agent. Should this not be done, we will have a right fairly to conclude that the administration winks at the agent's conduct under the rose, notwithstanding the instructions of the Secretary in his letter to Mr. Dinsmore of the 23d of March.

"The right of nature occurs; and if redress is not afforded, I would despise the wretch that slumbers in quiet one night before he cuts up by the roots the invader of his solemn rights, regardless of consequences. Let not the Secretary of War believe that we want more than *justice;* but both from Indians and Indian agents we will enjoy the rights secured to us by

solemn treaty, or we will die nobly in their support. We want but a bare fulfillment of the treaty. We neither understand the tyranny of the agent in open violation of our rights secured to us by treaty, or the Creek law, that takes from the United States the right guarantied by treaty that the Indians who commit murders on our citizens shall be delivered up when demanded, to be tried by the laws of the United States and punished. The *Creek law says the Creeks will punish them themselves.*

"These innovations, without the consent of the constituted power being first had, our citizens do not understand; the information of Colonel Hawkins, United States agent for the Creeks, and the information of General James Robertson, agent of the Chickasaw Nation, to the contrary notwithstanding. Neither can we, the citizens of Tennessee, believe, without better proof, that the hair of the head of one of the murderers of the Manly's family and Crawleys, at the mouth of Duck river, are disturbed by the Creeks, when we have proof that they lately passed near to Kaskaskia, fifteen in number, to join the Prophet. In this particular, we want and do expect the murderers delivered up agreeably to treaty. This is only *justice;* this we ask of government; this we are entitled to; and this we must (sooner or later) and will have. This may be thought strong language; but it is the language that freemen when they are only claiming a fulfillment of their rights ought to use. It is a language they ought to be taught to lisp from their cradles, and never when they are claiming rights of any nation ever to abandon.

"Pardon the trouble I have given you in this long letter. It relates to the two subjects that have for some time irritated the public mind, and are now ready to burst forth in vengeance.

"I am, dear sir, with due regard,

"Your most obedient servant,

"September, 1812. ANDREW JACKSON."

Affairs of great pith and moment soon called the attention of all parties away from this matter; and the public heard no more of Silas Dinsmore. He was not, as has been alleged, dismissed by the government for his enforcement of the law of 1802. His case was disposed of in a quieter, politer, and meaner way. In 1813 he was summoned to Washington to explain certain items of his expenditure which the Secretary of War thought too large. He obeyed the summons; but, on reaching Washington, found that the Secretary had gone to the North to superintend in person the development of the campaign in that quarter. He went in

pursuit. In the course of his search for the flitting official, he found himself at Lake Erie, on the eve of Commodore Perry's battle. He volunteered, and fought on board of one of the victorious ships. During his absence, however, occurred that prodigious upheaving of the south-western tribes which we shall soon have to recount. In haste and terror the authorities of Tennessee took the responsibility of appointing another man to fill the agency and keep the Choctaws from joining the dread confederation. This agent performed his office well, and held the Choctaws to their allegiance. On the restoration of peace, Jackson being then a name of power in the land, it was found convenient to retain the new agent in office, and shelve Colonel Dinsmore; who was thus reduced to poverty, and made a wanderer in the regions where he had formerly borne sway. He met Jackson eight years later, and made an advance toward reconciliation; but the General glared upon him with the wrath of 1812 in his eyes.*

This quarrel, we may remark, was an illustration of the old truth, that WHEN HONEST MEN DIFFER, BOTH ARE IN THE RIGHT; each founding his opinion upon truth and fact, though not upon the *whole* truth and *all* the facts.

Nothing can be more explicit than the language of the Act of Congress, (approved March 30th, 1802,) under which Mr. Dinsmore acted. The third section ordains, "That if any person shall go into any country, which is alloted or secured by treaty, as aforesaid, to any of the Indian tribes south of the river Ohio, without a PASSPORT first had and obtained from the Governor of some one of the United States, or the officer of the troops of the United States commanding at the nearest post on the frontiers, or such other person as

* These facts I have from an acquaintance of Colonel Dinsmore's, who resided, and resides, near the scene of the events related. He witnessed the rencontre between the two, which is alluded to in the text, and which may be more fully related by and by. I presume there is no harm in saying that my informant is Colonel B. L. C. Wailes, President of the Mississippi Historical Society.

the President of the United States may, from time to time, authorize to grant the same, shall forfeit a sum not exceeding fifty dollars, or be imprisoned not exceeding three months."

On the other hand, General Jackson could point to the treaty concluded between the United States and the Choctaws, (signed December 17th, 1801,) which provided that a wagon road should be opened through the Choctaw country to the Mississippi river; "and the same," said the treaty, "shall be, and continue for ever, a HIGHWAY for the citizens of the United States and the Choctaws."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

JACKSON AND THE VOLUNTEERS.

AT the beginning of the war of 1812, there was not a militia general in the western country less likely to receive a commission from the general government than Andrew Jackson. There were unpleasant traditions and recollections connected with his name in Mr. Madison's cabinet, as we know. He had shown himself to be a man whose nature it was to style a "venerable" Secretary of War and revolutionary patriot, who showed less energy than he thought the occasion required, "an old granny;" a trait of character not pleasing to the official mind. The Dinsmore affair could not have given Secretary Eustis the impression that he was an easy man to get along with. Mr. Madison, too, had not forgotten how General Jackson had mounted the stump in Richmond, and denounced the last administration, of which himself was premier, for its "persecution" of Aaron Burr. Still less could he have forgotten that when it was still an open question who should succeed Mr. Jefferson, General Jackson had given his voice for James Monroe, instead of James Madison.

There were those, however, who were strongly convinced that General Jackson was the very man, of all who lived in the valley of the Mississippi, to be entrusted with its defense. Aaron Burr thought so for one. He had just returned to New York, after his four years' exile, when the war broke out. "There was in Congress with me," says Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, "a member from New York, (Dr. John Sage, of Long Island,) who said that on his way home, after voting for the declaration of war in the Twelfth Congress, he met that extraordinary man, Aaron Burr, in the city of New York, who conversed freely with him on the subject, particularly respecting the gentlemen appointed generals in the army; not one of whom, Burr said, would answer public expectation. Dr. Sage told him that the President thought it best, and in fact indispensable, to select those with some military character from service in the Revolution. I know, said Colonel Burr, that my word is not worth much with Madison; but you may tell him from me that there is an unknown man in the West, named Andrew Jackson, who will do credit to a commission in the army if conferred on him. This remarkable prediction of what was soon verified, and proof of Burr's knowledge of the then obscure individual he recommended to notice, occurred before General Jackson had, probably, ever heard a volley of musket balls, or performed any part to indicate his future military distinction."*

Burr uttered this opinion to all his friends at the time. He gave it strong expression at the house of Mr. Martin Van Buren, a rising man at Albany, who had then scarcely heard the name of Andrew Jackson, and was himself little known beyond his own State. "I'll tell you why they don't employ Jackson," said Burr; "it's because he is a friend of mine."

The late Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, claims the merit of having suggested the tactics which resulted in General Jackson's being called to the field. In the House of Repre-

* General Jackson's Fine. By Charles J. Ingersoll. Page 28.

sentatives, on the presentation of General Jackson's sword to Congress in 1855, Mr. Benton said :—

"When a warrior or a statesman is seen in the midst of his career, and in the fullness of his glory, showing himself to be in his natural place, people overlook his previous steps, and suppose he had been called by a general voice—by wise counsels—to the fulfillment of a natural destiny. In a few instances it is so; in the greater part not. In the greater part there is a toilsome uncertainty, discouraging and mortifying progress to be gone through before the future resplendent man is able to get on the theater which is to give him the use of his talent. So it was with Jackson. He had his difficulties to surmount, and surmounted them. He conquered savage tribes and the conquerors of the conquerors of Europe; but he had to conquer his own government first—and did it—and that was for him the most difficult of the two; for, while his military victories were the regular result of a genius for war and brave troops to execute his plans—enabling him to command success—his civil victory over his own government was the result of chances and accidents, and the contrivances of others, in which he could have but little hand, and no control. I proceed to give some view of this inside and preliminary history, and have some qualification for the task, having taken some part, though not great, in all that I relate.

"Retired from the United States Senate, of which he had been a member, and from the supreme judicial bench of his State, on which he had sat as judge, this future warrior and President—and alike illustrious in both characters—was living upon his farm, on the banks of the Cumberland, when the war of 1812 broke out. He was a Major General in the Tennessee militia—the only place he would continue to hold, and to which he had been elected by the contingency of one vote—so close was the chance for a miss in this first step. His friends believed that he had military genius, and proposed him for the brigadier's appointment which was alloted to the West. That appointment was given to another, and Jackson remained unnoticed on his farm. Soon another appointment of general was alloted to the West. Jackson was proposed again, and was again left to attend to his farm. Then a batch of generals, as they were called, was authorized by law—six at a time—and from all parts of the Union; and then his friends believed that surely his time had come. Not so the fact. The six appointments went elsewhere, and the hero patriot, who was born to lead armies to victory, was still left to the care of his fields, while incompetent men were leading our troops to defeat, to captivity, to slaughter; for that is the way the war opened. The door to military service seemed to be closed and barred against him; and was so, so far as the government was concerned.

"It may be wondered why this repugnance to the appointment of Jackson, who, though not yet greatly distinguished, was still a man of mark —had been a Senator and a supreme judge, and was still a Major General, and a man of tried and heroic courage. I can tell the reason. He had a great many home enemies, for he was a man of decided temper, had a great many contests, no compromises, always went for a clean victory or a clean defeat; though placable after the contest was over. That was one reason, but not the main one. The administration had a prejudice against him on account of Colonel Burr, with whom he had been associated in the American Senate, and to whom he gave a hospitable reception in his house at the time of his western expedition, relying upon his assurance that his designs were against the Spanish dominion in Mexico, and not against the integrity of this Union. These were some of the causes, not all, of Jackson's rejection from federal military employment.

"I was young then, and one of his aids, and believed in his military talents and patriotism, greatly attached to him, and was grieved and vexed to see him passed by when so much incompetence was preferred. Besides, I was to go with him, and his appointment would be partly my own. I was vexed, as were all his friends, but I did not despair as most of them did. I turned from the government to ourselves—to our own resources, and looked for the chapter of accidents to turn up a chance for incidental employment, confident that he could do the rest for himself, if he could only get a start. I was in this mood in my office, a young lawyer with more books than briefs, when the tardy mail of that time, 'one raw and gusty day' in February, 1812, brought an act of Congress authorizing the President to accept organized bodies of volunteers to the extent of fifty thousand—to serve for one year, and to be called into service when some emergency should require it.

"Here was a chance. I knew that Jackson could raise a general's command, and trusted to events for him to be called out, and felt that one year was more than enough for him to prove himself. I drew up a plan, rode thirty miles to his house that same raw day in February—rain, hail, sleet, wind—and such roads as we then had there in winter—deep in rich mud and mixed with ice. I arrived at the Hermitage—a name then but little known—at nightfall, and found him solitary, and almost alone, but not quite; for it was the evening mentioned in the 'Thirty Years' View,' when I found him with the lamb and the child between his knees. I laid the plan before him. He was struck with it, adopted it, acted upon it. We began to raise volunteer companies.

"While this was going on, an order arrived from the War Department to the Governor (Willie Blount) to detach fifteen hundred militia to the Lower Mississippi, the object to meet the British, then expected to make an attempt on New Orleans. The Governor was a friend to Jackson and

to his country. He agreed to accept his three thousand volunteers instead of the fifteen hundred drafted militia. He issued an address to his division. I galloped to the muster-grounds and harangued the young men. The success was ample. Three regiments were completed—Coffee, William Hall, Benton, the colonels."

A striking story; made such by grouping particulars which do not belong together. That Mr. Benton made the suggestion with regard to raising a general's command of volunteers, we are bound to believe; that he was active in the execution of the scheme is well known; that the administration were not well affected towards General Jackson at the beginning of the war, is not to be denied. Other parts of Mr. Benton's fluent narrative will not bear the test of a comparison with dates and documents; which is not to be wondered at, when we consider that the orator was speaking of events that occurred thirty-three years before. Neither in Mr. Benton's Abridgment of the Congressional proceedings, nor anywhere else, can I find record or trace of such a profuse creation of generals *before* the declaration of war in June, 1812.

So far as I can discover, it was General Jackson's characteristic promptitude in tendering his services, and the services of his division, and that alone, which softened the repugnance of the President and his cabinet. Whatever may have been the feelings of the administration toward him, its conduct was just and courteous. It accepted him as promptly as he offered himself; employed him the moment there was any thing for him to do; promoted him as soon as he had given fair evidence of capacity; bestowed upon each of his achievements its due of applause. It could have done more, but it was not bound to do more. It could have given him a commission at the commencement of hostilities. But what had General Jackson done to deserve or invite a distinction so marked? Besides, is it not the fate of all nations (except the French) to lose the first campaign of every war, lose a fine army or two, squander some millions of money, throw away some thousands of lives, tarnish the old honors

and lessen the ancient prestige, all for the sake of *sparing the feelings* of certain generals, who have proved their unfitness to command to-day by having distinguished themselves in a war of twenty years ago? Every war develops its own hero.

Observe these dates:—The war was declared on the 12th of June. Such news is not carried, but flies; and so may have reached Nashville by the 20th. On the 25th, General Jackson offered to the President, through Governor Blount, his own services and those of twenty-five hundred volunteers of his division; the volunteers, doubtless, to which Colonel Benton refers. A response to the declaration of war so timely and practical, could not but have been extremely gratifying to an administration (never too confident in itself) that was then entering upon a contest to which a powerful minority was opposed; and with a presidential election only four months distant. The reply of the Secretary of War, dated July 11th, was as cordial as a communication of the kind could be. The President, he said, had received the tender of service by General Jackson and the volunteers under his command "with *peculiar* satisfaction." "In *accepting* their services," added the Secretary, "the President can not withhold an expression of his admiration of the zeal and ardor by which they are animated." Governor Blount was evidently more than satisfied with the result of the offer; he publicly thanked General Jackson and the volunteers for the honor they had done the State of Tennessee by making it.

Thus, we find General Jackson's services accepted by the President before hostilities could have seriously begun. The summer passed, however, and the autumn came, and still he was at home upon his farm, waging war only with unhappy Silas Dinsmore.

After Hull's failure in Canada, fears were entertained that the British would direct their released forces against the ports of the Gulf of Mexico, particularly New Orleans, where General James Wilkinson still commanded. October 21st, the Governor of Tennessee was requested to dispatch fifteen hun-

dred of the Tennessee troops to the reinforcement of General Wilkinson. November 1st, Governor Blount issued the requisite orders to General Jackson, who entered at once upon the task of preparing for the descent of the river with his volunteers.

The following is the address issued by the General, the joint production of himself and his aid-de-camp, Benton :—

"In publishing the letter of Governor Blount, the Major General makes known to the valiant volunteers who have tendered their services every thing which is necessary for them at this time to know. In requesting the officers of the respective companies to meet in Nashville, on the 21st inst., the Governor expects to have the benefit of their advice in recommending the field officers, who are to be selected from among the officers who have already volunteered; also to fix upon the time when the expedition shall move, to deliver the definite instructions, and to commission the officers in the name of the President of the United States. Companies which do not contain sixty-six rank and file are required to complete their complement to that number. A second lieutenant should be added where the company contains but one.

"The Major General has now arrived at a crisis when he can address the volunteers with the feelings of a soldier. The State to which he belongs is now to act a part in the honorable contest of securing the rights and liberties of a great and rising republic. In placing before the volunteers the illustrious actions of their fathers in the war of the Revolution, he presumes to hope that they will not prove themselves a degenerate race, nor suffer it to be said that they are unworthy of the blessing which the blood of so many thousand heroes has purchased for them. The theater on which they are required to act is interesting to them in every point of view. Every man of the western country turns his eyes intuitively upon the mouth of the Mississippi. He there beholds the only outlet by which his produce can reach the markets of foreign nations or of the Atlantic States. Blocked up, all the fruits of his industry rot upon his hands; open, and he carries on a commerce with all the nations of the earth. To the people of the western country is then peculiarly committed, by nature herself, the defense of the lower Mississippi and the city of New Orleans. At the approach of an enemy in that quarter the whole western world should pour forth its sons to meet the invader and drive him back into the sea. Brave volunteers! it is to the defense of this place, so interesting to you, that you are now ordered to repair. Let us show ourselves conscious of the honor and importance of the charge which has been committed to us. By the alacrity with which we obey the orders of the President let us

demonstrate to our brothers in all parts of the Union that the people of Tennessee are worthy of being called to the defense of the republic.

"The Generals of Brigade attached to the Second Division will communicate these orders to the officers commanding volunteer companies with all possible dispatch, using expresses, and forwarding a statement of the expense to the Major General.

"ANDREW JACKSON,
"November 14th, 1812. Major General Second Division T."

The tenth of December was the day appointed for the troops to rendezvous at Nashville. The Governor's order stated that "the volunteers will be expected to arm and equip themselves with their own arms, including rifles, as far as practicable, and to furnish themselves, as fully as may be conveniently in their power to do, with ammunition, camp equipage, and blankets; for which a compensation may confidently be expected to be made by government, to be allowed and settled for in the usual mode and at the usual rates." The General added to this a rough description of the "uniform" in which the troops were to appear: "Dark blue or brown," said he, "has been prescribed for service, of homespun or not, at the election of the wearer; hunting-shirts or coats, at the option of the different companies, with pantaloons and dark-colored socks. White pantaloons, vests, etc., may be worn upon parade. As the expedition will not terminate under five or six months, and will include the winter and spring, the volunteers will see the propriety of adapting their clothing in quantity and quality to both seasons. The field officers will wear the uniform which is prescribed for officers of the same grade in the army of the United States. Company officers will conform to the same regulations, if convenient; otherwise, they will conform to the uniform of their companies."

The climate of Tennessee, generally so pleasant, is liable to brief periods of severe cold. Twice, within the memory of living persons, the Cumberland has been frozen over at Nashville; and as often snow has fallen there to the depth of a foot. It so chanced that the day named for the assem-

bling of the troops was the coldest that had been known at Nashville for many years, and there was deep snow on the ground. Such was the enthusiasm, however, of the volunteers, that more than two thousand presented themselves on the appointed day. The General was no less puzzled than pleased by this alacrity. Nashville was still little more than a large village, not capable of affording the merest shelter to such a concourse of soldiers; who, in any weather not extraordinary, would have disdained a roof. There was no resource for the mass of the troops but to camp out. Fortunately, the efficient quarter-master, Major William B. Lewis, had provided a thousand cords of wood for the use of the men; a quantity that was supposed to be sufficient to last till they embarked. Every stick of the wood was burnt the first night in keeping the men from freezing. From dark until nearly daylight the General and the quarter-master were out among the troops, employed in providing for this unexpected and perilous exigency; seeing that drunken men were brought within reach of a fire, and that no drowsy sentinel slept the sleep of death.

A gentleman of Nashville well remembers the sudden rage of the General on entering the tavern, about six o'clock in the morning, after this night of tramping in the snow and cold. Some one who had passed the night comfortably in bed, began to find fault with the authorities for having called together such a mass of troops without having provided shelter for them. It was a "shame," he maintained, that the men should have been out on such a night, while the officers had the best accommodations in the town.

"You d—d infernal scoundrel," roared the General, "sowing disaffection among the troops. Why, the quarter-master and I have been up all night, making the men comfortable. Let me hear no more such talk, or I'm d—d if I don't ram that red hot andiron down your throat."

The fiery man! but as patient as Job while he was out in the blustering winter's night looking after his cold soldiers.

The extreme cold soon passed away, however, and the

organization of the troops proceeded. In a few days the little army was in readiness; one regiment of cavalry, commanded by Colonel John Coffee, six hundred and seventy in number; two regiments of infantry, fourteen hundred men in all, one regiment commanded by Colonel William Hall, the other by Colonel Thomas H. Benton. Major William B. Lewis, the General's neighbor and friend, was the quarter-master. William Carroll, a young man from Pennsylvania, a new favorite of the General's, was the brigade inspector. The General's aid and secretary was John Reid, long his companion in the field, afterward his biographer. The troops were of the very best material the State afforded: planters, business men, their sons and grandsons—a large proportion of them descended from revolutionary soldiers who had settled in great numbers in the beautiful valley of the Cumberland. John Coffee was a host in himself; a plain, brave, modest, stalwart man, devoted to his chief, to Tennessee and to the Union. He had been recently married to Polly Donelson, the daughter of Captain John Donelson, who had given them the farm on which they lived.

A letter from Colonel Coffee to his father-in-law, written as he was about to leave the State with his mounted regiment, will serve to show the simplicity and kindliness of the man. No doubt many of his troopers wrote similar letters on the eve of their departure :—

"A sense of duty and of justice have compelled me to address this line, together with its enclosure. I did not see the propriety of such an act until of very late, and even now it may seem to you unnecessary. Yet when I reflect on the uncertainty of the life of man, and the time I am about to leave my native country for a more unhealthy climate, independent of any dangers I may be thrown in by a state of war, I should certainly be remiss from my duty were I not in the most equitable manner to make provision for my family were it to be my lot not to return again. I have drawn up an instrument expressive of my wishes, and which I here enclose to you. This, if it please the Almighty that I never return to my beloved wife and infant daughter, is my last will and testament, which, I shall rest assured from your parental goodness, you will have executed without deviation as far as is practicable. I will make other memorandums, and deposit

them, that, in the last event, will enable you to understand what lands I have a claim to, and how they are situated, as well as all my other business.

"This letter is only intended for your own eye until it is ascertained I am no more. Don't speak of it to any person whatever; for if Polly was brought to so serious a thought, it would render her much more uneasy. I don't wish, if I return, any person but yourself to know anything of it. I will make notes and direct them where you may get them on all my business.

"Notwithstanding this provision, I wish you to understand I feel no dread but that I shall see many happy years with my family and friends after this—yet we know not what may happen. I fear very much I have made a bad arrangement of my farm for the present year. I did expect Mr. Harris to have moved up before this, and would have had things going on in good order before now, but am advised he is not yet gone, which leads me to fear he'll not do much. Can I beg of you, if after a few weeks things don't go on better, you will try and hire a man to make a crop for me? If you should think it best to do so, make any bargain you can, and which you think best; either part of the crop, or standing wages, if Polly is content with the person. I will write you again from Columbia, when I will be able to say whether or not Harris will move up. I am distressed to get away from here on the line of march. I think then the worst will be over. As great as my anxiety has been, I could not possibly leave camp one day to go home, one day since I saw you. I expect to be off Tuesday morning.

"Since I wrote the foregoing part of this letter, S. Harris called here on his way, moving up a part of his plunder. He has promised me he will do every thing he can for me on the farm, yet I fear all won't be much. As you are passing, and when at my house, will thank you to give any orders you may think best towards making a crop next season.

"Please make my respects to Mrs. Donelson and all the children, and accept of them yourself, whilst I remain your obedient servant,

"JOHN COFFEE."*

In this spirit, Colonel John Coffee began his brilliant military career.

There was still a delay of several days, before the boats for the transportation of the infantry could be got ready. On one of these days, there was a grand review of the army by the Governor of the State, who, upon retiring from the field,

* MSS. of Tennessee Historical Society.

addressed a letter to General Jackson, complimenting the troops upon their martial appearance, their orderly conduct, and their evident zeal for the service. To this letter, the General sent the following reply :—

"It is with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction that the Major General, in behalf of himself and the brave volunteers whom he has the honor to command, acknowledges the receipt of your Excellency's polite and highly flattering address, which he has caused to be read in general orders on the 19th instant. They feel much gratified that their conduct, both in camp and on parade, has merited the approbation of your Excellency; and they cherish a belief, that they never will so far forget themselves, the State of which they have the honor to be citizens, and the cause which has elicited the spark of patriotism from every bosom of the volunteers, as to act in any way derogatory to the strictest rules of military discipline and subordination. It is true that the volunteers have experienced hardships and privations in the camp, and have been exposed to the 'severity of the severest cold weather ever known here for years past, and that, too, without a murmur,'—but these hardships, as great as they may seem to be, are but inconsiderable, when compared to those which they are willing to endure, when required, for the benefit of the service.

"We have changed the garb of citizens for that of soldiers. In doing this, we hope none of us have changed our principles; for, let it be recollected, as an invariable rule, that good citizens make good soldiers. The volunteers have drawn their swords and shouldered their muskets for no other purpose than that of defending their country against the hostile attacks of their enemies, the British, and their barbarous allies, the Indians. May they never be returned to the scabbard until the *enemies* of America, of *every denomination*, be humbled in the dust and constrained to yield that which, in vain, has been so often and so long demanded by amicable negotiation—JUSTICE. We flatter ourselves that your Excellency will do us the justice to believe that there is not an *individual* among the volunteers who would not prefer perishing in the field of battle—who would not cheerfully yield his life in the defense of his country, than return to the 'bosom of his family' and his friends, covered with shame, ignominy, and disgrace.

"Perish our friends—perish our wives—perish our *children* (the dearest pledges of Heaven)—nay, perish all earthly considerations—but let the honor and fame of a volunteer soldier be untarnished and immaculate. We now enjoy *Liberties*, political, civil, and religious, that no other nation on earth possesses. May we never survive them! No; rather let us perish in maintaining them. And if we *must* yield, where is the man that would

not prefer being buried in the ruins of his country, than live the ignominious slave of haughty lords and unfeeling tyrants? We hope that your Excellency shall never blush for the honor of Tennessee. Your Excellency will not call it presumption, when the volunteers say that it is their full determination to return covered with laurels, or die endeavoring to gather them in the bloody field of Mars!

"Accept from the General, for himself and the volunteers, the homage of the highest confidence and respect.

"ANDREW JACKSON, Major General.

"For himself, and in behalf of the volunteers under his command."

These writings show, better than any other words could, the ardor and high hope that animated the bosoms of the volunteers. The General himself was full of the great business in hand. If anything dimmed the brightness of the prospect before him, it was the fact that the commanding officer at New Orleans was the man whom, of all others in the world, he despised—General James Wilkinson. He felt a premonition, that on his arrival in New Orleans, he should have a collision of some kind with Wilkinson. So confidently did he expect it, that he took his dueling pistols with him, and a small supply of a very superior kind of powder that was formerly employed on the "field of honor."

On the 7th of January, all was ready. The infantry embarked, and the flotilla dropped down the river. Colonel Coffee and the mounted men marched across the country, and were to rejoin the General at Natchez. "I have the pleasure to inform you," wrote Jackson to the Secretary of War, just before leaving home, "that I am now at the head of 2,070 volunteers, the choicest of our citizens, who go at the call of their country to execute the will of the government, who have no constitutional scruples; and if the government orders, will rejoice at the opportunity of placing the American eagle on the ramparts of MOBILE, PENSACOLA, AND FORT ST. AUGUSTINE, effectually banishing from the southern coasts all British influence."

Not yet, General, not yet. Two years later, perhaps.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE GENERAL WINS HIS NICKNAME.

Down the Cumberland to the Ohio; down the Ohio to the Mississippi; down the Mississippi toward New Orleans; stopping here and there for supplies; delayed for days at a time by the ice in the swift Ohio; grounding a boat now and then; losing one altogether;—the fleet pursued its course, craunching through the floating masses, but making fair progress, for the space of thirty-nine days.

The weather was often very cold and tempestuous, and the frail boats afforded only an imperfect shelter. But all the little army, from the General to the privates, were in the highest spirits, and burned with the desire to do their part in restoring the diminished prestige of the American arms; to atone for the shocking failures of the North by making new conquests at the South. On the 15th of February, at dawn of day, they had left a thousand miles of winding stream behind them, and saw before them the little town of Natchez. The fleet came to. The men were rejoiced to hear that Colonel Coffee and his mounted regiment had already arrived in the vicinity.

Here General Jackson received a dispatch from General Wilkinson, requesting him to halt at Natchez, as neither quarters nor provisions were ready for them at New Orleans; nor had an enemy yet made his appearance in the southern waters. Wilkinson added, that he had received no orders respecting the Tennesseeans, knew not their destination, and should not think of yielding his command, "until regularly relieved by superior authority." Jackson assented to the policy of remaining at Natchez for further instructions; but, with regard to General Wilkinson's uneasiness on the question of rank, he said, in his reply, "I have marched with the true spirit of a soldier to serve my country at any and every

point where service can be rendered," and "the detachment under my command shall be kept in complete readiness to move to any point at which an enemy may appear, at the shortest notice." So, at Natchez, the troops disembarked, and, encamping in a pleasant and salubrious place, a few miles from the town, passed their days in learning the duties of the soldier.

The Nashville papers of the spring of 1813 show that the whole heart of Western Tennessee went down the river with this expedition. Every issue from the press teemed with paragraphs and speculations respecting it. Diaries of the voyage were published. One of these, which was somewhat bombastic and comically exact, called forth a very tolerable burlesque, entitled "A Journal of the Perigrinations of my Tom-cat; after the manner of a Journal of a Voyage from Nashville to New Orleans, by the Tennessee Volunteers." Rumors and conjectures respecting the destination and conduct of the corps were the staple of conversation. From the numberless paragraphs in the *Nashville Whig* I copy a few sentences, which, tame and ordinary as they now appear, were devoured with intensest interest then.

A letter dated New Madrid, January 31st, stated that "the detachment passed New Madrid on this day. The troops are healthy, and continue in high spirits. They are said to have made rapid progress in acquiring a knowledge of discipline."

A letter from General Jackson, dated, Natchez, February 15th, contained a paragraph which summed up the whole history of the voyage: "At seven o'clock this morning I reached this point, after having been detained seven days on account of obstructions from the ice in the Ohio and Mississippi. The second regiment is up, and the cavalry will reach the cantonment at Washington to-morrow; *all well.* No accident of importance has happened to us. One of our boats struck a sawyer, and sunk; but no lives were lost. A few guns, bayonets, and boxes were injured by the fall of some chimneys which were erected for the accommodation of

the men ; but by unparalleled exertions of the officers and men, the boat was towed ashore, and the guns, etc., taken out."

Colonel Thomas H. Benton, the next day, wrote : "General Jackson is ordered by General Wilkinson to disembark here, and wait some days until they can prepare for us at New Orleans ; so that, after all our delays, we are still too fast for the government agents below. Mobile and Pensacola are pointed at by those who speak our destination. I have nothing official. Thus far all is well."

Another officer wrote home a letter which must have been read with proud hearts and glistening eyes by some of the people of Nashville ; certainly by the inmates of the Hermitage : "The army," said he, "has much gratified, as well as disappointed the expectation of the citizens of this Territory —such has been the good order maintained in camp. Indeed, with such a commander at their head as our beloved Jackson (so I will term him, for he is loved by all), *any* troops would behave well. But from the patriots of Tennessee—men who have voluntarily sacrificed interest to serve their country—I do not look merely for good behaviour. My word for it, they will give a good account of themselves should they ever meet an enemy to contend with."

The month of February passed away and still the army was in camp, employed in nothing more serious than the daily drill. No one knew when they were to move, where they were to go, nor what they were to do. The commanding General was not a little impatient, and even the more placid Colonel Coffee longed to be in action. A letter written by Coffee to Captain Donelson in his tent on the first of March, after two weeks of anxious waiting, lets us into the feeling of the camp :—

"There is no appearance of an enemy on any of our southern coasts; nor can the best informed in this country see through the policy of the orders. General Wilkinson has advised our halting here, and General Jackson has approved the policy for the present, knowing this to be the

most central point to act from—if to the East, to take possession of Florida, or if below, we can descend the river in a very few days. And should our services not be wanting at all, this is the healthiest situation to remain at, and nearer home when ordered to return. I have heard of the total defeat of General Winchester; can not hear particulars, but the last accounts, and the most relied on here, say that himself and about six hundred are prisoners. I hope it is no worse; though some accounts say all perished together except a few who made escapes. Would to God we had been ordered there instead of to this place. If so, perhaps we could have saved Winchester and his brave little detachment. I presume before this reaches you a final blow must be struck by General Harrison. So many calamities have befallen the North-western army, I dread to hear from it; still hope the policy will have changed and a proper course pursued to insure success.

"You can not imagine the spirits of our little army. Notwithstanding we are in an unfriendly climate, we enjoy excellent health as yet, and we do not calculate on being kept here until the sickly season comes on. Since we commenced the line of march from Tennessee, all is content; no murmuring or complaining. I have not had one half the trouble on the whole march, and since here, that I experienced while lying at Nashville and its vicinity. In passing through the Indian country I was very well supplied with forage and provisions on tolerable terms; never suffered for any thing. The Indians were remarkably friendly and accommodating. When we first arrived here, some difficulty appeared relative to furnishing the horses of my regiment, but all is now settled and going on very well. We get plenty of corn, and tolerably plenty of fodder and hay. The price given for corn at the river is sixty-two and a half cents per bushel, and plenty. For fodder we give two dollars and fifty cents per hundred, delivered in camp. Very high.

"I live in camp in my tent. We are five miles from Natchez; have never been there until to-day; was there about two hours. The situation a pleasant one, though I feel more at home in my tent, where I now write, than anywhere else. Never enjoyed better health than I have since I left home. How is Polly doing? Do keep her spirits up, and, as much as possible, down with you and her friends."*

On the same day the Gen. Jackson relieved his patriotic impetuosity by writing a letter to the Secretary of War; in which he suggested that, if there was nothing for the Tennesseeans to do in the South, they should be employed in the

* MSS. of Tennessee Historical Society.

North. This idea so inflamed his mind that, a few days after, he wrote even to General Wilkinson on the subject :— "Should the safety of the lower country admit, and government so order, I would with pleasure march to the lines of Canada, and there offer my feeble aid to the army of our country, and endeavor to wipe off the stain on our military character occasioned by the recent disasters." And when another tedious week passed, and still no orders came, and no enemy appeared, and the men were beginning to sicken with the spring heats, he wrote again to the Secretary of War, renewing his offer : "I can give almost certain assurances," said the eager soldier, "that when I return to Tennessee I can augment my present force to at least three thousand men, who would engage for one year, if their destination should be towards the frontiers of Canada."

Another week, and no orders ; and yet another.

At length, on a Sunday morning, toward the end of March, an express from Washington reached the camp, and a letter from the War Department was placed in the General's hands. We can imagine the intensity of feeling with which he tore it open and gathered its purport, and the fever of excitement which the news of its arrival kindled throughout the camp. The communication was signed, "J. Armstrong." Eustis, then, was out of office. Yes ; he left the Department February 4th, and this letter was written by the new Secretary two days after. But its contents ? Was it the perusal of this astounding letter that caused the General's hair to stand on end, and remain for ever after erect and bristling, *un*like the quills upon the fretful porcupine ? Fancy, if you can, the demeanor, attitude, countenance, of this fiery and generous soldier, as he read, and re-read, with ever-growing wonder and wrath, the following epistle :—

"War Department, February 6, 1813.

"Sir:—The causes of embodying and marching to New Orleans the corps under your command having ceased to exist, you will, on the receipt of this letter, consider it as dismissed from public service, and take measures

to have delivered over to Major General Wilkinson all the articles of public property which may have been put into its possession.

"You will accept for yourself and the corps the thanks of the President of the United States.

"I have the honor, etc.

"J. ARMSTRONG.

"MAJOR GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON."

Could he believe his eyes? Dismissed? Dismissed where? *Here?* Five hundred miles from home? Dismissed without pay, without means of transport, without provision for the sick? How could he dismiss men so far from home, to whom, on receiving them from their parents, he had promised to be a father, and either to restore them in honor to their arms, or give them a soldier's burial?

His resolution was taken on the instant *never* to disband his troops till he had led them back to the borders of their own State!

"I well remember the day," said Colonel Benton, in the speech already quoted, "when the order came. The first I knew of it was a message from the General to come to him at his tent; for, though as colonel of a regiment I had ceased to be aid, yet my place had not been filled, and I was sent for as much as ever. He showed me the order, and also his character, in his instant determination not to obey it, but to lead his volunteers home.

"He had sketched a severe answer to the Secretary of War, and gave it to me to copy, and arrange the matter of it. It was very severe. I tried hard to get some parts softer, but impossible. I have never seen that letter since, but would know it if I should meet it in any form, anywhere, without names. I concurred with the General in the determination to take home our young troops. He then called a '*council*' of the field officers, as he called it, though there was but little of the council in it—the only object being to hear his determination, and take measures for executing it. The officers were unanimous in their determination to support him; but it was one of those cases in which he would have acted, not only without, but against a '*council*.'

"The officers were unanimous and vehement in their determination, as much so as the General was himself; for the volunteers were composed of the best young men of the country—farmers' sons, themselves clever young men, since filling high offices in the State and the federal governments—intrusted to these officers by their fathers in full confidence that they would

act a father's part by them; and the recreant thought of turning them loose on the Lower Mississippi, five hundred miles from home, without the means of getting home, and a wilderness and Indian tribes to traverse, did not find a moment's thought in any one's bosom. To carry them back was the instant and indignant determination; but great difficulties were in the way. The cost of getting back three thousand men under such circumstances must be great, and here Jackson's character showed itself again.

"We have all heard of his responsibilities—his readiness to assume political responsibility, when the public service required it. He was now equally ready to take responsibility of another kind—moneyed responsibility! and that beyond the whole extent of his fortune! He had no military chest—not a dollar of public money—and three thousand men were not to be conducted five hundred miles through a wilderness country and Indian tribes without a great outlay of money. Wagons were wanted, and many of them, for transport of provisions, baggage and the sick, so numerous among new troops. He had no money to hire teams; he impressed: and at the end of the service gave drafts upon the quarter-master general of the southern department for the amount.

"The wagons were ten dollars a day, coming and going. They were numerous. It was a service of two months; the amount to be incurred was great. He incurred it! and, as will be seen, at imminent risk of his own ruin. This assumption on the General's part met the first great difficulty, but there were lesser difficulties, still serious, to be surmounted. The troops had received no pay; clothes and shoes were worn out; men were in no condition for a march so long and so exposed. The officers had received no pay—did not expect to need money—had made no provision for the unexpected contingency of large demands upon their own pockets to enable them to do justice to their men. But there was patriotism outside of the camp as well as within.

"The merchants of Natchez put their stores at our disposition—take what we needed—pay when convenient at Nashville. I will name one among these patriotic merchants—name him because he belongs to a class now struck at, and because I do not ignore a friend when he is struck. Washington Jackson was the one I mean—Irish by birth—American by choice, by law, and feeling and conduct. I took some hundred pairs shoes from him for my regiment, and other articles."

The very day on which the order arrived, the General issued the requisite directions for the preparation of wagons, provisions and ammunition. On the next day, he dispatched letters, indignant and explanatory, to the Secretary of War,

to Governor Blount, to the President, and to General Wilkinson.

He attributed the strange conduct of the government tc every cause but the right one—its own inexperience, and the difficulty of directing operations at places so remote from the seat of government. Armstrong averred that he had dispatched the obnoxious order in the confident expectation of its reaching General Jackson before he had gone far from home; as the extreme severity of the winter, he thought, would inevitably detain the flotilla at the mouth of the Cumberland. There is no good reason *now* to doubt this explanation; though, at the time, it did not look probable. The General thought he saw the sly hand of Wilkinson in the business. "You have it *still* in your power," wrote Wilkinson, "to render a most acceptable service to our government, by encouraging the recruiting service from the patriotic soldiers you command in an appropriate general order." Aha! thought General Hotspur; it's all a scheme, then, of this insidious villain to swell his own force with my gallant Tennesseeans. But, by the Eternal,

> "I'll keep them all!
> By Heaven! he shall not have a Scot of them.
> No; if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not.
> I'll keep them, by this hand!"

And so he did. When a recruiting officer was detected hanging about the camp, the General notified him that if he attempted to seduce one of his volunteers into the regular army, he should be drummed out of the camp in the presence of the entire corps.

At the last moment came the orders of the government (which ought to have accompanied the order to disband), directing the force under General Jackson to be paid off, and allowed pay and rations for the journey home. It was too late. The General was resolved, whatever might betide, to conduct the men back to their homes, in person, as an organized body. "I shall commence the line of march," he wrote

to Wilkinson, "on Thursday, the 25th. Should the contractor not feel himself justified in sending on provisions for my infantry, or the quarter-master wagons for the transportation of my sick, I shall dismount the cavalry, carry them on, and provide the means for their support out of my private funds. If that should fail, I thank my God we have plenty of horses to feed my troops to the Tennessee, where I know my country will meet me with ample supplies. These brave men, at the call of their country, voluntarily rallied round its insulted standard. They followed me to the field; I shall carefully march them back to their homes. It is for the agents of the government to account to the State of Tennessee and the whole world for their singular and unusual conduct to this detachment."

It was on this homeward march that the nickname of "Old Hickory" was bestowed on the General. From the time of leaving Nashville, General Jackson had constantly grown in the confidence and affection of the troops. The man was in his element at last, and his great qualities began to make themselves manifest. Many of the volunteers had heard so much of his violent and hasty temper that they had joined the corps with a certain dread and hesitation, fearing not the enemy, nor the march, nor the diseases of the lower country, so much as the swift wrath of their commander. Some, indeed, refused to go for that reason alone. How surprised were those who entered the service with such feelings to find in General Jackson a father as well as a chief. Jackson had the faculty, which all successful soldiers possess, of completely identifying himself with the men he commanded; investing every soldier, as it were, with a portion of his own personality, and feeling a wrong done to the least of them as done to himself. Soldiers are quick to perceive a trait of this kind. They saw, indeed, that there was a whole volcano of wrath in their General, but they observed that, to the men of his command, so long as they did their duty, and longer, he was the most gentle, patient, considerate and generous of friends.

This resolve of his to disobey his government for their sakes, and the manner in which he executed that resolve, raised his popularity to the highest point. When the little army set out from Natchez for a march of five hundred miles through the wilderness, there were a hundred and fifty men on the sick list, of whom fifty-six could not raise their heads from the pillow. There were but eleven wagons for the conveyance of these. The rest of the sick were mounted on the horses of the officers. The General had three excellent horses, and gave them all up to the sick men, himself trudging along on foot with the brisk pace that was usual with him. Day after day he tramped gayly along the miry forest roads, never tired, and always ready with a cheering word for others. They marched with extraordinary speed, averaging eighteen miles a day, and performing the whole journey in less than a month; and yet the sick men rapidly recovered under the reviving influences of a homeward march. "Where am I?" asked one young fellow who had been lifted to his place in a wagon when insensible and apparently dying. "On your way *home!*" cried the General, merrily; and the young soldier began to improve from that hour, and reached home in good health.

The name of "Old Hickory" was not an instantaneous inspiration, but a growth. First of all, the remark was made by some soldier, who was struck with his commander's pedestrian powers, that the General was "tough." Next it was observed of him that he was as "tough as hickory." Then he was *called* Hickory. Lastly, the affectionate adjective "old" was prefixed, and the General thenceforth rejoiced in the completed nickname, usually the first-won honor of a great commander.

On approaching the borders of the State, the General again offered his services to the government to aid in, or conduct, a new invasion of Canada. His force, he said, could be increased, if necessary; and he had a few standards wearing the American eagle, that he should be happy to place upon the enemy's ramparts. But the desired response came

not ; and so, on the 22d of May, the last of his army was drawn up on the public square of Nashville waiting only for the word of command to disperse to their homes.

A pleasant little ceremonial, however, was to precede the separation. "Previous to the dismissal," wrote the editor of the *Nashville Whig*, "the detachment were presented with a most superb stand of colors by the ladies of East Tennessee. They are the richest needle-work we ever saw. The work is on white satin ; the colors are tastefully arranged, and show remarkably well. Near the top, in a crescent form, appear eighteen stars in orange color ; next, two sprigs of laurel lying athwart. And then appear these words : 'TENNESSEE VOLUNTEERS—*Independence, in a state of war, is to be maintained on the battle-ground of the Republic. The tented field is the post of honor. Presented by the ladies of East Tennessee, Knoxville, February 10th*, 1813.' And underneath appear all the implements of war, colors, cannons, muskets, bayonets, drums, balls, pontoons, swords, battle-axes, etc., etc., very ingeniously intermingled in a manner that excites the utmost admiration for the taste and patriotism of the ladies. The wing of the colors is beautiful fancy lutestring, dove color, ornamented with white fringe and tassels."

A complimentary letter from Mrs. Blount, the wife of the Governor of the State, was read on the occasion ; to which the General sent a becoming reply, addressed to "Mrs. Governor Blount, Miss Barbara Grey Blount, and Miss Eliza Indiana Blount." "While I admire," said the General, "the elegant workmanship of these colors, my veneration is excited for the patriotic disposition that prompted the ladies to bestow them on the volunteers of West Tennessee. Although the patriotic corps under my command have not had an opportunity of meeting an enemy, yet they have evinced every disposition to do so. This distinguished mark of respect will be long remembered, and this splendid present shall be kept as a memorial of the generosity and patriotism of the ladies of East Tennessee."

At a later day, he had an opportunity of making a happy return in kind to the ladies—as we shall see.

The troops were dismissed, exulting in their commander, and spreading wide the fame of his gallant and graceful conduct. "Long will their General live in the memory of the volunteers of West Tennessee," said the *Nashville Whig*, a day or two after the troops were disbanded, "for his benevolent, humane, and fatherly treatment to his soldiers; if gratitude and love can reward him, General Jackson has them. It affords us pleasure to say, that we believe there is not a man belonging to the detachment but what loves him. His fellow-citizens at home are not less pleased with his conduct. We fondly hope his merited worth will not be overlooked by the government."

The government, quotha? These events were not regarded at Washington in the light they were at Nashville. Far from it. The "government" came very near making up its mind to let the General *bear* the responsibilities which he had incurred. Colonel Benton may continue his narrative: "We all returned," he says; "were discharged; dispersed among our homes, and the fine chance on which we had so much counted was all gone. And now came a blow upon Jackson himself—the fruit of the moneyed responsibility which he had assumed. His transportation drafts were all protested—returned upon him for payment, which was impossible, and directions to bring suit. This was the month of May. I was coming on to Washington on my own account, and cordially took charge of Jackson's case. Suits were delayed until the result of his application for relief could be heard. I arrived at this city; Congress was in session—the extra session of the spring and summer of 1813. I applied to the members of Congress from Tennessee; they could do nothing. I applied to the Secretary of War; he did nothing.

"Weeks had passed away, and the time for delay was expiring at Nashville. Ruin seemed to be hovering over the head of Jackson, and I felt the necessity of some decisive

movement. I was young, then, and had some material in me—perhaps some boldness ; and the occasion brought it out. I resolved to take a step, characterized in the letter which I wrote to the General as '*an appeal from the justice to the fears of the administration.*' I remember the words, though I have never seen the letter since. I drew up a memoir, addressed to the Secretary of War, representing to him that these volunteers were drawn from the bosoms of almost every substantial family in Tennessee—that the whole State stood by Jackson in bringing them home—and that the State would be lost to the administration if he was left to suffer. It was upon this last argument that I relied—all those founded in justice having failed.

"It was of a Saturday morning, 12th of June, that I carried this memoir to the War Office, and delivered it. Monday morning I came back early to learn the result of my argument. The Secretary was not yet in. I spoke to the chief clerk (who was afterwards Adjutant General Parker), and inquired if the Secretary had left any answer for me before he left the office on Saturday. He said no ; but that he had put the memoir in his side pocket—the breast-pocket—and carried it home with him, saying he would take it for his Sunday's consideration. That encouraged me—gave a gleam of hope and a feeling of satisfaction. I thought it a good subject for his Sunday's meditation. Presently he arrived. I stepped in before anybody to his office.

"He told me quickly and kindly that there was much reason in what I had said, but that there was no way for him to do it ; that Congress would have to give the relief. I answered him that I thought there was a way for him to do it ; it was to give an order to General Wilkinson, quartermaster general in the southern department, to pay for so much transportation as General Jackson's command would have been entitled to if it had returned under regular orders. Upon the instant he took up a pen, wrote down the very words I had spoken, directed a clerk to put them into form ; and the work was done. The order went off immediately,

and Jackson was relieved from imminent impending ruin, and Tennessee remained firm to the administration."

And so ended this fruitless expedition to Natchez. Fruitless it was of immediate military results. It was more productive, however, of reputation to the General in command than if it had been, in any ordinary degree, successful. It left him a private citizen, indeed ; but, for the time, the most beloved and esteemed of private citizens in western Tennessee.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FEUD AND AFFRAY WITH THE BENTONS.

It was through an act of good nature that General Jackson was drawn into this disgraceful business.

William Carroll (afterwards General Carroll), who went down the river with the expedition, in the capacity of brigade inspector, had but recently come to Nashville from Pittsburg, where he had been a clerk or partner in a hardware store. He was a tall, well-formed man, much given to military affairs, and thus attracted the notice of General Jackson ; who advanced him so rapidly and paid him such marked attentions, as to procure for the young stranger a great many enemies. Carroll, moreover, was not a genuine son of the wilderness. With all his powerful frame and superior stature, there was an expression of delicacy in his smooth, fair countenance that found small favor in the eyes of the rougher pioneers. Perhaps, too, in those days, there was a touch of dandyism in his attire and demeanor. Far different was he from the giant Coffee, man of the mighty arm and massive fist, and thundering voice, and face of bronze, and heart of oak ; the backwoodsman's beau-ideal of a colonel of hunting-shirted dragoons. Enough. Captain William Carroll had his enemies among the young officers of General Jackson's division.

On the homeward march from Natchez, one wild young fellow of the anti-Carroll faction thought proper to consider himself insulted by Carroll, and on reaching Nashville sent him a challenge. Carroll declined to fight, on the ground that the challenger was not a gentleman. The officer who had borne the hostile message then challenged Carroll himself, who again refused to fight, and for the same reason as before. The quarrel spread. Various petty and ridiculous things occurred, which need not be repeated. At length, the foes of Carroll succeeded in their object so far as to embroil the young man with Mr. Jesse Benton, a brother of Colonel Thomas H. Benton, who was away in Washington, saving General Jackson from bankruptcy. Jesse Benton, for many years a resident of Nashville, had a good deal of his brother's fire and fluency, without much of his talent and discretion. He was a well-intentioned, eccentric, excitable man, prone to get himself into awkward scrapes, and to get out of them awkwardly. He challenged Carroll. His social standing was such that his challenge could not be declined, and Carroll was compelled to prepare for a fight.

Unable, it is said, to procure a suitable second in Nashville, Carroll rode out to the Hermitage, stated his perplexity to General Jackson, and asked him to act as his "friend." The General was astonished at the proposal.

"Why, Captain Carroll," said he, "I am not the man for such an affair. I am too old. The time has been when I should have gone out with pleasure; but, at my time of life, it would be extremely injudicious. You must get a man nearer your own age."

Carroll replied that if this had been a quarrel of an ordinary nature he would not have asked General Jackson's assistance. But it was not an ordinary quarrel. There was a conspiracy, he said, among certain young men, to "run him out of the country." They wanted his commission, and were jealous of his standing with General Jackson.

At the words, "run me out of the country," the General's manner changed.

"Well, Carroll," said he, "you may make your mind easy on *one* point: they sha'n't run you out of the country as long as Andrew Jackson lives in it. I'll ride with you to Nashville, and inquire into this business myself."

Upon inquiry, General Jackson was convinced that Jesse Benton's fiery passions had been played upon by the enemies of Carroll for their own purposes, and that the challenge of that gentleman was something not in the least degree called for by the "laws of honor." He personally remonstrated with Benton, and, as he thought, with good effect. But others gained his ear and confidence, after the General had returned to the tavern, and the result was, that he persisted in fighting. Upon learning this determination, General Jackson declared his purpose to stand by his young friend, Carroll, and to go with him to the field as his second.

The incidents of the duel were so ridiculous that they are still a standing joke in Tennessee. The men were placed back to back, at the usual distance apart. At the word, they were to wheel and fire. The General, on placing his man, said, pointing to Benton,

"You needn't fear *him*, Carroll; he'd never hit you, if you were as broad as a barn-door."

Benton was evidently a little agitated. Indeed, as he afterwards confessed to his physician, he had not the duelist's nerve, *i. e.*, he could not quite *conceal* a feeling, common to all duelists when they are placed, that a man who stands eight or ten paces from the muzzle of a loaded pistol which is about to go off, is in a false position.

FIRE!

The men wheeled and raised their pistols. Benton fired first, and then stooped or crouched, to receive the fire of his antagonist. The act of stooping caused a portion of his frame, that was always prominent, to be more prominent still. Carroll fired. His ball inflicted a long, raking wound on the part exposed, which would have been safe but for the unlucky stoop. Jackson ran up to his principal, and asked him if he was hit. "No," said he, "I believe not." At

that moment, Carroll observed blood on his left hand, and found that he had been shot in the thumb.

"Oh, yes," he added, "he's hit my thumb."

"I told you he would not hurt you," said Jackson; "and he wouldn't have hit you at all if you'd kept your hand at your side, where it ought to have been."

Benton was carried home, and his wound was dressed. He was confined to the house for some weeks.

Meanwhile, Colonel Thomas H. Benton had completed his business at Washington, had sent on to Tennessee the news of his great success, and was about to return home, when he heard of this duel, and heard, too, that General Jackson had gone to the field, not as his brother's friend, but as the second of his brother's antagonist! General Jackson! whom he had so signally served. Soon came wild letters from Jesse, so narrating the affair as to place the conduct of General Jackson in the worst possible light. Officious friends of the Bentons, foes to Jackson and to Carroll, wrote to Colonel Benton in a similar strain, adding fuel to the fire of his indignation. Benton wrote to Jackson, denouncing his conduct in offensive terms. Jackson replied, in effect, that before addressing him in that manner Colonel Benton should have inquired of *him* what his conduct really had been, not listened to the tales of designing and interested parties. Benton wrote still more angrily. He said that General Jackson had conducted the duel in a "savage, unequal, unfair and base manner." On his way home through Tennessee, especially at Knoxville, he inveighed bitterly and loudly, in public places, against General Jackson, using language such as angry men *did* use in the western country fifty years ago. Jackson was informed of this. Phrases applied by Benton to himself were reported to him by some of those parasites and sycophants who made it their business to minister to his passions and prejudices; a class of people from whose malign, misleading influence men of intense personality are seldom wholly free.

Jackson had liked Thomas Benton, and remembered with

gratitude his parents, particularly his mother, who had been gracious and good to him when he was a "raw lad" in North Carolina. They had had a slight difference at Natchez, these two hot-headed men; Benton having been of the opinion that Wilkinson, a brigadier of the regular army and a major general by brevet, was the military superior of Jackson, who was only a major general of militia. But this was a temporary and unimportant matter, which had not been remembered against him. Jackson was, therefore, sincerely unwilling to break with him, and manifested a degree of forbearance which it is a pity he could not have maintained to the end. He took fire at last, threw old friendship to the winds, and swore by the Eternal that he would horsewhip Tom Benton the first time he met him.

The vow had gone forth; a sacred vow at that day in Tennessee. To all Nashville it was known that General Jackson had promised to whip Thomas Benton "on sight," to use Colonel Coffee's commercial term. Colonel Benton was duly informed of it. Jesse Benton, then nearly recovered from his wound, was perfectly aware of it. The thing was to be *done*. The only question was, When?

Back from Washington came Colonel Benton, bursting with wrath and defiance, yet resolved to preserve the peace, and neither to seek nor fly the threatened attack. One measure of precaution, however, he did adopt. There were then two taverns on the public square of Nashville, both situated near the same angle, their front doors being not more than a hundred yards apart. One was the old Nashville Inn (burnt three years ago), at which General Jackson was accustomed to put up for more than forty years. There, too, the Bentons, Colonel Coffee and all of the General's peculiar friends were wont to take lodgings whenever they visited the town, and to hold pleasant converse over a glass of wine, and to play billiards together—a game pursued with fanatical devotion in the early days of Nashville. By the side of this old inn was a piece of open ground, where cocks were accustomed to display their prowess, and tear one another to pieces for the entertainment of some of the citizens.

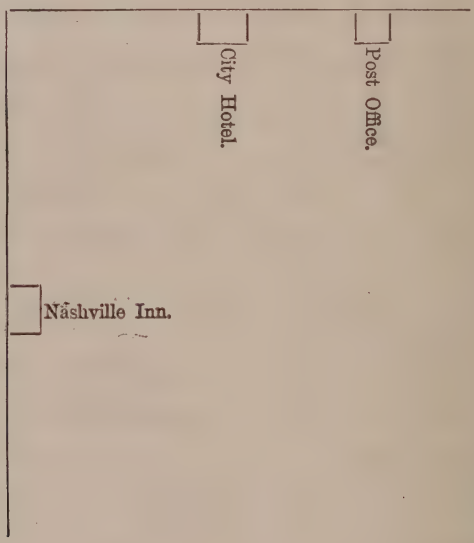
The other tavern, the City Hotel, flourishes to this day. It is one of those curious, overgrown caravansaries of the olden time, nowhere to be seen now except in the ancient streets of London and the old towns of the southern States; a huge tavern, with vast piazzas, and interior galleries running round three sides of a quadrangle, story above story, and quaint little rooms with large fire-places and high mantels opening out upon them; with long dark passages, and stairs at unexpected places; and carved wainscoating, and gray-haired servants, who have grown old with the old house, and can remember General Jackson as long as they can remember their own fathers.

On reaching Nashville, Colonel Benton and his brother Jesse did not go to their accustomed inn, but stopped at the City Hotel, to avoid General Jackson, unless he chose to go out of his way to seek them. This was on the 3d of September. In the evening of the same day *it came to pass* that General Jackson and Colonel Coffee rode into town, and put up their horses, as usual, at the Nashville Inn. Whether the coming of these portentous gentlemen was in consequence of the General's having received, a few hours before, an intimation of the arrival of Colonel Benton, is one of those questions which must be left to that already overburdened individual—the future historian. Perhaps it was true, as Colonel Coffee grinningly remarked, that they had come to get their letters from the post office. They were *there*—that is the main point—and concluded to stop all night. Captain Carroll called in the course of the evening, and told the General that an affair of a most delicate and tender nature compelled him to leave Nashville at dawn of day.

"Go, by all means," said the General. "I want no man to fight *my* battles."

The next morning, about nine, Colonel Coffee proposed to General Jackson that they should stroll over to the post office. They started. The General carried with him, as he generally did, his riding whip. He also wore a small sword, as all gentlemen once did, and as official persons were accus-

tomed to do in Tennessee, as late as the war of 1812. The post office was then situated in the public square, on the corner of a little alley, just beyond the City Hotel. There were, therefore, two ways of getting to it from the Nashville Inn. One way was to go straight to it, across the angle of the square; the other, to keep the sidewalk and go round.



Our two friends took the short cut, walking leisurely along. When they were about midway between their inn and the post office, Colonel Coffee, glancing towards the City Hotel, observed Colonel Benton standing in the doorway thereof, drawn up to his full height, and looking daggers at them.

"Do you see that fellow?" said Coffee to Jackson, in a low tone.

"Oh, yes," replied Jackson without turning his head, "I have my eye on him."

They continued their walk to the post office, got their letters, and set out on their return. This time, however,

they did not take the short way across the square, but kept down the sidewalk, which led past the front door at which Colonel Benton was posted. As they drew near, they observed that Jesse Benton was standing before the hotel near his brother. On coming up to where Colonel Benton stood, General Jackson suddenly turned toward him, with his whip in his right hand, and, stepping up to him, said,

"Now, you d—d rascal, I am going to punish you. Defend yourself."

Benton put his hand into his breast pocket and seemed to be fumbling for his pistol. As quick as lightning, Jackson drew a pistol from a pocket behind him, and presented it full at his antagonist, who recoiled a pace or two. Jackson advanced upon him. Benton continued to step slowly backward, Jackson close upon him, with a pistol at his heart, until they had reached the back door of the hotel, and were in the act of turning down the back piazza. At that moment, just as Jackson was beginning to turn, Jesse Benton entered the passage behind the belligerents, and, seeing his brother's danger, raised his pistol and fired at Jackson. The pistol was loaded with two balls and a large slug. The slug took effect in Jackson's left shoulder, shattering it horribly. One of the balls struck the thick part of his left arm, and buried itself near the bone. The other ball splintered the board partition at his side. The shock of the wounds was such, that Jackson fell across the entry, and remained prostrate, bleeding profusely.

Coffee had remained just outside, meanwhile. Hearing the report of the pistol, he sprang into the entry, and seeing his chief prostrate at the feet of Colonel Benton, concluded that it was *his* ball that had laid him low. He rushed upon Benton, drew his pistol, fired, and missed. Then he "clubbed" his pistol, and was about to strike, when Colonel Benton, in stepping backward, came to some stairs of which he was not aware, and fell headlong to the bottom. Coffee, thinking him *hors du combat,* hastened to the assistance of his wounded General.

The report of Jesse Benton's pistol brought another actor on the bloody scene—Stokely Hays, a nephew of Mrs. Jackson, and a devoted friend to the General. He was standing near the Nashville Inn, when he heard the pistol. He knew well what was going forward, and ran with all his speed to the spot. He, too, saw the General lying on the floor weltering in his blood. But, unlike Coffee, he perceived who it was that had fired the deadly charge. Hays was a man of a giant's size, and a giant's strength. He snatched from his sword-cane its long and glittering blade, and made a lunge at Jesse with such frantic force, that it would have pinned him to the wall had it taken effect. Luckily the point struck a button, and the slender weapon was broken to pieces. He then drew a dirk, threw himself in a paroxysm of fury upon Jesse, and got him down upon the floor. Holding him down with one hand, he raised the dirk to plunge it into his breast. The prostrate man seized the coat-cuff of the descending arm and diverted the blow, so that the weapon only pierced the fleshy part of his left arm. Hays strove madly to disengage his arm, and in doing so gave poor Jesse several flesh wounds. At length, with a mighty wrench, he tore his cuff from Jesse Benton's convulsive grasp, lifted the dirk high in the air, and was about to bury it in the heart of his antagonist, when a by-stander caught the uplifted hand and prevented the further shedding of blood. Other by-standers then interfered ; the maddened Hays, the wrathful Coffee, the irate Benton were held back from continuing the combat, and quiet was restored.

Faint from the loss of blood, Jackson was conveyed to a room in the Nashville Inn, his wound still bleeding fearfully. Before the bleeding could be stopped, two mattresses, as Mrs. Jackson used to say, were soaked through, and the General was reduced almost to the last gasp. All the doctors in Nashville were soon in attendance, all but one of whom, and he a young man, recommended the amputation of the shattered arm. "I'll keep my arm," said the wounded man, and he kept it. No attempt was made to extract the ball, and it

remained in the arm for twenty years. The ghastly wounds in the shoulder were dressed, in the simple manner of the Indians and pioneers, with poultices of slippery elm, and other products of the woods. The patient was utterly prostrated with the loss of blood. It was two or three weeks before he could leave his bed.

After the retirement of the General's friends, the Bentons remained for an hour or more upon the scene of the affray, denouncing Jackson as an assassin, and a defeated assassin. They defied him to come forth and renew the strife. Colonel Benton made a parade of breaking Jackson's small-sword, which had been dropped in the struggle, and left on the floor of the hotel. He broke it in the public square, and accompanied the act with words defiant and contemptuous, uttered in the loudest tones of his thundering voice. The General's friends, all anxiously engaged around the couch of their bleeding chief, disregarded these demonstrations at the time, and the brothers retired, victorious and exulting.

On the days following, however, Colonel Benton did not find the General's partisans so acquiescent. "I am literally in hell here," he wrote, shortly after the fight; "the meanest wretches under heaven to contend with—liars, affidavit-makers, and shameless cowards. All the puppies of Jackson are at work on me; but they will be astonished at what will happen; for it is not them, but their master, whom I will hold accountable. The scalping-knife of Tecumpsy is mercy compared with the affidavits of these villains. I am in the middle of hell, and see no alternative but to kill or be killed; for I will not crouch to Jackson; and the fact that I and my brother defeated him and his tribe, and broke his small sword in the public square, will for ever rankle in his bosom, and make him thirst after vengeance. My life is in danger; nothing but a decisive duel can save me, or even give me a chance for my own existence; for it is a settled plan to turn out puppy after puppy to bully me, and when I have got into a scrape, to have me killed somehow in the scuffle, and afterwards the affidavit-makers will prove it was honorably

done. I shall never be forgiven having given my opinion in favor of Wilkinson's authority last winter; and this is the root of the hell that is now turned loose against me."

Shortly after the affray, Colonel Benton went to his home in Franklin, Tennessee, beyond the reach of "Jackson's puppies." He was appointed lieutenant colonel in the regular army; left Tennessee; resigned his commission at the close of the war; emigrated to Missouri; and never again met General Jackson till 1823, when both were members of the Senate of the United States. Jesse Benton, I may add, never forgave General Jackson; nor could he ever forgive his brother for forgiving the General. Publications against Jackson by the angry Jesse, dated as late as 1828, may be seen in old collections of political trash.

Perhaps, in fairness, I should append to this narrative Colonel Benton's own statement of the affray, as published in the Franklin newspaper, a day or two after the Colonel returned home. The version of the affair given in this chapter is General Coffee's. I received it from an old friend of all the parties, who heard General Coffee tell the story with great fullness and care, as though he were giving evidence before a court. Coffee, of course, would naturally place the conduct of General Jackson in the most favorable light. Benton, hot from the fray when he wrote his statement, could not be expected to know the whole or the exact truth. He seems, for example, to have left Nashville with the impression that Jackson was not hurt at all, but had feigned a wound in order to escape one. And, indeed, it may be remarked here, as well as anywhere, that *neither the eyes nor the memory of one of these fiery spirits can be trusted.* Long ago, in the early days of these inquiries, I ceased to believe any thing they may have uttered, when their pride or their passions were interested; unless their story was supported by other evidence or by strong probability. It is the nature of such men to forget what they wish had never occurred; to remember vividly the occurrences which flatter their ruling passion; and unconsciously to magnify their own

part in the events of the past. Telling the truth is supposed to be one of the easy virtues. What an error! It is an accomplishment that has to be toiled for as heroes toil for victory, as artists toil for excellence, as good men toil for the good of human kind. When Shakspeare said, that to be an honest man is to be one man picked out of ten thousand, he uttered an arithmetical as well as a moral truth.

But here is Colonel Benton's statement; which is, perhaps, as true as Coffee's; and is certainly as true as Colonel Benton could make it at the time of writing, six days after the fight:—

"FRANKLIN, Tennessee, September 10, 1813.

"A difference which had been for some months brewing between General Jackson and myself, produced on Saturday, the 4th instant, in the town of Nashville, the most outrageous affray ever witnessed in a civilized country. In communicating the affair to my friends and fellow-citizens, I limit myself to the statement of a few leading facts, the truth of which I am ready to establish by judicial proofs.

"1. That myself and my brother, Jesse Benton, arriving in Nashville on the morning of the affray, and knowing of General Jackson's threats, went and took lodgings in a different house from the one in which he staid, on purpose to avoid him.

"2. That the General and some of his friends came to the house where we had put up, and commenced the attack by leveling a pistol at me, when I had no weapon drawn, and advancing upon me at a quick pace, without giving me time to draw one.

"3. That seeing this, my brother fired upon General Jackson, when he had got within eight or ten feet of me.

"4. That four other pistols were fired in quick succession; one by General Jackson at me; two by me at the General; and one by Colonel Coffee at me. In the course of this firing, General Jackson was brought to the ground, but received no hurt.

"5. That daggers were then drawn. Colonel Coffee and Mr. Alexander Donaldson made at me, and gave me five slight wounds. Captain Hammond and Mr. Stokely Hays engaged my brother, who, still suffering from a severe wound he had lately received in a duel, was not able to resist two men. They got him down; and while Captain Hammond beat him on the head to make him lie still, Mr. Hays attempted to stab him, and wounded him in both arms as he lay on his back, parrying the thrusts with his naked hands. From this situation a generous-hearted citizen of

Nashville, Mr. Sumner, relieved him. Before he came to the ground, my brother clapped a pistol to the breast of Mr. Hays, to blow him through, but it missed fire.

"6. My own and my brother's pistols carried two balls each; for it was our intention, if driven to arms, to have no child's play. The pistols fired at me were so near that the blaze of the muzzle of one of them burnt the sleeve of my coat, and the other aimed at my head at a little more than arm's length from it.

"7. Captain Carroll was to have taken part in the affray, but was absent by the permission of General Jackson, as he had proved by the General's certificate, a certificate which reflects I know not whether less honor upon the General or upon the Captain.

"8. That this attack was made upon me in the house where the judge of the district, Mr. Searcy, had his lodgings! Nor has the civil authority yet taken cognizance of this horrible outrage.

"These facts are sufficient to fix the public opinion. For my own part, I think it scandalous that such things should take place at any time; but particularly so at the present moment, when the public service requires the aid of all its citizens. As for the name of *courage*, God forbid that I should ever attempt to gain it by becoming a bully. Those who know me, know full well that I would give a thousand times more for the reputation of Croghan in defending his post, than I would for the reputation of all the duelists and gladiators that ever appeared upon the face of the earth.

"THOMAS HART BENTON."

The day on which the above was written, September 10th, 1813, Commodore Perry gained his victory on Lake Erie. The news, so electric, so revivifying, reached Nashville at a moment when other tidings of a nature far different absorbed the minds of all the inhabitants of the frontier. When these boyish men fought their silly fight, on the 4th of September, the courier was already on his way from the South with a piece of news that would have stayed their bloody hands had it come in time. If they could but have *known* what was transpiring on the Mobile river! Jackson was deeply to blame for that shameful affray. Judge, from following chapters, whether ever man was so exquisitely punished for a fault as he was for that.

THE SOLDIER.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

TECUMSEH.

The Indian is a creature who does not improve upon acquaintance. Living near a tribe dispels so much of the romance which novelists and poets have thrown around the dusky race, as to induce considerable incredulity with regard to the tales they have told of Indian valor and generosity. As he *now* appears upon our western border, the Indian is a filthy, idle, cruel, lying coward, wholly a cumberer of the ground, incapable of any of the white man's virtues, while exaggerating all his vices; respecting whom the thrifty pioneer finds it hard to cherish any desire but this—to exterminate him. Behold the Indian upon his travels! With sulky gravity, carrying only his pipe and rifle, he stalks across the prairie, his wife staggering along behind the solemn brute, with a huge pack upon her shoulder, and her child upon the pack. The modern traveler may be pardoned for being slow to believe much good of a people who, from time immemorial, have chosen this mode of getting over the ground.*

* Since writing the above, I find the following in one of Mr. Horace Greeley's letters from the far West, published in the *New York Tribune*, June, 1859:—

"The Indians are children. Their arts, wars, treaties, alliances, habitations, crafts, properties, commerce, comforts, all belong to the very lowest and rudest ages of human existence. Some few of the chiefs have a narrow and short-sighted shrewdness, and, very rarely in their history, a really great man, like Pontiac or Tecumseh, has arisen among them; but this does not shake the general truth that they are utterly incompetent to cope in any way with the European or Caucasian race. Any band of schoolboys from ten to fifteen years of age, are quite as capable of ruling their appetites, devising and upholding a public policy, constituting and conducting a state or community as an average Indian tribe. . . .

"I have learned to appreciate better than hitherto, and to make more allowance for, the dislike, aversion, contempt, wherewith Indians are usually regarded

But every race produces superior individuals, whose lives constitute its heroic ages. Investigation establishes that Tecumseh, though not the faultless ideal of a patriot prince that romantic story represents him, was all of a patriot, a hero, a MAN, that an Indian can be. If to conceive a grand, difficult and unselfish project; to labor for many years with enthusiasm and prudence in attempting its execution; to enlist in it by the magnetism of personal influence great multitudes of various tribes; to contend for it with unfaltering valor longer than there was hope of success; and to die fighting for it to the last, falling forward toward the enemy covered with wounds, is to give proof of an heroic cast of character, then is the Shawanoe chief, Tecumseh, in whose veins flowed no blood that was not Indian, entitled to rank among Heroes.

The power of the Shawanoes was broken before Tecumseh was born. From the region of the Tallapoosa, in Alabama, his parents migrated, about the middle of the last century, to the valley of the Miamis, near their tribe's ancient seat; and there Tecumseh was born. He gave signal evidence of possessing a superior nature at the age of sixteen, when, for the first time, he saw a prisoner burnt. In silent horror he looked upon the scene. When it was over, he expressed his detestation of the act in such moving terms that the party resolved never to burn another prisoner, and, it is believed, no

by their white neighbors, and have been since the days of the Puritans. It needs but little familiarity with the actual, palpable Aborigines to convince any one that the poetic Indian—the Indian of Cooper and Longfellow—is only visible to the poet's eye. To the prosaic observer, the average Indian of the woods and prairies is a being who does little credit to human nature—a slave of appetite and sloth, never emancipated from the tyranny of one animal passion save by the more ravenous demands of another. As I passed over those magnificent bottoms of the Kansas which form the reservations of the Delawares, Potawatamies, etc., constituting the very best corn lands on earth, and saw their owners sitting round the doors of their lodges in the height of the planting season, and in as good, bright planting weather as sun and soil ever made, I could not help saying, 'These people must die out—there is no help for them. God has given this earth to those who will subdue and cultivate it, and it is vain to struggle against His righteous decree.'"

prisoners taken by Indians under Tecumseh's command were ever tortured. Indeed, the Shawanoes must have been of kindlier blood than other northern Indians. It was among them that Count Zinzendorf, the Moravian missionary, labored, in 1742, with some success after his singular escape from assassination. The Count, so the story runs, was sitting, one evening, in his rude wigwam upon a bundle of dry weeds, which had been gathered for his bed, engaged in writing by the light of a small fire. A rattlesnake, warmed to life by the fire, was crawling unperceived over one of the old man's legs, when the assassins stealthily lifted the blanket that served for a door, and looked in. Struck with the majestic and venerable appearance of the Count as he sat absorbed in his writing, amazed that he should be unharmed by the reptile, they forbore the intended attack. For some moments, it is said, they stood watching the aged missionary, the silence of the night broken only by the distant murmur of rapids. Fear gathered about their savage hearts ; they glided from the spot, fled into the forest, and were soon eager receivers of the Moravian doctrine. Add to this that Logan, whose oratory Jefferson so highly extolled, was a Shawanoe.

Tecumseh's great scheme of uniting all the western tribes, from Florida to the northern lakes, in one confederation against the whites, with the design of recovering the Indians' ancient heritage, was not a British project. It had nothing to do, in its conception, with the war of 1812. It was conceived, carried on, and, in effect, frustrated before the war of 1812 was considered probable. Unlike Logan, Tecumseh was never a friend to the Americans. Too young to take part in the revolutionary contest, he had won distinction in the long Indian wars which gave such anxiety to General Washington during the second term of his presidency. After the peace, he lived for many years an Indian among Indians, surpassing all his tribe in the arts and feats which Indians honor ; a natural chief, magnificent in aspect and proportions, equally distinguished as orator, hunter and ball player. Of his skill in hunting it is narrated that, challenged to a

contest by the best hunters of his tribe, he returned, at the end of three days, with thirty deer skins, while none of his competitors brought in more than twelve.

He spent two years of his early manhood on a sporting visit to his parents' old friends, the Creeks of Alabama, among whom he formed friendships which proved of importance to him in after years.

It was the sale of the favorite hunting-grounds on the river Wabash, soon after Mr. Jefferson came into power, that gave Tecumseh such deep offense, and led to the conception of his great design.* The difficulties in treating with Indians for the purchase of their lands are, first, to ascertain what tribe has a right to sell them; and, secondly, to know what individuals of a tribe are authorized to act for the rest. Unhappily, the white man, always eager to "extinguish the Indian titles," as Mr. Jefferson politely phrased it, is not apt to linger long over these doubtful points; but hastens to conclude his purchase, and then stands ready to defend his parchment right by the rifle. Hence have arisen most of our bloody Indian wars. It was left for the large-minded Tecumseh to originate the grand doctrine that *no* single tribe could rightfully sell any portion of the lands which, as he claimed, belonged to the red men as a common possession. "The Great Spirit," said he to General Harrison, "gave this great island to his red children; he placed the whites on the other side of the big water; they were not contented with their own, but came to take ours from us. They have driven us from the sea to the lakes; we can go no further. They have taken upon them to say this tract belongs to the Miamis, this to the Delawares, and so on; but the Great Spirit intended it as the common property of us all. Our father tells us, that we have no business on the Wabash, the land belongs to other tribes; but the Great Spirit ordered us to come here, and here we will stay."

General Harrison could not, Tecumseh would not re-

* See Life of Tecumseh, by Benjamin Drake, for most of these particulars.

cede. The utmost the General could do was to refer the dispute to the President. "Well," said Tecumseh, "as the great chief is to determine the matter, I hope the Great Spirit will put sense enough into his head to induce him to give up this land: it is true, he is so far off he will not be injured by the war; he may sit still in his town and drink his wine, whilst you and I will have to fight it out." These were prophetic words.

For four years Tecumseh was engaged in preparing the tribes for a general war. He acquired an astonishing ascendency over the savage mind. A silent man in the ordinary circumstances of life, as the greatest men always are, he could employ more than the eloquence of Logan when descanting upon the Indian's wrongs and the white man's encroachments. General Harrison, who was long his patient and forbearing adviser, and then his conqueror, speaks of him as "one of those uncommon geniuses which spring up occasionally to produce revolutions, and overturn the established order of things. If it were not for the vicinity of the United States, he would, perhaps, be the founder of an empire that would rival in glory Mexico or Peru. No difficulties deter him. For four years he has been in constant motion. You see him to-day on the Wabash, and in a short time hear of him on the shores of Lake Erie or Michigan, or on the banks of the Mississippi; and wherever he goes he makes an impression favorable to his purposes."*

This Moses of the Indians had his Aaron—that brother of Tecumseh who figures so conspicuously in western annals as the Prophet. This man was a born liar—one of those beings, of whom every race produces examples, who from childhood exhibit a love of falsehood for its own sake; weaving elaborate fictions without any apparent object. But, what is remarkable in this prophet, as in others of his craft, he preached, upon the whole, a better morality than the Indians had known before. The substance of his message was,

* Montgomery's Life of General Harrison.

that Indians should be Indians ; good Indians, but nothing *but* Indians. They should return wholly to the ways of their fathers, discarding, above all, the white man's whisky ; also, his dress, customs, implements, even to his flint and steel. Indian women should no more marry white men. Indian husbands should no more beat their wives, nor ill treat their children. These maxims he enforced by various ingenious tales. He said, for example, that he had formerly been himself a great drunkard ; but on visiting, as prophets may do, the abode of the devil, he observed that those who had died drunkards were all there with flames of fire issuing from their mouths ; and that, alarmed at the sight, he had reformed, and now called on all Indians to follow his example. To a surprising extent, the Indians obeyed his precepts. In connection with their reformation, however, arose a revival of zeal for the punishment of witchcraft, and we read of their roasting one poor old woman four days to extract from her her diabolical secret.

It is probable that whatever was good and useful in the Prophet's teaching was due to the influence of Tecumseh, while the lies and miracles, the ceremonies and incantations, were the Prophet's own work. But this conjunction of the Patriot and Prince of Darkness proved, as it has often done before, the ruin of the good cause.

In the spring of 1811, Tecumseh, leaving his affairs in the hands of the Prophet, as Moses did in those of Aaron when he ascended the Mount, went to the South, preaching his crusade. Far and long he traveled, sowing the seeds of future wars. In Florida, among the persistent Seminoles ; in Georgia and Alabama, among the powerful Creeks and Cherokees ; in Missouri, among the tribes of the Des Moins, he held the war council, delivered his impassioned "TALK," and strode away. He returned in November, 1811, only to learn that his brother, forsaking his own prudent counsels, puffed up with self-importance, had rashly attacked General Harrison's army with nine hundred warriors, wrought to frenzy by the Prophet's eloquence ; and had met with the

disastrous defeat of Tippecanoe. The prestige of the Prophet, who had promised certain victory, was gone for ever among the northern Indians. Tecumseh's chosen warriors, the nucleus of the great army he had hoped to lead, were killed or dispersed. The rage of the great chief availed nothing.

The battle of Tippecanoe would have ended, or long deferred, Tecumseh's grand design, but for the opportune declaration of war between Great Britain and the United States on the eighteenth of June, 1812.

Tecumseh's resolution to join the British was instantly taken. Some neighboring Indians inviting him to join a council of tribes which had determined to remain neutral, he replied: "No: I have taken sides with the King, my father, and I will suffer my bones to bleach upon this shore, before I will recross that stream to join in any council of neutrality." In a few days he was in the field. The first blood shed in the war was shed through him, and the first advantage gained by the British was due to his assistance. At Detroit he witnessed, with mingled exultation and contempt, the surrender of Hull. Taken into high favor by the British generals, who testify in strong language to his quick intelligence, his military eye, his great presence and perfect courage, his scheme of uniting the tribes was adopted as a part of the system of carrying on the war. And such was Tecumseh's zeal and activity, and such his knowledge of Indian nature, that the news of our disasters in Canada was whispered among the Creeks of Alabama before they had been heard of among the white settlers! The fall of 1812 again found Tecumseh, accompanied by the Prophet and a retinue of thirty warriors, haranguing the Creeks in the midnight council; and, this time, with prodigious effect. Now, he could point to the successes of the British in the North; now he could give certain promises of assistance from the English and Spaniards in Florida; now he spoke with the authority of a British agent and officer.

How important to the British was the coöperation of the

Indians is attested by Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, whose residence at Washington, as a member of Congress, during the war, opened to him valuable sources of information. "Dread of the scalping-knife and tomahawk," says Mr. Ingersoll, in his discursive but interesting history of the war, "did more to save Canada for England than the equivocal loyalty of her Canadian subjects, the skill, valor, and admirable tactics of her best officers and soldiers. To dread of the savages, alone, Hull gave way when he first faltered. That dread took him back from Sandwich to Detroit; overcame him to surrender Detroit, much more than hostile attack by civilized men in arms. *They* do but capture, kill, and wound enemies. But Indians torture, mutilate, murder, put to death with aggravations far worse than mere homicide. Dread of the Indians struck the militia with panic, when they dared not pass over to rescue their countrymen at Queenstown. Dread of them induced Colonel Boersler to surrender to an inferior force which he might have resisted. Dread of the Indians multiplied their numbers and power so fearfully to American recollections that Indian barbarities were by far the most formidable of England's means of hostility against the United States."

Indians are excited to the point of declaring war by a process similar to that by which the war spirit is kindled in a civilized nation. First, *a war party* is formed, which increases until it embraces a majority, or, at least, a formidable minority of the tribe. Then the "conservative" opponents of the war, who resist all argument, entreaty, and intrigue, become objects of obloquy, resentment, and, lastly, persecution. Thus a civil war is fomented, in which, if the war party triumphs, war becomes the policy of the tribe, the war dance begins, and the warriors go forth to the ambush. So long had the Creeks been at peace with the settlers, and such progress had many of them made in civilization, and so many intelligent chiefs among them were peculiarly attached to the whites, that this process was a long and doubtful one.

It was going on when Tecumseh arrived. Colonel Hawkins, the United States Indian Agent, who had for many years governed the Creeks and assisted them to acquire the arts of civilization, was holding a great council of the tribe when Tecumseh came into the country. Of this council, and Tecumseh's appearance and speech therein, Mr. Pickett, in his History of Alabama, gives us an interesting account:—

"The ancient capital of the Creeks never looked so gay and populous. An autumnal sun glittered upon the yellow faces of five thousand natives, besides whites and negroes who mingled with them. At the conclusion of the agent's first day's address, Tecumseh at the head of his Ohio party marched into the square. They were entirely naked except their flaps and ornaments. Their faces were painted black, and their heads adorned with eagle plumes, while buffalo tails dragged from behind, suspended by bands which went around their waists. Buffalo tails were also attached to their arms, and made to stand out by means of bands. Their appearance was hideous, and their bearing pompous and ceremonious. They marched round and round in the square; then, approaching the chiefs, they cordially shook them with the whole length of the arm, and exchanged tobacco, a common ceremony with the Indians, denoting friendship. Captain Isaacs, chief of Coosawda, was the only one who refused to exchange tobacco. His head, adorned with its usual costume—a pair of buffalo horns—was shaken in contempt of Tecumseh, who, he said, was a bad man, and no greater than he was.

"Every day, Tecumseh appeared in the square to deliver his 'TALK,' and all ever were anxious to hear it; but, late in the evening, he would rise and say, 'The sun has gone too far to-day—I will make my talk to-morrow.' At length, Hawkins terminated his business, and departed for the agency upon the Flint. That night, a grand council was held in the great Round-house. Tecumseh, presenting his graceful and majestic form above the heads of hundreds, made known his mission in a long speech, full of fire and vengeance. He exhorted them to return to their primitive cus-

toms, to throw aside the plow and loom, and to abandon an agricultural life, which was unbecoming Indian warriors. He told them that after the whites had possessed the greater part of their country, turned its beautiful forests into large fields, and stained their rivers with the washings of the soil, they would then subject them to African servitude. He exhorted them to assimilate in no way with the grasping, unprincipled race, to use none of their arms, and wear none of their clothes, but dress in the skins of beasts which the Great Spirit had given his red children for food and raiment, and to use the war-club, the scalping-knife, and the bow. He concluded by announcing that the British, their former friends, had sent him from the Big Lakes to procure their services in expelling the Americans from all Indian soil; that the King of England was ready handsomely to reward all who would fight for his cause.

"A prophet, who composed one of the party of Tecumseh, next spoke. He said that he frequently communed with the Great Spirit, who had sent Tecumseh to their country upon this mission, the character of which that great chief had described. He declared that those who would join the war party should be shielded from all harm—none would be killed in battle; that the Great Spirit would surround them with quagmires, which would swallow up the Americans as they approached; that they would finally expel every Georgian from the soil as far as Savannah; that they would see the arms of Tecumseh stretched out in the heavens at a certain time, and that they would know when to begin the war.

"A short time before daylight the council adjourned, and more than half the audience had already resolved to go to war against the Americans."

To his public addresses from town to town, Tecumseh added private persuasion. He established prophets in various places to do the requisite howling and dancing, and to perform miracles. His utmost exertions were employed in gaining over the great chiefs.

Among his first disciples, and quite his greatest, was

Weathersford, a half-breed, a man of kindred spirit to himself, possessing much of his own grandeur of idea; handsome, sagacious, eloquent and brave.

Northward Tecumseh soon returned, leaving the memory of his burning words and artful arguments to work in the minds of the southern Indians. His injunctions to secrecy were so well observed, that for six months after his departure, during which the war question was intensely agitating tribes numbering, perhaps, thirty thousand persons, and seven thousand fighting men, the settlers slept in peace and tilled their fields without fear. As late as midsummer, 1813, the authorities were still in doubt whether anything serious was meditated by the Creeks. A few weeks later, while Tecumseh lay dead on the battle-field of the Thames, his superb body *flayed* by miscreants who could not have stood before his living frown, his mission to the South was producing its effects in wide-spread terror and hideous carnage—had already produced the event which called Andrew Jackson and the Tennessee volunteers to the field again.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE MASSACRE AT FORT MIMS.

August 30th, 1813, was the date of this most woeful and most terrible event. The place was a fort, or stockade-of-refuge, on the shores of Lake Tensaw, in the southern part of what is now the State of Alabama.

One Samuel Mims, an old and wealthy inhabitant of the Indian country, had enclosed with upright logs an acre of land, in the middle of which stood his house, a spacious one-story building, with sheds adjoining. The enclosure, pierced with five hundred port-holes, three and a half feet from the ground, was entered by two heavy rude gates, one on the east-

ern and one on the western side. In a corner, on a slight elevation, a block house was begun, but never finished. When the country became thoroughly alarmed, the inhabitants along the Alabama river, few in number and without means of defense, had left their crops standing in the fields and their houses open to the plunderer, and had rushed to the block houses and stockades, of which there were twenty in a line of seventy miles. The neighbors of Mr. Mims resorted to his enclosure, each family hastening to construct within it a rough cabin for its own accommodation.

As soon as the fort—for fort it was called—was sufficiently prepared for their reception, Governor Claiborne, of Orleans, dispatched one hundred and seventy-five volunteers to assist in its defense, under the command of Major Daniel Beasley. Already, from the neighborhood, seventy militiamen had assembled at the fort, besides a mob of friendly Indians, and one hundred and six negro slaves. Upon taking the command, Major Beasley, to accommodate the multitude which thronged to the fort, had enlarged it by making a new line of picketing sixty feet beyond the eastern end, *but left the old line of stockades standing*, thus forming *two* enclosures.

On the morning of the fatal day, though Major Beasley had spared some of his armed men for the defense of neighboring stations, Fort Mims contained no less than five hundred and fifty-three souls, a mass of human beings crowded together in a flat, swampy region, under the broiling sun of an Alabama August. Of these, more than one hundred were white women and children.

Many days had passed—long, hot, tedious days—and no Indians were seen. The first terror abated. The higher officers, it seems, had scarcely believed at all in the hostile intentions of the Creeks, and were inclined to make light of the general consternation. At least, they were entirely confident in their ability to defend the fort against any force that the Indians could bring against it. The motley inmates gave themselves up to fun and frolic. A rumor would occasionally come in with alarming news of Indian movements, and, for a

few hours, the old caution was resumed, and the men would languidly work on the defenses. But still the hourly scouts sent out by the commander could discover no traces of an enemy, and the hot days and nights still wore away without alarm.

August 29th, two slaves, who had been sent out to mind some cattle that grazed a few miles from the fort, came rushing breathless through the gate, reporting that they had seen twenty-four painted warriors. A general alarm ensued, and the garrison flew to their stations. A party of horse, guided by the negroes, galloped to the spot, but could neither find Indians, nor discover any of the usual traces of their presence. Upon their return, one of the negroes was tied up and severely flogged for alarming the garrison by what Major Beasley supposed to be a sheer fabrication. The other negro would also have been punished but for the interference of his master, who believed his tale; at which interference the major was so much displeased that he ordered the gentleman, with his large family, to leave the fort on the following morning. Never did such a fatal infatuation possess the mind of a man entrusted with so many human lives.

The 30th of August arrived. At ten in the morning the commandant was sitting in his room writing to Governor Claiborne a letter (which still exists) to the effect that he need not concern himself in the least respecting the safety of Fort Mims, as there was no doubt of its impregnability against any Indian force whatever. Both gates were wide open. Women were preparing dinner. Children were playing about the cabins. Soldiers were sauntering, sleeping, playing cards. The owner of the frightened negro had now consented to his punishment rather than leave the fort, and the poor fellow was tied up expecting soon to feel the lash. His companion, who had been whipped the day before, was out tending cattle at the same place, where again he saw, or thought he saw, painted warriors; and fearing to be whipped again if he reported the news, fled to the next station some miles distant.

All this calm and quiet morning, from before daylight until noon, there lay in a ravine only four hundred yards from the fort's eastern gate, one thousand Creek warriors, armed to the teeth, and hideous with war paint and feathers. Weathersford, the crafty and able chieftain, had led them from Pensacola, where the British had supplied them with weapons and ammunition, to this well-chosen spot, where they crouched and waited through the long slow morning, with the devilish patience with which savages and tigers *can* wait for their prey. So dead was the silence in the ravine, that the birds fluttered and sang as usual in the branches above the dusky breathing mass. Five prophets with blackened faces, with medicine bags and magic rods, lay among them, ready at the signal to begin their incantations and stimulate the fury of the warriors.

At noon a drum in the fort beat to dinner; officers and men, their arms laid aside, all unsuspicious of danger, were gathering to the meal in various parts of the stockade. That dinner drum was the signal which Weathersford had cunningly chosen for the attack. At the first tap, the silent ravine was alive with Indians, who leaped up and ran in a tumultuous mass toward the eastern gate of the devoted fort. The head of the throng had reached a field, one hundred and fifty yards across, that lay before the gate, had raised a hideous whoop, and were streaming across the field, before a sentinel saw or heard them. Then arose the terrible cry, *Indians! Indians!* and there was a rush of women and children to the houses, and of men to the gates and port-holes. Major Beasley was one of the first at the gate, and made a frantic attempt to close it; but sand had washed into the gateway, and ere the obstruction could be removed, the savages poured in, felled the commander to the earth with clubs and tomahawks, and ran over his bleeding body into the fort. He crawled behind the gate, and in a few minutes died, exhorting his men with his last breath to make a resolute resistance. At once the whole of that part of the fort which had been lately added, and which was separated from the main en-

closure by the old line of pickets, was filled with Indians, hooting, howling, dancing among the dead bodies of many of the best officers and men of the little garrison. The poor negro, tied up to be whipped for doing all he could to prevent this catastrophe, was killed as he stood waiting for his punishment.

The situation was at once simple and horrible. Two enclosures adjoining, with a line of port-holes through the log partition—one enclosure full of men, women, children, friendly Indians and negroes—the other filled with howling savages, mad with the lust of slaughter ; both compartments containing sheds, cabins, and other places for refuge and assault—the large open field without the eastern gate covered with what seemed a countless swarm of naked fiends hurrying to the fort—all avenues of escape closed by Weathersford's foresight and vigilance—no white station within three miles, and no adequate help within a day's march—the commandant and some of his ablest officers trampled under the feet of the savage foe. Such was the posture of affairs at Fort Mims a few minutes after noon on this dreadful day.

The garrison, partly recovering their first panic, formed along the line of port-holes and fired some effective volleys, killing with the first discharge the five prophets who were dancing, grimacing, and howling among the assailants in the smaller enclosure. These men had given out that they were invulnerable. American bullets were to split upon their sacred persons and pass off harmless. Their fall so abated the ardor of the savages that their fire slackened, and some began to retreat from the fort. But new crowds kept coming up, and the attack was soon renewed in all its first fury.

The garrison, with scarcely an exception, behaved as men should do in circumstances so terrible and desperate. One Captain Bailey took the command after the death of Major Beasley, and infused the fire of his own indomitable spirit into the hearts of the whole company ; adding an example of cool valor to encouraging words. The garrison maintained a ceaseless and destructive fire through the port-holes and

from the houses. It happened, more than once, that at a simultaneous discharge through a port-hole, both the Indian without and the white man within were killed. Even the boys and some of the women assisted in the defense ; and few of the women gave themselves up to terror while there remained any hope of preserving the fort. Some of the old men broke holes in the roof of the large house and did great execution upon the savages outside of the stockade. The noise was terrific. All the Indians who could not get at the port-holes to fight seem to have passed the hours of this horrible day in dancing round the fort, screaming, hooting, and taunting the inmates with their coming fate.

Amid scenes like these three hours passed, and still the larger part of the fort remained in the hands of the garrison, though many a gallant soldier had fallen, and the rooms of the large house were filled with wounded men and ministering women. The heroic Bailey still spoke cheerily. He said that Indians never fought long when they were bravely met ; they would certainly abandon the assault if the garrison continued to resist. He tried to induce a small party to make a sortie ; fight their way to the next station, and bring a force to attack the enemy in the rear. Failing in this, he said he would go himself, and began to climb the picketing, but was pulled back by his friends who saw the madness of the attempt.

About three o'clock the Indians seemed to tire of the long contest. The fire slackened ; the howlings subsided ; the savages began to carry off the plunder from the cabins in the lesser enclosure ; and hope revived in many a despairing heart. But Weathersford, at this hour, rode up on a large black horse, and meeting a throng of the retreating plunderers, upbraided them in an animated speech, and induced them to return with him to the fort and complete its destruction.

And now FIRE was added to the horrors of the scene. By burning arrows and other expedients, the house of Mr. Mims was set on fire, and soon the whole structure, with its

extensive out-buildings and sheds, was wrapped in flames; while the shrieks of the women and children were heard, for the first time, above the dreadful din and whoop of the battle. One after another, the smaller buildings caught, until the whole enclosure was a roaring sea of flame, except one poor corner, where some extra picketing formed a last refuge to the surviving victims. Into this enclosure hurried a crowd of women, children, negroes, old men, wounded soldiers, trampling one another to death—all in the last agonies of mortal terror. The savages were soon upon them, and the work of slaughter—fierce, unrelenting slaughter—began. Children were seized by the feet and their brains dashed out against the pickets. Women were cut to pieces. Men were tomahawked and scalped. Some poor Spaniards, deserters from Pensacola, were kneeling along the pickets, and were tomahawked, one after another, as they knelt. Weathersford, who was not a savage, but a misguided hero and patriot, worthy of Tecumseh's friendship, did what Tecumseh would have done if he had been there: he tried to stop this horrid carnage. But the Indians were delirious and frantic with the love of blood, and would not stay their murderous hands while one of that mass of human victims continued to live.

At noon that day, as we have seen, five hundred and fifty three persons were inmates of Fort Mims. At sunset, four hundred mangled, scalped and bloody corpses were heaped and strewed within its wooden walls. Not one white woman, not one white child, escaped. Twelve of the garrison, at the last moment, by cutting through two of the pickets, got out of the fort, and fled to the swamp. A large number of the negroes were spared by the Indians and kept for slaves. A few half-breeds were made prisoners. Captain Bailey, severely wounded, ran to the swamp, and died by the side of a cypress stump. A negro woman, with a ball in her breast, reached a canoe on lake Tensaw, and paddled fifteen miles to Fort Stoddart, and bore the first news of the massacre to Governor Claiborne. Most of the

men who fled from the slaughter wandered for days in the swamps and forests, and only reached places of safety, nearly starved, after many a hair-breadth escape from the Indians. Some of them are still living, from whose lips, Mr. A. J. Pickett, the historian of Alabama, gathered most of the particulars which have been briefly related here.

The garrison sold their lives as dearly as they could. It is thought that four hundred of Weathersford's band were killed and wounded. That night the savages, exhausted with their bloody work, appear to have slept near the scene of the massacre. Next day they returned to bury their dead, but fatigued with the number, gave it up, and left many exposed. Ten days after, Major Kennedy reached the spot with a detachment of troops to bury the bodies of the whites, and found the air dark with buzzards, and hundreds of dogs gnawing the bodies. In two large pits the troops, shuddering now with horror, and now fierce for revenge, succeeded at length in burying the remains of their countrymen and countrywomen. Major Kennedy said in his report, "Indians, negroes, white men, women and children, lay in one promiscuous ruin. All were scalped, and the females of every age were butchered in a manner which neither decency nor language will permit me to describe. The main building was burned to ashes, which were filled with bones. The plains and woods around were covered with dead bodies. All the houses were consumed by fire, except the block house and a part of the pickets. The soldiers and officers with one voice called on divine Providence to revenge the death of our murdered friends."

Such was the massacre at Fort Mims. The news flew upon the wings of the wind. From Mobile to the borders of Tennessee, from the vicinity of New Orleans almost to the coast of Georgia, there was felt to be no safety for the white man except in fortified posts; nor certain safety even in them. In the country of the Alabama river and its branches, every white man, woman and child, every friendly half-breed and Indian, hurried to the stockades, or fled in

wild terror toward Mobile. "Never in my life," wrote an eye-witness, "did I see a country given up before without a struggle. Here are the finest crops my eyes ever beheld made and almost fit to be housed, with immense herds of cattle, negroes, and property, abandoned by their owners, almost on the first alarm." Within the stockades diseases raged, and hundreds of families, unable to get within those enclosures, lay around the walls, squalid, panic-stricken, sick, and miserable. Parties of Indians roved about the country rioting in plunder. After burning the houses and laying waste the plantations, they would drive the cattle together in herds, and either destroy them in a mass, or drive them off for their future use. The horses were taken to facilitate their marauding, and their camps were filled with the luxuries of the planters' houses. Governor Claiborne, a generous and feeling man, was at his wits' end. From every quarter came the most urgent and pathetic demands for troops. Not a man could be spared, for no one knew where next the exultant savages would endeavor to repeat the catastrophe of Fort Mims; and in the best defended forts there were five non-combatants to one soldier. For some weeks of the autumn of 1813, it really seemed as if the white settlers of Alabama, including those of Mobile itself, were on the point of being exterminated.

Had Weathersford's force hastened to improve their victory, and marched upon Mobile, ill-garrisoned and crowded with fugitives, it is probable the town would have fallen before them, and a direct communication with the British fleet been established. But an Indian, never very wise, is a drunken fool after victory. He must count and trim his scalps, recount his exploits, secure his plunder, and miss the substantial advantages of his success.

This will account for the first delay, but not for the final relinquishment of the original design of taking Mobile. That is no longer a mystery. Among the papers of Governor Claiborne is a letter taken at a later period of the war from Weathersford's house, which seems completely to explain the

course of the Indians in sparing Mobile and in directing their forces towards the frontiers of Georgia and Tennessee. The letter proves beyond question, if proof were needed, that the Spanish authorities of Florida sympathized with the Creeks in their efforts against the United States, and gave them all the help they could give, both moral and substantial. The letter was dated Pensacola, September 29th, 1813, a month after the massacre, and was written by Maxeo Gonzalez Manxique, then the governor of Florida. It was addressed to the Creek chiefs, and read as follows :

"GENTLEMEN :—I received the letter that you wrote me in the month of August, by which, and with great satisfaction, I was informed of the advantages which your brave warriors obtained over your enemies.

"I represented, as I promised you, to the Captain General of the Havanna, the request (which the last time I took you by the hand) you made me of arms and ammunitions; but until now I can not yet have an answer. But I am in hopes that he will send me the effects which I requested, and as soon as I receive them I shall inform you.

"I am very thankful for your generous offers to procure to me the provisions and warriors necessary in order to retake the post of Mobile, and you ask me at the same time if we have given up Mobile to the Americans? To which I answer, for the present I can not profit of your generous offer, not being at war with the Americans, who did not take Mobile by force, since they purchased it from the miserable officer, destitute of honor, who commanded there, and delivered it without authority; by which reasons the sale and delivery of that place is entirely void and null, and I hope that the Americans will restore it again to us, because nobody can dispose of a thing that is not his own property; in consequence of which the Spaniards have not lost their right to it; and I hope you will not put in execution the project you tell me of, TO BURN THE TOWN, since those houses and properties do not belong to the Americans but to true Spaniards.

"To the bearers of your letter I have ordered some small presents to be given, and I remain for ever your good father and friend,

(Signed) "MANXIQUE."

Thus Mobile was spared the horrors of what would probably have been the most terrible massacre on record. And thus were the Creek warriors detained in the heart of the

country, and led by the counsels of their friend and ally to go and meet their doom.

The news of the massacre at Fort Mims was thirty-one days in reaching New York. It is a proof how occupied were the minds of the people in the northern States with great events, that the dread narrative appeared in the New York papers only as an item of war news of comparatively small importance. The last prodigious acts in the drama of Napoleon's decline and fall were watched with absorbing interest. The news of Perry's victory on Lake Erie had just thrilled the nation with delight and pride, and all minds were still eager for every new particular. Harrison's victory on the Thames over Proctor and Tecumseh soon followed. The lamentable condition of the southern country was therefore little felt at the time beyond the States immediately concerned. Perry and Harrison were the heroes of the hour. Their return from the scene of their exploits was a continuous triumphal fete.

In a room at Nashville, a thousand miles from these splendid scenes, lay a gaunt, yellow-visaged man, sick, defeated, prostrate, with his arm bound up, and his shoulders bandaged, waiting impatiently for his wounds to heal, and his strength to return. Who then thought of *him* in connection with victory and glory? Who supposed that *he*, of all men, was the one destined to cast into the shade those favorites of the nation, and shine out as the prime hero of the war?

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

TENNESSEE IN THE FIELD.

Alabama was then part of Mississippi Territory. Terrified and helpless, Mississippi could look for succor only to the States upon her borders—Louisiana, Georgia and Tennessee. Governor Claiborne, of Louisiana, in his capacity of general

of militia, was near the scene of the massacre; but, with a force divided among the posts in lower Alabama, he was incapable of making a single effective movement. To New Orleans, two hundred miles distant; to the capital of Georgia, three hundred miles distant; to Nashville, four hundred miles distant; to Washington, a month's journey; he dispatched expresses, bearing intelligence of his situation, and brief, earnest entreaties for instant aid. That done, nothing remained for him and his comrades but to wait and hope.

There must have been swift express riding in those early days of September, and as stealthy as swift through the Indian country; for, on the 18th of the month, nineteen days after the massacre, we find the people of Nashville assembled in town meeting to deliberate upon the event; the Rev. Mr. Craighead in the chair. This was Saturday. A committee, of which Colonel Coffee was a member, was appointed to confer with Governor Blount and General Jackson, and report on the following day. On Sunday morning the citizens were again in session, listening to an eloquent address by the reverend chairman, and to a series of resolutions urging the immediate succor of the southern settlers. It was announced that the Governor of the State was favorable to the measure. "We have to regret," said the committee, "the present temporary indisposition of our brave and patriotic General Jackson; but we have the utmost confidence, from his declarations and his convalescent state, to announce that he will be able to command so soon as the freemen of Tennessee can be collected to march against the foe."

The news of the massacre produced everywhere in Tennessee the most profound impression. Pity for the distressed Alabamians, fears for the safety of their own borders, rage against the Creeks, so long the recipients of governmental bounty, united to inflame the minds of the people. But one feeling pervaded the State. With one voice, it was decreed that the entire resources and the whole available force of Tennessee should be hurled upon the savage

foe, to avenge the massacre and deliver the southern country.

"I hope in God," wrote General Sevier, then in Congress, "that as the rascals have begun, we shall now have it in our power to pay them for the old and for the new."* This was the feeling of the entire South-west.

General Jackson was prompt in issuing a most characteristic address to the volunteers, sending it forth before it was known whether the troops would receive pay for a service unauthorized by the general government. "The horrid butcheries," said he, "perpetrating on our defenseless fellow-citizens near Fort Stoddart, can not fail to excite in every bosom a spirit of revenge. The subjoined letter of our worthy governor shows that the general government has deposited no authority in this quarter to afford aid to the unhappy sufferers. It is wished that volunteers should go forward relying on the justice of the general government for ultimate remuneration. It surely never would be said that the brave Tennesseeans wanted other inducements than patriotism and humanity to rush to the aid of our bleeding neighbors, their friends and relations. I feel confident the dull calculations of sneaking prudence will not prevent you from immediately stepping forth on this occasion, so worthy the arm of every brave soldier and good citizen. I regret that indisposition, which, from present appearances, is not likely to continue long, may prevent me from leading the van; but indulge the grateful hope of sharing with you the dangers and glory of prostrating those hell-houuds, who are capable of such barbarities. In the meantime, let all who can arm themselves do so, and hasten to Fort St. Stephens."

The Legislature of Tennessee, however, at once responded to the people's desire. On the 25th of September an act was passed empowering Governor Blount to call thirty-five hundred volunteers to the field, in addition to the fifteen hundred already enrolled in the service of the United States; the

* MSS. of Colonel A. W. Putnam.

State guaranteeing their pay and subsistence in case the general government should refuse to adopt the measure as its own. A sum of three hundred thousand dollars was voted to defray immediate expenses.

It chanced that General John Cocke, of East Tennessee, a gallant and worthy gentleman, much calumniated in the histories of this period, was at Nashville when the express from Governor Claiborne arrived. General Cocke, though a major general, was younger in the service than General Jackson, and subject to his orders when both were in the field. At the request of Governor Blount, he remained to concert the requisite measures, and, in company with the Governor, repaired to the bed side of Jackson. They found the General extremely worn and debilitated, the fracture just beginning to heal. Governor Blount said that he had just ordered General Cocke to summon the troops of East Tennessee to rendezvous at Knoxville ; and he was prepared to give General Jackson a similar order for the western division, if he was able to take the field. Jackson replied that his wounds were improving, and he thought that by the time the troops could assemble he would be ready to assume the command. Governor Blount then gave the order. Jackson inquired if provisions could be procured in East Tennessee for both divisions. General Cocke thought there could ; and promising, at General Jackson's request, to make the necessary requisition upon the government contractor at Knoxville, took his departure, carrying with him a written statement of the supplies that would be needed for General Jackson's army.

The sick General fell vigorously to his task. On the 25th of September, in another spirit-stirring address, he called his division to the field, naming the 4th of October as the time, and Fayetteville, a village near the borders of Alabama, as the place of rendezvous. On the 26th, he dispatched his old friend and partner, Colonel Coffee, with his regiment of five hundred horse, and such mounted volunteers as could instantly join, to Huntsville, in the northern part of Alabama, to re-

store confidence to the frontier. Huntsville is a hundred miles or more from Nashville. On the 4th of October, the energetic Coffee had reached the place, his force increased to nearly thirteen hundred men; and volunteers, as he wrote back to his commander, flocking in every hour.

The day named for the rendezvous at Fayetteville was exactly one month from that on which the commanding General received his wounds in the affray with the Bentons. He could not mount his horse without assistance when the time came for him to move toward the rendezvous. His left arm was bound and in a sling. He could not wear his coat-sleeve; nor, during any part of his military career, could he long endure on his left shoulder the weight of an epaulette. Often, in the crisis of a maneuver, some unguarded movement would send such a thrill of agony through his attenuated frame as almost to deprive him of consciousness. It could not have been a pleasant thought that he had squandered in a paltry, puerile, private contest, the strength he needed for the defense of his country. Grievous was his fault; bitter the penalty; noble the atonement.

Fayetteville, the place of rendezvous (more than eighty miles from Nashville), the General was unable, with all his efforts, to reach on the appointed day. He therefore sent forward his aid, Major John Reid, to represent him, and to read to the troops an address prepared for the occasion.

General Jackson, in all his wars (both military and political), relied much upon the potency of words. He was accustomed to begin and end all operations with an address. That these compositions were never executed entirely by his own hand is a fact of no importance; they expressed his ideas, they breathed his spirit, they declared his resolves.

The addresses and dispatches of Jackson were universally admired in their day, as we can still observe in the comments of the old newspapers. There is a glow, a rough-and-ready sense and energy about them which the modern reader will not mistake for the bombast of the stump. They are too characteristic of the man, too redolent of the scenes in which

he acted, to be omitted in any adequate narrative of his life and achievements. *Discipline*, the weak point of an army of militia, was the leading topic in the address read by Major Reid on this occasion :—

"We are about," said he, "to furnish these savages a lesson of admonition; we are about to teach them that our long forbearance has not proceeded from an insensibility to wrongs, or an inability to redress them. They stand in need of such warning. In proportion as we have borne with their insults, and submitted to their outrages, they have multiplied in number, and increased in atrocity. But the measure of their offenses is at length filled. The blood of our women and children, recently spilt at Fort Mims, calls for our vengeance; it must not call in vain. Our borders must no longer be disturbed by the war-whoop of these savages, and the cries of their suffering victims. The torch that has been lighted up must be made to blaze in the heart of their own country. It is time they should be made to feel the weight of a power, which, because it was merciful, they believed to be impotent. But how shall a war so long forborne, and so loudly called for by retributive justice, be waged? Shall we imitate the example of our enemies, in the disorder of their movements and the savageness of their dispositions? Is it worthy the character of American soldiers, who take up arms to redress the wrongs of an injured country, to assume no better models than those furnished them by barbarians? No, fellow-soldiers; great as are the grievances that have called us from our homes, we must not permit disorderly passions to tarnish the reputation we shall carry along with us. We must and will be victorious; but we must conquer as men who owe nothing to chance, and who, in the midst of victory, can still be mindful of what is due to humanity!

"We will commence the campaign by an inviolable attention to discipline and subordination. Without a strict observance of these, victory must ever be uncertain, and ought hardly to be exulted in, even when gained. To what but the entire disregard of order and subordination, are we to ascribe the disasters which have attended our arms in the North during the present war? How glorious will it be to remove the blots which have tarnished the fair character bequeathed us by the fathers of our Revolution! The bosom of your general is full of hope. He knows the ardor which animates you, and already exults in the triumph which your strict observance of discipline and good order will render certain."

The rudimental character of the orders which accompanied this address shows how little accustomed were the volunteers to the restraints of service. No sutler could sell liquor

to a soldier without the written permission of a commissioned officer. Drunkenness, "the bane of all orderly encampments," would subject an officer to arrest; a private, to confinement until tried by a court-martial. No citizen could enter or leave the camp at night. No officer or soldier to sleep out of camp without permission. "On parade, silence, the duty of a soldier, is positively commanded." Even these simple rules were thought by this army of hunting-shirted pioneers to be extremely rigorous.

Traveling as fast as his healing wounds permitted, General Jackson reached Fayetteville on the 7th of October, and found that less than half of the two thousand men ordered out had assembled. But welcome tidings from Colonel Coffee awaited him. Hitherto, he had chiefly feared for the safety of Mobile, and had anticipated a long and weary march into southern Alabama. He now learned from Colonel Coffee's dispatch, that the Indians seemed to have abandoned their designs upon Mobile. and were making their way, in two parties, toward the borders of Georgia and Tennessee. This was joyful news to the enfeebled but fiery commander. "It is surely," he wrote back to Coffee the same evening, "high gratification to learn that the Creeks are so attentive to my situation as to save me the pain of traveling. I must not be outdone in politeness, and will therefore endeavor to meet them on the middle ground."

A week was passed at Fayetteville in waiting for the troops, procuring supplies, organizing the regiments, and drilling the men; a week of intense exertion on the part of the General, to whom congenial employment brought daily restoration.

At one o'clock on Monday, the 11th of October, an express dashed into camp with another dispatch from Colonel Coffee, announcing the approach of the enemy. Then was seen the impetuous energy of the General in command. The order to prepare for marching was given *on the instant.* A few minutes later, the express was galloping back to Coffee's camp, carrying a few hasty lines from Jackson, to the effect

that, in two hours, he would be in motion with all his available force. Before three, he had kept his word; the army was in full career toward Huntsville. Excited more and more, as they went, by rumor of Indian murders, the men marched with such incredible swiftness as to reach Huntsville, *thirty-two miles* from Fayetteville, by eight o'clock the same evening! It is hard to believe that an army could march six miles an hour for five hours, but the fact is stated on what may be considered the authority of General Jackson himself. No white men *but* western pioneers could perform a feat of that description; and of such men, who made the most difficult, important, and costly conquest ever made by man—the conquest of the western world from the wilderness and the savage—who shall say what they could or could not do in the way of physical achievement? At Huntsville, it was found that the news of the rapid approach of the Indians was exaggerated. The next day, therefore, the force marched leisurely to the Tennessee river, crossed it, and toward evening came up with Colonel Coffee's command, encamped on the south side of the river.

So far all had gone well. There they were, twenty-five hundred of them, in the pleasant autumn weather, upon a high bluff overlooking the beautiful Tennessee, all in high spirits, eager to be led against the enemy. There were jovial souls among them. David Crockett, then the peerless bear-hunter of the West (to be member of Congress by and by, to be national joker, and to stump the country against his present commander) was there with his rifle and hunting-shirt, the merriest of the merry, keeping the camp alive with his quaint conceits and marvelous narratives. He had a hereditary right to be there, for both his grandparents had been murdered by Creeks, and other relatives carried into long captivity by them. "Perfectly a child of nature," observed his biographer, "and thrown by accident among men raised, like himself, on the frontiers, and consequently uneducated, he was perfectly at home. Naturally of a fine person, with a goodness of heart rarely equaled, and a talent for humor

never excelled, he soon found his way to the hearts of his messmates. No man ever enjoyed a greater degree of personal popularity than did David Crockett while with the army ; and his success in political life is mainly attributable to that fact. I have met with many of his messmates, who spoke of him with the affection of a brother, and from them have heard many anecdotes, which convince me how much goodness of heart he really possessed. He not unfrequently would lay out his own money to buy a blanket for a suffering soldier ; and never did he own a dollar which was not at the service of the first friend who called for it. Blessed with a memory which never forgot any thing, he seemed merely a depository of anecdote : while, at the same time, to invent, when at a loss, was as easy as to narrate those which he had already heard. These qualities made him the rallying point for fun with all his messmates, and served to give him that notoriety which he now possesses."

Merriment, meanwhile, was far from the heart of the General. Grappling now with the chronic difficulty of the campaign, he was torn with impatience and anxiety.

Twenty-five hundred men and thirteen hundred horses on a bluff of the Tennessee, on the borders of civilization, about to plunge into pathless woods, and march, no one knew how far, into the fastnesses and secret retreats of a savage enemy ! Such a body will consume ten wagon-loads of provisions every day. For a week's subsistence they require a thousand bushels of grain, twenty tons of flesh, a thousand gallons of whisky, and many hundredweight of miscellaneous stores. Assemble, suddenly, such a force in the most populous county of Illinois, as Illinois now is, and it would not be a quite easy matter, in the space of seventeen days, to organize a system of supply so that the army could march thirty miles a day into the forest, and be sure of finding a day's rations waiting for them at the end of every day's march. Colonel Coffee, moreover, had been encamped for eight days upon the bluff, had swept the surrounding country of its forage, and gathered in nearly all the provisions it could

furnish. All this General Jackson had expected, and hither, accordingly, he had directed the supplies from East Tennessee to be sent.

General Cocke had performed all that he had promised by Jackson's bed side. Besides mustering his own division of twenty-five hundred men, and having them ready to march by the 2d of October, he had made the promised requisition on the government contractor at Knoxville for the supply of Jackson's army, which was three hundred miles down the river. The contractor had abundant provisions, and instantly set about dispatching them. "I believe," wrote General Cocke to Jackson, on the 2d day of October, "a thousand barrels of flour can be had immediately. I will send it on to Ditto's landing (Jackson's camp) without delay." To the river's side they were sent promptly enough. But the Tennessee, like most of the western rivers, is not navigable in its upper waters in dry seasons, and the flour which General Jackson expected to find awaiting him at Coffee's bluff, was still hundreds of miles up the river, "waiting for a rise." His whole stock, at present, amounted to only a few days' supply. To proceed seemed impossible.

He was bitterly disappointed. Nor was the cause of the delay apparent to him, since the Tennessee, where *he* saw it, flowed by in a sufficient stream. Chafing under the enforced delay, like a war-horse restrained from the charge after the trumpet has sounded, he denounced the contractor and the contract system, and even General Cocke, who, zealous for the service, had gone far beyond the line of his duty in his efforts to forward the supplies.

But General Jackson did better things than these. Perceiving now, only too clearly, that this matter of provisions was to be the great difficulty of the campaign, he sent back to Nashville his friend and quarter-master, Major William B. Lewis, in order that he might have some one there upon whose zeal and discretion he could entirely rely, and who would do all that man could do for his relief. Colonel Coffee, with a body of seven hundred mounted men, he sent

away from his hungry camp to scour the banks of the Black Warrior, a branch of the Tombigbee. He gave the infantry who remained as hard a week's drilling as ever volunteers submitted to. Order arose from confusion; discipline began to exert its potent spell, and the mob of pioneer militia assumed something of the aspect of an army. While he was thus engaged, a friendly chief (Shelocta) came into camp with news that hostile Creeks, in a considerable body, were threatening a fort occupied by friendly Indians near the Ten Islands of the Coosa. The route thither lying in part up the Tennessee, Jackson resolved, with such provisions as he had, to go and meet the expected flotilla, and, having obtained supplies, to strike at once into the heart of the Indian country and relieve the friendly fort. He lived, during these anxious days, with an eye ever on the river, heart-sick with hope deferred.

On the 19th of October the camp on the bluff broke up. Three days of marching, climbing, and road cutting, over mountains before supposed to be impassable, brought the little army to Thompson's creek, a branch of the Tennessee, twenty-two miles above the previous encampment. To his inexpressible disappointment, he found there neither provisions, nor tidings of provisions. In circumstances so disheartening and unexpected, most men would have thought it better generalship to retreat to the settlements, and wait in safety while adequate arrangements were made for the support of the army. No such thought appears to have occurred to the General. Retreat at that moment would have probably tempted the enemy to the frontiers of Tennessee, and covered them with fire and desolation. Jackson halted his force at Thompson's creek, and while his men were employed in throwing up a fort to be used as a depot for the still expected provisions, he sat in his tent for three days writing letters the most pathetic and imploring. He wrote to General Cocke and Judge Hugh L. White, of East Tennessee; to the governors of Tennessee and Georgia; to the Indian agents among the Cherokees and Choctaws; to friendly Indian chiefs; to

General Flourney, of New Orleans; to various private friends of known public spirit; appealing to every motive of interest and patriotism that could influence men, entreating them to use all personal exertions and public authority in forwarding supplies to his destitute army. Give me provisions, was the burden of these eloquent letters, and I will end this war in a month. "There *is* an enemy," he wrote, "whom I dread much more than I do the hostile Creeks, and whose power, I am fearful, I shall first be made to feel—I mean the meager monster, FAMINE. I shall leave this encampment in the morning direct for the Ten Islands, and thence, with as little delay as possible, to the junction of the Coosa and Tallapoosa; and yet I have not on hand two days' supply of breadstuffs."

I have before me a familiar, hasty letter, written at the Thompson's creek encampment by Major Reid, the General's aid, to Major William B. Lewis, which reveals the situation vividly.

JOHN REID TO WILLIAM B. LEWIS.

CAMP DEPOSIT, ON THOMPSON'S CREEK, October 24, 1813.

"MAJOR LEWIS: DEAR SIR:—We have cut our way over mountains more tremendous than the Alps, and to-day we ascend others.

At this place we have remained a day for the purpose of establishing a depot for provisions; but where those provisions are to come from, or when they are to arrive, God Almighty only knows. We had expected supplies from East Tennessee, but they have not arrived, and I am fearful never will. I speak seriously when I declare, I expect we shall soon have to eat our horses, and perhaps this is the best use we can put a great many of them to.

The hostile Creeks, as we learnt yesterday, from the Pathkiller, are assembling in great numbers within fifteen miles from Turkey Town. Chenully, who is posted with the friendly Creeks in the neighborhood of that place, it is feared, will be destroyed before we can arrive to their relief. In three days we shall probably have a fight. The General swears he will neither sound a retreat nor survive a defeat.

General White, of the East Tennessee militia, has not yet joined us, nor has Colonel Coffee returned, who was dispatched before you left us; but

we understand that Coffee lay within ten miles of us last night, and will be up by twelve o'clock. He saw no Indians, but burnt some towns.

General White, with the advanced division, consisting perhaps of a thousand, arrived near a week ago at the foot of the Lookout Mountain, and will probably form a junction with us in a few days, if our movements should not be too speedy for his. We, however, have been greatly delayed by the irregularity and scantiness of our supplies, and the ruggedness of the mountains over which we have had to pass; and the same causes will, no doubt, continue to impede our progress.

We are distant from the Ten Islands about fifty miles by the nearest route, for which place we shall recommence our march in the evening, leaving Turkey Town and Chenully's Fort to the left, unless we should find it necessary to go by them for their relief.

We shall leave this place with less than two days' supply of provisions. Adieu. Write me if you have an opportunity. I am in a great hurry. Farewell again.

JOHN REID.*

Colonel Coffee soon after rejoined the General. In twelve days he had marched two hundred miles, burnt two Indian towns, collected three or four hundred bushels of corn, and returned to the Tennessee without having seen a hostile Indian. Runners still arriving from the Ten Islands with entreaties from the friendly Indians for relief, Jackson, with two days' supply of bread and six of flesh, resolved to march, and depend for subsistence upon chance and victory.

Before leaving Fort Deposit—by this name he called the fort constructed at Thompson's creek—he caused a second address to be read to the army. It tells its own story:—

"You have, fellow-soldiers, at length penetrated the country of your enemies. It is not to be believed that they will abandon the soil that embosoms the bones of their forefathers, without furnishing you an opportunity of signalizing your valor. Wise men do not expect, brave men will not desire it. It was not to travel unmolested through a barren wilderness that you quitted your families and homes, and submitted to so many privations; it was to revenge the cruelties committed upon your defenseless frontiers by the inhuman Creeks, instigated by their no less inhuman allies; you shall not be disappointed. If the enemy flee before us, we will overtake

* Manuscripts of Major William B. Lewis.

and chastise him; we will teach him how dreadful, when once aroused, is the resentment of freemen. But it is not by boasting that punishment is to be inflicted or victory obtained. The same resolution that prompted us to take up arms must inspire us in battle. Men thus animated, and thus resolved, barbarians can never conquer; and it is an enemy, barbarous in the extreme, that we have now to face. Their reliance will be on the damage they can do you while you are asleep and unprepared for action; their hopes shall fail them in the hour of experiment. Soldiers who know their duty, and are ambitious to perform it, are not to be taken by surprise. Our sentinels will never sleep, nor our soldiers be unprepared for action; yet, while it is enjoined upon the sentinels vigilantly to watch the approach of the foe, they are, at the same time, commanded not to fire at shadows. Imaginary danger must not deprive them of entire self-possession. Our soldiers will lie with their arms in their hands; and the moment an alarm is given, they will move to their respective positions, without noise, and without confusion; they will thus be enabled to hear the orders of their officers, and to obey them with promptitude.

"Great reliance will be placed by the enemy on the consternation they may be able to spread through our ranks by the hideous yells with which they commence their battles; but brave men will laugh at such efforts to alarm them. It is not by bellowings and screams that the wounds of death are inflicted. You will teach these noisy assailants how weak are their weapons of warfare, by opposing them with the bayonet. What Indian ever withstood its charge? What army of any nation ever withstood it long?

"Yes, soldiers, the order for a charge will be the signal for victory. In that moment your enemy will be seen flying in every direction before you. But in the moment of action coolness and deliberation must be regarded; your fires made with precision and aim; and when ordered to charge with the bayonet, you must proceed to the assault with a quick and firm step, without trepidation or alarm. Then shall you behold the completion of your hopes in the discomfiture of your enemy. Your General, whose duty, as well as inclination, is to watch over your safety, will not, to gratify any wishes of his own, rush you unnecessarily into danger. He knows, however, that it is not in assailing an enemy that men are destroyed; it is when retreating and in confusion. Aware of this, he will be prompted as much by a regard for your lives as your honor. He laments that he has been compelled, even incidentally, to hint at a retreat when speaking to freemen and to soldiers. Never until you forget all that is due to yourselves and your country, will you have any practical understanding of that word. Shall an enemy, wholly unacquainted with military evolution, and who rely more for victory on their grim visages and hideous yells, than upon their bravery or their weapons—shall such an enemy ever drive be-

fore them the well-trained youths of our country, whose bosoms pant for glory, and a desire to avenge the wrongs they have received? Your General will not live to behold such a spectacle; rather would he rush into the thickest of the enemy, and submit himself to their scalping knives. But he has no fears of such a result. He knows the valor of the men he commands, and how certainly that valor, regulated as it will be, will lead to victory. With his soldiers he will face all dangers, and with them participate in the glory of conquest."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

GENERAL COFFEE'S BATTLE.

JOHN COFFEE, as one of his friends observed to me, was a great soldier without knowing it. So the *world* never knew it. He was a giant in stature and nobly proportioned; in demeanor taciturn and totally void of pretense: a man to do his duty, and let any one else have the glory of it who wanted that airy commodity. The first in the field, he had been now a month in the saddle, leading his horsemen up and down the country, doing what he could to keep the foe from the frontier, and the Wolf from the Manger. He had not slain an Indian: but his presence had dispelled alarm, and his swift gallopings to and fro had given every one, friend and foe, the idea that something energetic was going forward. To his sick general he had been an arm of strength, when he most needed it. Promoted now, most justly and with the applause of the whole army, to the rank of brigadier general, it was his well-deserved good fortune to gain over the savage Creeks the first signal success of the war.

Leaving Fort Deposit on the 25th of October, Jackson marched southward into the enemy's country as fast as the state of his commissariat permitted; halting when his corn quite gave out; marching again when he procured a day's supply; sending out detachments to burn villages and find

hidden stores; writing letter after letter, imploring succor from the settlements; always resolute, always in an agony of suspense. On one of these days, Colonel Dyer, who had been sent out with a detachment of two hundred men, returned to camp with twenty-nine prisoners and a considerable supply of corn, the spoils of a burnt village. Other slight successes on the march served to keep the men in good spirits, but were not sufficient to lift for more than a moment the load of care that rested upon the heart of the General. A week brought the whole force, intact, to the banks of the Coosa, within a few miles of the Ten Islands, near which, at a town called Talluschatches, it was now known, a large body of the Indians had assembled.

Talluschatches was thirteen miles from General Jackson's camp. On the 2d of November came the welcome order to General Coffee, to march with a thousand mounted men to destroy this town. Late in the same day, the detachment were on the trail, accompanied by a body of friendly Creeks, wearing white feathers and white deers' tails, to distinguish them from their hostile brethren. The next morning's sun shone upon Coffee and his men preparing to assault the town. What followed, let the brave General himself relate.

"I arrived," wrote General Coffee in his official report to Jackson, "within one mile and a half of the town on the morning of the 3d, at which place I divided my detachment into two columns, the right composed of the cavalry commanded by Colonel Allcorn, to cross over a large creek that lay between us and the towns; the left column was of the mounted riflemen, under the command of Colonel Cannon, with whom I marched myself. Colonel Allcorn was ordered to march up on the right, and encircle one half of the town, and at the same time the left would form a half circle on the left, and unite the head of the columns in front of the town—all of which was performed as I could wish. When I arrived within half a mile of the town, the drums of the enemy began to beat, mingled with their savage yells, preparing for action. It was after sunrise an hour when the action was brought on

by Captain Hammond and Lieutenant Patterson's companies, who had gone on within the circle of alignment, for the purpose of drawing out the enemy from their buildings; which had the most happy effect. As soon as Captain Hammond exhibited his front in view of the town, (which stood in an open woodland,) and gave a few scattering shot, the enemy formed and made a violent charge on him; he gave way as they advanced, until they met our right column, which gave them a general fire and then charged. This changed the direction of charge completely. The enemy retreated firing, until they got around, and in their buildings, where they made all the resistance that an overpowered soldier could do. They fought as long as one existed; but their destruction was very soon completed. Our men rushed up to the doors of the houses, and in a few minutes killed the last warrior of them. The enemy fought with savage fury, and met death with all its horrors, without shrinking or complaining: not one asked to be spared, but fought as long as they could stand or sit. In consequence of their flying to their houses and mixing with the families, our men, in killing the males, without intention, killed and wounded a few of the squaws and children, which was regretted by every officer and soldier of the detachment, but which could not be avoided.

"The number of the enemy killed was one hundred and eighty-six, that were counted, and a number of others that were killed in the weeds, not found. I think the calculation a reasonable one, to say two hundred of them were killed, and eighty-four prisoners of women and children were taken. Not one of the warriors escaped to carry the news—a circumstance unknown heretofore.

"We lost five men killed, and forty-one wounded, none mortally, the greater part slightly; a number with arrows. This appears to form a very principal part of the enemy's arms for warfare, every man having a bow with a bundle of arrows, which is used after the first fire with the gun, until a leisure time for loading offers.

"It is with pleasure I say that our men acted with de-

liberation and firmness. Notwithstanding our numbers were superior to that of the enemy, it was a circumstance to us unknown; and from the parade of the enemy, we had every reason to suppose them our equals in number; but there appeared no visible traces of alarm in any, but, on the contrary, all appeared cool and determined, and no doubt when they face a foe of their own or superior number, they will show the same courage as on this occasion."

The Indians, in this battle, as in all the battles of the Creek war, fought with *religious* frenzy. Tecumseh knew well the Indian character when he adopted his prophet-brother's fantastic devices. Every tribe and war party had its prophet, who really seems to have made *himself* believe that he and his followers would be invulnerable by American bullets. The prophet of Talluschatches, it is related, had preached this doctrine with great effect. When the fire was hottest, he sprang to the roof of one of the houses and harangued the contending warriors with loud outcries and vehement gesticulation. "The Great Spirit," he cried, "was on the side of the red men and their British allies. Innumerable spirits filled the air, commissioned by the Great Spirit to catch the flying bullets of the Americans. Look at me, on the top of a house in full view of the Americans, and I am still unharmed!" He soon attracted attention, however, when an American bullet silenced him for ever, and he tumbled headlong to the ground.*

On the evening of the same day, General Coffee, having destroyed the town and buried his dead, led his victorious troops back to Jackson's camp, where he received from his General and the rest of the army the welcome that brave men give to brave men returning from triumph. A brief dispatch from General Jackson to Governor Blount, written on the 4th of November, and soon published in all newspapers, was the first of the long series of dispatches that associated his name with victory:—

"We have retaliated for the destruction of Fort Mims.

* Claiborne's Notes.

On the 2d, I detached General Coffee, with a part of his brigade of cavalry and mounted riflemen, to destroy Tallushatches, where a considerable force of the hostile Creeks was concentrated. The General executed this in style. An hundred and eighty-six of the enemy were found dead on the field, and about eighty taken prisoners, forty of whom have been brought here. In the number left there is a sufficiency but slightly wounded to take care of those who are badly. I have to regret that five of my brave fellows have been killed, and about thirty wounded; some badly, but none I hope mortally. Both officers and men behaved with the utmost bravery and deliberation. Captains Smith, Bradley, and Winston are wounded, all slightly. No officer is killed. So soon as General Coffee makes his report I shall enclose it. If we had a sufficient supply of provisions we should in a very short time accomplish the object of the expedition."

Along with the returning horsemen, joyful with their triumph, came into camp a sorrowful procession of prisoners, all women or children, all widows or fatherless, all helpless and destitute. They were humanely cared for by the troops, and soon after sent to the settlements for maintenance during the war.

On the bloody field of Talluschatches was found a slain mother still embracing her living infant. The child was brought into camp with the other prisoners, and Jackson, anxious to save it, endeavored to induce some of the Indian women to give it nourishment. "No," said they, "all his relations are dead, kill him too." This reply appealed to the heart of the General. He caused the child to be taken to his own tent, where, among the few remaining stores, was found a little brown sugar. This mingled with water, served to keep the child alive until it could be sent to Huntsville, where it was nursed at Jackson's expense until the end of the campaign, and then taken to the Hermitage. Mrs. Jackson received it cordially; and the boy grew up in the family, treated by the General and his kind wife as a son and a favorite. Lincoyer was the name given him by the General. He grew to be a finely formed and robust youth, and received the education

usually given to the planters' sons in the neighborhood. Yet, it appears, he remained an Indian to the last, delighting to roam the fields and woods, and decorate his hair and clothes with gay feathers, and given to strong yearnings for his native wilds. At the proper age, the General, wishing to complete his good work by giving him the means of independence, took him among the shops of Nashville, and asked him to choose the trade he would learn. He chose the very business at which Jackson himself had tried his youthful hand—harness making. The apprentice now spent the working days in the shop at Nashville, going to the Hermitage on Sunday evenings, and returning on Monday morning, generally riding one of the General's horses. The work did not agree with him, and he came home sick to the Hermitage, to leave it no more. His disease proved to be consumption. He was nursed with care and solicitude by good Aunt Rachel, but he sank rapidly, and died before he had reached his seventeenth year. The General sincerely mourned his loss, and often spoke of Lincoyer as a parent speaks of a lost child.

A lady of Nashville tells me, that when, as a little girl, she used to visit the Hermitage with her parents, this Indian boy was her terror; as it was his delight to spring out upon the other children from some ambush about the house, and frighten them with loud yells and horrible grimaces.

CHAPTER XL.

BATTLE OF TALLADEGA.

It was General Jackson's turn next. Thirty miles from his encampment on the Coosa stood a small fort, into which, as before intimated, a party of a hundred and fifty-four friendly Creeks had fled for safety. The site of this fort is now covered by part of the town of Talla-

dega, the capital of Talladega county, Alabama, a thriving place of two thousand inhabitants, situated on a branch of the Coosa, in the midst of beautiful mountain scenery. This region was, at the time of which we are now writing, literally a *howling* wilderness ; for, while General Coffee was returning in triumph from Talluschatchee, more than a thousand hostile Creeks suddenly surrounded the friendly fort and invested it so completely that not a man could escape. With only a small supply of corn, and scarcely any water, outnumbered seven to one, and unable to send intelligence of their situation, the inmates of the fort seemed doomed to massacre. The assailants appear to have comported themselves on this occasion in the manner of a cat sure of her mouse. They whooped and sported around their prey, waiting for terror or starvation to save them the trouble of conquest.

Some days passed. The sufferings of the beleaguered Indians from thirst began to be intolerable. A noted chief of the party resolved upon making one desperate effort to escape and carry the news to Jackson's camp. Enveloping himself in the skin of a large hog, with the head and feet attached, he left the fort, and went about rooting and grunting, gradually working his way through the hostile host until he was beyond the reach of their arrows. Then, throwing off his disguise, he fled with the swiftness of the wind. Not knowing precisely where General Jackson was, he did not reach the camp till late in the evening of the next day, when he came in, breathless and exhausted, and told his story.*

This was on the 7th of November, four days after the affair of Talluschatches, during which the General and the troops had been busy in erecting a fortification, or depot, which was named Fort Strother. The army was still, as it had been from the beginning of the campaign, only a few days removed from starvation. Contractors had been dismissed, new ones appointed, more imploring letters written,

* Pickett's History of Alabama.

and every conceivable effort made, and yet no reliable system had been devised to overcome the inherent difficulties of the work. To the General's other embarrassments was now added the care of a considerable number of wounded and sick, many of whom could not be moved. There was one encouraging circumstance, however. The troops from East Tennessee, under Major General Cocke, and Brigadier General White, had, at length, reached the vicinity, and a force under general White was expected to join the next day, and to bring with them some supplies. So General White himself had written. Jackson, at the moment when the messenger from the beleaguered fort arrived, was in his tent, closing his reply to the coming general, to whom he imparted the new intelligence and announced his intentions with regard to it, adding that he depended upon *him* (General White) to protect his camp during his own absence from it.

Relying, with the utmost possible confidence, upon General White's arrival, Jackson, with his usual dashing promptitude, issued orders for his whole division, except a few men to guard the post and attend the sick, to prepare for marching that very evening. He had taken the resolution to rush to the relief of the friendly Creeks, justly supposing that the massacre of such a body, within so short a distance of an American army, would intimidate all the friendly Indians and tend to unite the southern tribes, as one man, against the United States.

At one o'clock in the morning of November the 8th, eight hundred horsemen and twelve hundred foot, under command of General Jackson, stood on the bank of the Coosa, one mile above Fort Strother, ready to cross. The river was wide but fordable for horsemen. Each of the mounted men taking behind him one of the infantry, rode across the river and then returned for another. This operation consumed so long a time that it was nearly four o'clock in the morning before the whole force was drawn up on the opposite bank prepared to move. A long and weary march through a country wild and uninhabited brought them, about sunset, within six miles

of Talladega. There the General thought it best to halt and give repose to the troops, taking precautions to conceal his presence from the enemy.

There was no repose for the General that night. Till late in the evening he remained awake, receiving reports from the spies sent out to reconnoiter the enemy's position, and making arrangements for the morrow's work. At midnight, an Indian came into the camp with a dispatch from General White announcing, to Jackson's inexpressible astonishment and dismay, that, in consequence of positive orders from General Cocke, he would not be able to protect Fort Strother, but must return and rejoin his general immediately. No other explanation was given. Jackson was in sore perplexity. To go forward was to leave the sick and wounded at Fort Strother to the mercy of any strolling party of savages. To retreat would bring certain destruction upon the friendly Creeks, and, probably, the whole besieging force upon his own rear. In this painful dilemma, he resolved upon the boldest measures, and the wisest—to strike the foe in his front at the dawn of day, and, having delivered the inmates of the fort, hasten from the battle field to the protection of Fort Strother.

Before four in the morning the army was in full march toward the enemy.

"At sunrise," said the General in his dispatch, "we came within half a mile of them, and having formed my men, I moved on in battle order. The infantry were in three lines —the militia on the left, and the volunteers on the right. The cavalry formed the two extreme wings, and were ordered to advance in a *curve*, keeping their rear connected with the advance of their infantry lines, and enclose the enemy in a circle. The advanced guard, whom I sent forward to bring on the engagement, met the attack of the enemy with great intrepidity ; and having poured upon them four or five very galling rounds, fell back, as they had been previously ordered, to the main army. The enemy pursued, and the front line was now ordered to advance and meet him ; but owing to

some misunderstanding, a few companies of militia, who composed a part of it, commenced a retreat. At this moment a corps of cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Dyer, which I had kept as a reserve, was ordered to dismount, and fill up the vacancy occasioned by the retreat. This order was executed with a great deal of promptitude and effect. The militia, seeing this, speedily rallied; and the fire became general along the front line, and on that part of the wings which was contiguous. The enemy, unable to stand it, began to retreat; but were met at every turn, and repulsed in every direction. The right wing chased them, with a most destructive fire, to the mountains, a distance of about three miles—and had I not been compelled by the *faux pas* of the militia in the outset of the battle, to dismount my reserve, I believe not a man of them would have escaped. The victory, however, was very decisive—two hundred and ninety of the enemy were left dead—and there can be no doubt but many more were killed who were not found. Wherever they ran, they left behind traces of blood; and it is believed that very few will return to their villages in as sound a condition as they left them. In the engagement, we lost fifteen killed, and eighty-five wounded—two of them have since died. All the officers acted with the utmost bravery, and so did all the privates, except that part of the militia who retreated at the commencement of the battle; and they hastened to atone for their error. Taking the whole together, they have realized the high expectations I had formed of them, and have fairly entitled themselves to the gratitude of their country."

A private letter of General Coffee's to Captain Donelson adds a few particulars: "We had nearly surrounded the Indians," wrote Coffee, "when they broke through an opening in the lines that had not been closed, through which many of them escaped. We pursued them three or four miles, killing and wounding as they ran. We have counted two hundred and ninety-nine Indians dead on the ground, and it is believed that many have not been found that were killed dead; but the battle ground was so very large we had not

time to hunt them up. It is believed that very few got clear without a wound. Thus the two battles have certainly left five hundred of the choice warriors of the enemy dead on the ground, besides many others not found, and as many others must be wounded; which leaves the forces of the Creek nation a thousand men weaker than when they began the present war. The force of the enemy was a little upwards of one thousand warriors, picked men sent forward to destroy our army. Although our detachment was about double their numbers, we never had more than their own numbers engaged with them at the same time. But rest assured that they never will stand an opposing force of their equals on fair ground. They are certainly a desperate enemy when they have conquered; but they are very soon put to flight by a resolute stand or charge. . . . . We lost in the battle fifteen men killed and eighty-six wounded, the most of them very slightly. Some few will die, but very few. This disproportion is as great as we could possibly have expected—as battles can not be fought without losing men. . . . . I mentioned in the first of this that it was the first time I had written you; but I recollect since of writing you before. Our crowd of business is such, that I don't always recollect what has passed in a few hours after."*

The joy of the rescued Creeks is described to have been affecting in the extreme. Besides being nearly dead from thirst, they were anticipating an assault that very day, and had no knowledge of Jackson's approach until they heard the noise of the battle. Fifteen minutes after the action became general, the savages were flying headlong in every direction, and falling fast under the swords of the pursuing troops. The delivered Creeks ran out of the fort, and, having appeased their raging thirst, thronged around their deliverer, testifying their delight and gratitude. The little corn that they could spare the General bought and distributed among his hungry men and horses. He had left Fort Strother with only provisions for little more

* MSS. of Tennessee Historical Society.

than one day, and the supply obtained from the Creeks amounted to less than a meal for his victorious army.

The dead honorably buried, and the wounded placed in litters, the troops marched back to Fort Strother the day after the battle. They arrived tired and hungry, yet fondly hoping that, in their absence, some supplies had been collected. Not a peck of meal, not a pound of flesh had reached the fort; and they found their sick and wounded comrades as hungry as themselves. It was a bitter moment. The General was in an agony of disappointment and apprehension. The men, though returning from victory, murmured ominously. Until this day, the General and his staff had subsisted upon private stores procured and transported at his own expense. Before leaving for Talladega, he had directed the surgeons to draw upon these, if necessary, for the maintenance of the sick, and upon his return, he found that all had been consumed, except a few pounds of biscuit. These were immediately distributed among the hungry applicants, not one being reserved for the General. Concealing his feelings, and assuming a cheerful aspect, he went among the men and endeavored to give the affair a jocular turn. He went with his staff to the slaughtering place of the camp, and brought away from the refuse there the means of satisfying his appetite, declaring with a smiling face that tripe was a savory and nutritious article of food, and that, for his part, he desired nothing better. For several days succeeding, while a few lean cattle were the only support of the army, General Jackson and his military family subsisted upon tripe, without bread or seasoning.

It was at this time that an oft-told incident occurred. A soldier, gaunt and woe-begone, approached the General one morning, while he was sitting under a tree eating, and begged for some food as he said he was nearly starving. "It has always been a rule with me," replied Jackson, "never to turn away a hungry man when it was in my power to relieve him, and I will most cheerfully divide with you what I have." Putting his hand into his pocket, he drew forth a few acorns, saying, "This is the best and only fare I have." The aston-

ished man did not neglect to narrate the circumstance to his comrades, nor did they fail to repeat it with ever new amplification and variation. It appeared in the newspapers, in a highly dramatic form, thus: General Jackson invited his officers to breakfast with him in his marquee, and they assembled in keen expectation of enjoying the usual abundance of a Major General's table. When the hour arrived, a tray of acorns and a pitcher of water were brought in. "Sit down, gentlemen," said the General, with dignified composure; "this is my breakfast, and it is all I have to serve you with; but a soldier never despairs. Heaven will bless our cause, will preserve us from famine, and return us home CONQUERORS!" Filled with admiration the officers forgot their disappointment, and returned, after the meal, to their quarters, more devoted to the General than ever. Thus, campaign anecdotes originate.

Jackson soon saw the effect of his brilliant success at Talladega. The Hillabee warriors, who had been defeated in that battle, at once sent a messenger to Fort Strother to sue for peace. Jackson's reply was prompt and characteristic. His government, he said, had taken up arms to avenge the most gross depredations, and to bring back to a sense of duty a people to whom it had shown the utmost kindness. When those objects were attained the war would cease, but not till then. "Upon those," he continued, "who are disposed to become friendly, I neither wish nor intend to make war, but they must afford evidences of the sincerity of their professions; the prisoners and property they have taken from us and the friendly Creeks must be restored; the instigators of the war, and the murderers of our citizens, must be surrendered; the latter must and will be made to feel the force of our resentment. Long shall they remember Fort Mims in bitterness and tears."

The Hillabee messenger, who was an old Scotchman, long domesticated among the Indians, departed with Jackson's reply. It was never delivered. Before the message reached the Hillabees an event occurred which banished from their

minds all thought of peace, changing them from suppliants for pardon into enemies the most resolute and deadly of all the Indians in the southern country.

Another trifling, but interesting incident of the battle of Talladega, must not be overlooked. It afforded General Jackson an opportunity of making a very suitable return to the ladies of East Tennessee for their present of a banner to the volunteers, on their return from Natchez. It is not every man who, in such circumstances, would think of doing a graceful thing of the kind. The following note, dated November 24th, explains itself:—

"General Andrew Jackson, with compliments to Governor Blount, requests him to inform the ladies of East Tennessee, who presented the colors to the Tennessee volunteers, that Captain Deaderich, who, with Captain Bledsoe's and Captain Caperton's companies, under the direction of Major Carroll, were sent to bring on the attack, and lead the enemy by a regular retreat on the strongest point of my infantry, went into the action with *their* colors tied round him, and that they were well supported. And, in return, I send you a stand of colors (although not of such elegant stuff or magnificent needle-work) taken by one of the volunteers, which I beg you to present to them as the only mark of gratitude the volunteers have it in their power to make. With his own hand he slayed the bearer. They will be handed by Mr. Fletcher, who I send for that purpose."

CHAPTER XLI.

THE MISFORTUNES OF GENERAL JOHN COCKE.

A SCAPEGOAT is one of the necessities of balked human nature. General John Cocke, of East Tennessee, who had conferred so amicably with Governor Blount and General Jackson at the beginning of the war, was the individual

destined to serve in the capacity of scapegoat to the embarrassments and calamities of this campaign. He stands charged in all the narratives of the Creek war, first, with neglecting his duty with regard to the supply of General Jackson's division, and, secondly, with frustrating General Jackson's plans, through an unworthy ambition of gaining separate advantages over the enemy. A court martial acquitted him of these charges. He has himself* given the public a statement of his conduct in the campaign, which, with the evidence subjoined, completely exonerates him. It is a pleasure to assist in setting an honorable man right before his countrymen, and I gladly avail myself of General Cocke's narrative in this place.

"General Jackson and myself," says General Cocke, "were both in Nashville when intelligence reached that place of the massacre of Fort Mims. This intelligence caused the deepest excitement of the public mind. Governor Blount ordered me forthwith to repair to my division and raise twenty-five hundred men, and join the Georgia troops with the utmost dispatch. At his instance I accompanied him to the room of General Jackson, who was then confined in consequence of wounds received in his bloody tragedy with Thomas H. and Jesse Benton. The Governor informed him of the order he had given me, and of his purpose of making an order upon him for a like number of men from his division, if he (General J.) thought he would be able to take the command. General Jackson informed the Governor that his wounds were improving, and that he thought he would be able to take the command by the time the troops could be raised. General Jackson then asked me if sufficient supplies could be raised in East Tennessee for both commands. I replied I thought there could be. He then told me he would take it as a great favor if I would make a requisition on McGhee, the contractor at Knoxville, for supplies for his army. I promised to do so, and he gave me a statement as to the amount required.

"At the instance of Governor Blount, I remained at

* National Intelligencer, October, 1852.

Nashville a few days, until the Legislature met and made an appropriation of $200,000 to furnish supplies for the troops ordered into service. That amount was subject to the order of General Jackson, and not one dollar of which ever came to my hands or was under my control. I immediately repaired to my division, and upon my arrival at Knoxville I saw McGhee, the contractor, and made a requisition for supplies for my own command, and also for that of General Jackson, as I had promised him to do.

"I was informed by the contractor that he would have no difficulty in procuring the supplies according to the requisition, but that he had no means of transporting them unless there should be a rise in the river. I had no difficulty in raising the number of troops required.

"About the 1st of October I rendezvoused my troops at Knoxville, and they mustered into service, and on the twelfth day after I took up the line of march. I encamped with my command on the banks of the Coosa, which was the dividing line between the Cherokee and Creek Indians, where I was compelled to halt for want of provisions for my own command; and at no time after I left Knoxville had I more than five days' rations for my army. At this point I waited for supplies from the contractor, but owing to the low water they did not arrive, and I was compelled to procure supplies from the Cherokees as best I could. General White joined me with his brigade in a starving condition, upon the second day after my arrival on the Coosa."

It thus appears, that while General Jackson was anxiously looking for supplies from General Cocke, General Cocke himself was as destitute as General Jackson. A junction of the two armies would have had the *sole* effect of doubling Jackson's embarrassments, inasmuch as he would have had five thousand men to feed in the wilderness, instead of twenty-five hundred, and would have required twenty wagon loads of provisions daily, instead of ten. General Cocke knew this —knew that Jackson's anxiety for a junction had arisen from an expectation that the East Tennesseeans would bring sup-

plies with them—did *not* know that Jackson's dash at Talladega had left Fort Strother unprotected—did *not* know any thing about the Hillibees' suing for peace, and Jackson's favorable reply to them.

Accordingly, upon the arrival of General Cocke within three days' march of Jackson's camp, the question arose, whether it were wise to continue the march in that direction, and add twenty-five hundred hungry men to twenty-five hundred starving men. General White was already within a few miles of Jackson's camp when the question was decided at General Cocke's head-quarters. General Cocke at once sent a dispatch to White, ordering his immediate return, so that the whole body of East Tennessee troops could act together. "I understood," wrote Cocke to White, "that General Jackson had crossed the Coosa and had an engagement with the Creeks. I called a council of the officers here. I stated the case—put the question, 'Shall we follow General Jackson?' which was decided unanimously in the negative. The next question, 'Shall we cross the Coosa here, and proceed to the Creek settlements on the Tallapoosa?' which was unanimously decided in the affirmative. These decisions met my approbation. I want the East Tennessee troops together. I leave it to your discretion which side of the Coosa you come up; but you must form a junction with me. It is the unanimous wish of the officers and men also. If we follow General Jackson's army, we must suffer for supplies, nor can we expect to gain a victory. Let us, then, take a direction in which we can share some of the dangers and glories of the field."

These words reached General White on the same day that brought to him General Jackson's urgent order to hasten to the protection of Fort Strother. Which should he obey? He concluded that obedience was due to his immediate superior, General Cocke, the Major General of the division to which his brigade belonged. Accordingly, he sent to General Jackson that dispatch which caused him such astonishment and alarm near Talladega, and immediately

hastened to rejoin General Cocke. Whether, in doing this, General White acted in strict accordance with military law, let military men decide. He *did* it, and the consequences were most calamitous.

General Cocke now had his East Tennesseeans together, seventy miles from Fort Strother; too far to afford it the instantaneous succor that General Jackson's departure had rendered necessary. "A short time after," continues General Cocke, in his newspaper narrative, "I received reliable intelligence that the famous Bill Scott, who commanded the Creeks at the battle of Talladega, was at the Hillibee towns, about one hundred miles from my encampment, and that so soon as he recovered from his wounds it was his purpose to put to death every white man and friendly Indian in the nation. I immediately dispatched General White with the mounted troops and Cherokees who had attached themselves to my command, with only three days' rations, which was all we could spare, to attack the towns."

General White performed this duty but too well. Totally unaware of the state of feeling among the Hillibees, nay, supposing them to be inveterately hostile, he marched rapidly into their country, burning and destroying. On his way he burnt one village of thirty houses, and another of ninety-three. The principal Hillibee town, whence had proceeded the messenger to Jackson asking peace, and whither that messenger was to return that day, General White surprised at daybreak, killed sixty warriors, and captured two hundred and fifty women and children. Having burnt the town, he returned to General Cocke, supposing that he had done the State some service.

The feelings of the Hillibee tribe may be imagined. *This*, then, is General Jackson's answer to our humble suit! *Thus* does he respond to friendly overtures! They never knew General Jackson's innocence of this deed. From that time to the end of the war, it was observed, that the Indians fought with greater fury and persistence than before; for they fought with the blended energy of hatred and despair.

There was no suing for peace, no asking for quarter. To fight as long as they could stand, and as much longer as they could sit or kneel, and then as long as they had strength to shoot an arrow or pull a trigger—were all that they supposed remained to them after the destruction of the Hillibees.

General Jackson's grief and rage at this most unfortunate affair were natural and justifiable. Before all the Indian world he stood condemned as a violator of his written word, as a man capable of parleying with a beaten and suppliant enemy for the purpose of striking him an exterminating blow. The effect, too, was disastrous in many ways. It discouraged the friendly Indians, roused the submissive, exasperated the hostile, turned the war into a series of massacres, and prolonged it for many anxious and terrible weeks. What with the submission of the Hillibees, and the brilliant successes, soon after, of the Georgia troops under General Floyd, and the victories of the Louisiana and Mississippi troops under General Claiborne, the war would probably have come to an end with the end of the year 1813, if this new element of despair had not been infused into the savage mind.

Upon General Cocke descended the weight of General Jackson's wrath ; though, for the moment, no measures were taken against him. How *unconscious* of wrong General Cocke was in this business, must have been apparent even to Jackson : for the first explanation of General White's conduct that he received, came from General Cocke himself, in a letter written three days after White had been dispatched upon his expedition against the Hillibees. "I entertain the opinion," General Cocke wrote, "that to make the present campaign as successful as it ought to be, it is essential that the whole force from Tennessee should act in concert. I have dispatched all my mounted men, whose horses were fit for duty, on the Hillibee towns, to destroy them. I expect their return in a few days. I send the bearer to you for the sake of intelligence as to your intended operations, and for the sake of assuring you that I will most heartily agree to any plan that will be productive of the most good." There

is no intimation here of an ambition to gain exclusive laurels.

To complete the story of General Cocke's misfortunes, I append the remainder of his narrative, reserving for future chapters the requisite details of the events to which he alludes.

"A short time after General White returned I received a letter from General Jackson, inviting me to join him with my command upon the 12th of December, at Fort Strother, in which he stated, if I would do so, and bring with me all the provision I could possibly raise, that in less than three weeks we could put an end to the Creek war. My men had been called into service for three months, and more than two thirds of their time had then expired. I called my command together, read them General Jackson's letter, and appealed to their *patriotism and love of country*, and urged them to tender their services as long as it might be necessary to close the war. The whole army, with very few exceptions, agreed to do so. By the return of the General's express I informed him of what I had done, and that it would afford me great pleasure to meet him with my command at the time and place indicated in his dispatch. I sent out agents to scour the Cherokee nation for supplies, and hauled over all the flour which could be procured on the Tennessee river. On the 12th of December, the day indicated, I reached General Jackson's encampment, with a noble army of more than two thousand men, with all the supplies which could be procured; and, instead of finding an army, I found an almost deserted camp. It was then I learned for the first time of the difficulty between General Jackson and his army. I was informed by his officers that they had been at daggers' points, and that his men had left him and gone home.

"On the second day after I reached General Jackson's encampment, against the earnest remonstrances and protestations of myself and army, he discharged all the men under my command except Colonel Lillard's regiment, took all my supplies, and ordered me to repair to my division and raise two thousand men for six months' service. With extreme reluctance I obeyed him, as he was my senior officer in command, and with a heavy heart I returned to my division and raised and mustered into service the two thousand men as required, and these, upon the 17th of January following, left Knoxville under the command of Brigadier General Dougherty, and had taken up their line of march to join General Jackson, as ordered by him. And yet this reverend sir* says that I seemed resolved to

* The writer whose assertions called forth General Cocke's statement in the *Intelligencer*.

refuse him all aid, lest he might eclipse me in the campaign! Let an impartial public determine from the truth of history whether or not I could have had any such apprehensions. A little calm reflection might, it seems, have convinced Mr. —— that there was but little prospect of being eclipsed by a general who was in so deplorable a situation as I found General Jackson at Fort Strother.

"Upon arriving at Kingston with my second detachment, my men saw from the Nashville papers that the troops from the western division, under the second call of General Jackson, were ordered into service for three months only, while those from the eastern division were for six months. This fact caused the greatest dissatisfaction among my men. I overtook the troops at the Lookout Mountain, when I found a dissatisfaction among the troops amounting almost to mutiny. They declared their determination to return home at the end of three months. I made them a speech, in which I told them that if they left the army without any honorable discharge they would disgrace themselves and families; that much of their time had already expired, and for all the good they could do, if they intended to leave at the end of three months, they had better go home then, but appealed to their magnanimity and patriotism to go on like brave men and good soldiers, and serve until the expiration of the term for which they were ordered into service. *For that address*, at the instance of General Jackson, I was *arrested when almost in sight of the enemy's country*, my sword taken from me, and I sent to Nashville for trial!

"A court martial, composed of my bitterest enemies and General Jackson's most devoted personal friends, was called to sit upon my trial. Specifications and charges involving my *whole* conduct as an officer during the entire term I was in the service were filed against me. I was tried; all the testimony which could operate to my prejudice was heard, and, after a most thorough investigation, *I was not only acquitted of every charge and specification, but unanimously acquitted with honor, and that too by a court composed of my most bitter enemies.* In the meantime the campaign had closed, and I was in the way of no man's ambition; and of course could not expect to eclipse General Jackson in that campaign."

General Cocke thought proper to fortify his statement by letters from gentlemen who served under his command. These letters throw some light upon the chronic difficulty with regard to provisions, showing that the cause of the insufficiency was not the neglect of contractors, but the lowness of the streams, and the absence of roads. Mr. R. Tate writes: "I was a volunteer under Generals Cocke and White, in the Creek campaign, and know that the supplies *could not* be

furnished as soon at they were needed, even at Fort Armstrong, as General Cocke could not procure necessary supplies for the army under his command, owing in part to there being no roads through the Indian country, and the haste with which we were dispatched forward into the Creek country. And as to General White refusing to march his command to Fort Strother, I know of no such refusal. But I do know that General White marched a detachment of mounted men to the Hillibee towns, in the Creek nation; and at the time we started on said expedition we could only procure three days' rations, and were out on said expedition fifteen days with only three days' rations; and had to live upon parched corn, when we could get it, which was seldom, the Indians having driven off or killed all their cattle. And when we returned to Fort Armstrong our horses were so reduced as to be entirely unfit for service."

Mr. James Cummings testifies: "At the commencement of Creek hostilities General Cocke was Major General of the first division of Tennessee militia, and General Jackson of the second; the two divisions comprising the military force of the State. Both these officers, with the forces allotted them by the general and State governments, by different routes were soon in the enemy's country. Those who have practical knowledge of army operations will not be surprised that on rushing considerable forces into an enemy's country destitute of carriage roads, and that enemy seeming to have acted somewhat on the principle by which Russia thwarted Bonaparte in his attempted conquest of that empire, great difficulties would attend the provisioning of troops so circumstanced. Such was the case with respect to the troops both from the eastern and western portions of the State, and consequently great suffering had to be endured by the men. As for those from East Tennessee, they were sometimes not able to procure even corn to parch for themselves; while for their horses forage was out of the question, a consderable portion of General Cocke's troops being horsemen. Consequently the horses soon became unfit for service; and though great exertions were made to induce the

commissariat appointed by the War Department to forward supplies, either through culpable or unavoidable tardiness his division was generally but very scantily supplied."

A remark in Mr. Cummings' letter, that General Jackson was influenced by jealousy in his proceedings against General Cocke is certainly erroneous. It is only common justice to Jackson to admit that in all his campaigns he appears not only willing but strongly desirous that his officers should receive their full share of credit. His second dispatch, respecting the battle of Talladega, seems to have been dictated by a feeling that he had not in his first dispatch given praise enough to his brave comrades. Nor was General Cocke in a position, at the time of his arrest, to reap the exclusive glory of any operation. That arrest was unjust, as the verdict of the court martial shows. It occurred through the intense, accumulated exasperation of Jackson's over-burdened mind and emaciated body. It was a mistake characteristic of the man, and in some degree pardonable, from the racking embarrassments of his situation. Jackson's animosity against General Cocke outlasted the war; and he was heard more than once to declare, that if, at the time of the arrest, General Cocke had been within his reach, he would have hung him at the head of his division—language which must be understood, I suppose, in a Jacksonian sense.

CHAPTER XLII.

HUNGER AND MUTINY.

"An army, like a serpent, goes upon its belly," Frederic of Prussia used to say. "Few men know," Marshal McMahon is reported to have remarked, after one of the late Italian battles, "how important it is in war for soldiers not to be kept waiting for their rations; and what vast events depend upon an army's not going into action before it has had its

coffee." I have read somewhere that Napoleon, on being asked what a soldier most needed in war, answered, "A full belly and a good pair of shoes."

We left General Jackson at Fort Strother, giving out his last biscuit to his hungry troops, and appeasing his own appetite with unseasoned tripe. Then followed ten long weeks of agonizing perplexity, during which, though the enemy was unmolested by the Tennessee troops, their General appeared in a light more truly heroic than at any other part of his military life. His fortitude, his will, alone saved the campaign. His burning letters kept the cause alive in the State; his example, resolution, activity and courage preserved the conquests already achieved, and prepared the way for others that threw them into the shade. The spectacle of a brave man contending with difficulties is one in which the gods were said to take delight. Such a spectacle was exhibited by Andrew Jackson during these weeks of enforced inaction.

"I have been compelled," he wrote to a contractor a few days after Talladega, "to return here for the want of supplies, when I could have completed the destruction of the enemy in ten days; and on my arrival, I find those I had left behind in the same starving condition with those who accompanied me. For God's sake send me with all dispatch, plentiful supplies of bread and meat. We have been starving for several days, and it will not do to continue so much longer. Hire wagons and purchase supplies at any price rather than defeat the expedition. General White, instead of forming a junction with me, as he assured me he would, has taken the retrograde motion, after having amused himself with consuming provisions for three weeks in the Cherokee nation, and left me to rely on my own strength."

Letters such as this did not, because they could not, produce the desired effect. Small supplies of provisions occasionally arrived, which served just to keep the army alive and ravenously hungry.

Hunger, that great tamer of beasts and men, is precisely the enemy against which amateur soldiers are least able to

contend. Lounging and dozing about the camp, unable to make the slightest attempt against the foe, their first love of adventure satisfied, desirous to recount their exploits to friends at home, pining for the abundance they had left, anxious for their farms and families, and angered at the supposed neglect of the State authorities and contractors, the troops became discontented, and began to clamor for the order to return into the settlements. Jackson's force consisted of two kinds of troops, militia and volunteers. It seemed at first a proof of the policy of the purely voluntary principle, that it was among the militia that the discontents took quickest root; the pride of the volunteers keeping them firm in their duty after the militia were resolved to abandon theirs. It is said, however, that some of the volunteers who, from their having accompanied the General on his fruitless march to Natchez, were looked upon as the *veterans* of the army, were not the last to join the malcontents, nor the most moderate in expressing their feelings. These men spoke with a kind of oracular authority, which had influence with the younger soldiers. Some of the officers, too, overcome by that bane and blight of republican virtue, the lust of popularity, secretly sided with the men, and fomented their mutinous disposition. In secluded places about the camp, by the watch-fires at night, wherever a group of hungry soldiers were together, they talked of their wrongs, of the uselessness of remaining where they were, and how much better it would be for the army to return home for a while, and finish the war under better auspices at a more convenient season.

In circumstances like these revolt ripens apace. Ten days of gnawing hunger and inaction at Fort Strother brought all the militia regiments to the resolution of marching back, in a body, to the settlements, with or without the consent of the commanding general, and a day was fixed upon for their departure. Jackson heard of it in time. On the designated morning, the militia began the homeward movement. But they found a lion in the path. The General was up before them, and had drawn up on the road leading to the settle-

ments the whole body of volunteers, with orders to prevent the departure of the militia, peaceably if they could, forcibly if they must. The militia, in this unexpected posture of affairs, renounced their intention, and, obeying the orders of the General, returned to their position and their duty.

It soon appeared, however, that the volunteers were as much chagrined and disappointed at the success of this movement as the militia, and, ere night closed in, resolved themselves to depart on the following day. The General, apprised of their intention, was again early in the field. Imagine the surprise of the volunteers when, on taking the projected line of march, they found drawn up in hostile array to prevent them the very militia whose departure they had frustrated the day before! The militia stood firm, and the volunteers, not without some grim laughter at this practical retort, returned to their stations. The cavalry, however, having *petitioned* the General for permission to retire to Huntsville long enough to recruit their famished horses, promising to return when that object was accomplished, were allowed to leave. Jackson remained in the wilderness with his thousand infantry, now sullen and enraged, and rapidly approaching the point of downright mutiny.

As was his wont in every crisis, the General tried the effect of a patriotic address. Inviting the officers of all grades to his quarters, he first laid before them the letters last received from Tennessee, which gave assurance that a plentiful supply of provisions was already on the way, and that measures were in operation which would insure a sufficiency in future. He then delivered a warm and energetic speech, extolling their past achievements, lamenting their privations, and urging them still to persevere. The conquests they had already made, he said, were of the greatest importance, and the most dreadful consequences would result from abandoning them. "What," he asked, "is the present situation of our camp? A number of our fellow-soldiers are wounded, and unable to help themselves. Shall it be said that we are so lost to humanity as to leave them in this con-

dition? Can any one, under these circumstances, and under these prospects, consent to an abandonment of the camp; of all that we have acquired in the midst of so many difficulties, privations, and dangers; of what it will cost us so much to regain; of what we never can regain—our brave wounded companions, who will be murdered by our unthinking, unfeeling inhumanity? Surely there can be none such! No, we will take with us, when we go, our wounded and sick. They must not, shall not perish by our cold-blooded indifference. But why should you despond? I do not; and yet your wants are not greater than mine. To be sure we do not live sumptuously; but no one has died of hunger, or is likely to die; and then how animating are our prospects! Large supplies are at Deposit, and already are officers dispatched to hasten them on. Wagons are on the way: a large number of beeves are in the neighborhood; and detachments are out to bring them in. All these resources can not fail. I have no wish to starve you—none to deceive you. Stay contentedly; *and if supplies do not arrive in two days, we will all march back together*, and throw the blame of our failure where it should properly lie; until then we certainly have the means of subsisting; and if we are compelled to bear privations, let us remember that they are borne for our country, and are not greater than many, perhaps most armies have been compelled to endure. I have called you together to tell you my feelings and my wishes; this evening think on them seriously; and let me know yours in the morning."*

The officers returned to their quarters, and consulted with the troops. On this occasion, whether from a spirit of rivalry or the sense of duty, the militia proved more tractable than the volunteers, for on the return of the officers to Jackson's tent the officers of the volunteer regiments reported that nothing short of an immediate return to the settlements could prevent the forcible departure of their men; but the militia officers declared the willingness of their troops to remain long

* Eaton.

enough to ascertain whether supplies could be obtained. "If they can," said they, "let us proceed with the campaign —if not, let us be marched back to where they can be procured."

The General thought it best to take both bodies at their word. He sent one regiment of volunteers to meet the coming provisions, ordering them to return with them as an escort. The other volunteer regiment, shamed by the superior fortitude of the militia, agreed to stay two days longer; and thus the General gained a brief respite from his torturing solicitude. These departing volunteers were the very men whom Jackson had refused to abandon at Natchez, even at the command of the government, and for whose safe return he had pledged and risked his fortune. That they should have been the first, in his sore perplexity, to abandon *him*, was an event which gave him the most acute mortification.

The two days passed. No provisions arrived. The militia demanded the prompt fulfillment of the General's promise. He was now in the dilemma that Columbus *would* have been in if land had not been descried in three days. He was caught in his own trap. He had fully believed that two days would not pass without the arrival of at least supplies enough to release him from his engagement. All expedients now were exhausted. Overwhelmed with despondency, he lifted up his hands and exclaimed, after long brooding over his situation, "If only two men will remain with me, I will *never* abandon the post!" One Captain Gordon, of whom we shall hear more hereafter, replied, in a jocular manner, "You have one, General, let us see if we can not find another." He set about seeking volunteers, and, aided by the General's staff, soon obtained the names of one hundred and nine men who agreed to remain and defend the fort. Rejoicing at this result, the General left Fort Strother in their charge, and marched himself, with the rest of the troops, toward Fort Deposit, upon the explicit understanding that, having met the expected provisions, and having satisfied their hunger, they were to return with the provision train to Fort Strother, and proceed

against the enemy. It was to insure the performance of this engagement that he commanded them in person.

Away they marched, haggard and hungry, but in high spirits, and praying Heaven they might *not* meet the coming supplies—so desperate was their desire to return home. To Jackson's inexpressible joy, and to the dismay of his troops, they had not marched more than twelve miles before they saw approaching them a drove of one hundred and fifty cattle. Halt, kill, and eat, was the word. The slaughtering, the cooking, and the devouring were quickly accomplished; and the army, filled with beef and valor, felt itself able to cope even with General Jackson. To return to Fort Strother was the furthest from their thoughts. When the order to return was given the General himself was not in the immediate presence of the troops, and the order was not obeyed. One company moved off on the homeward road, had gone some distance, and were about to be followed by others, when word was brought to Jackson of the mutiny. Followed by his staff and a few faithful friends, he galloped in pursuit, and came, by a detour, to a part of the road a little in advance of the deserters, where he found General Coffee and a small force. Forming these across the road, he ordered them to fire upon the deserters if they should persist in their attempt to leave. On coming up, the homesick gentlemen gave one glance at the fiery general and the opposing force, and fled precipitately to their stations.

The manner, appearance, and language of General Jackson on occasions like this were literally *terrific*. Few common men could stand before the ferocity of his aspect and the violence of his words. His ability in swearing amounted to a talent. Volleys of the most peculiar and original oaths, ejected with a violence that can not be imagined, scared and overwhelmed the object of his wrath. Aware of his powers in this respect, he would feign a fury that he did not feel, and obtain his ends through the groundless terror of his opponents. This was particularly the case in his dealings with Spaniards. On the present occasion, I presume that the mu-

tineers were put to flight as much by the terrible aspect of the General as by the armed men who were with him. I can fancy the scene—Jackson in advance of Coffee's men, his grizzled hair bristling up from his forehead, his face as red as fire, his eyes sparkling and flashing; roaring out with the voice of a Stentor and the energy of Andrew Jackson, "By the immaculate God! I'll blow the damned villains to eternity, if they advance another step!" It would have been quite *like* him to have done and said just that.

Trusting that the men would now do their duty, the General went among them, leaving General Coffee and his own staff to proceed with the preparations for departure. He found almost the whole brigade infected, and on the point of moving toward home. Upon the instant, he resolved to prevent this, or perish there and then in the path before them. He seized a musket and rode a few paces in advance of the troops. His left arm was still in a sling. Leaning his musket on his horse's neck, he swore he would shoot the first man that attempted to proceed. Meanwhile, General Coffee and Major Reid, suspecting that something extraordinary was occurring, ran up, and found their General in this attitude, with the column of mutineers standing in sullen silence before him; not a man daring to stir a foot forward. Placing themselves by his side, they awaited the result with intense anxiety. Gradually, a few of the troops, who were still faithful, were collected behind the General, armed, and resolved to use their arms in his support. For some minutes, the column of mutineers stood firm to their purpose, and it only needed one man bold enough to advance to bring on a bloody scene. They wavered, however, at length, abandoned their purpose, and agreed to return to their duty. It afterwards appeared, that the musket which figured so effectually in this scene was too much out of order to be discharged.

The troops were not in the highest spirits, nor in the most amiable humor, as they marched back to Fort Strother, that afternoon. Yet they marched back, and the frontiers were still safe. Jackson did not return with them, but pro-

ceeded to Fort Deposit to inspect that post, and personally hasten forward supplies. Prodigious exertions were now put forth. Major Lewis surpassed himself. Two hundred pack horses and forty wagons were taken into service by him. From this time the operations of the army were not seriously impeded by the want of supplies. News now came that the measures so hastily adopted by the State of Tennessee had been approved by the government at Washington, and that the whole force employed had been received into the service of the United States. Jackson rejoined his division in high spirits, and was rejoiced to find that the works at Fort Strother had been vigorously carried on in his absence. Nothing seemed now to oppose the successful prosecution of the war. A few swift marches, a few well-fought engagements, and the troops might return home, the General thought, to receive the applause of the State and the nation. Ordering General Cocke to join him at Fort Strother, with the troops from East Tennessee, he expected nothing but to renew the contest upon their arrival.

CHAPTER XLIII.

MUTINY IN THE MIDST OF PLENTY.

But the General was reckoning without his army. The volunteers, penetrated with the spirit of discontent, soon provided themselves with a new argument for abandoning the service. The first days of December were now passing. It was on the 10th of December, 1812, that these volunteers had entered into service; engaging, as they said, to serve one year. They, accordingly, made no secret of their intention to leave the camp on the 10th of December, 1813. But they were now reckoning without their General, who recalled to their recollection that they had engaged to serve *one year in*

two! They had been subject to the CALL of the government for a year; but, for more than half of that period, they had been at home, pursuing their own affairs. Nothing short, maintained the General, of three hundred and sixty-five days of actual service in the field could release them from their obligation before the 10th of December, 1814.

Such was the new issue between the General and the volunteers. It was warmly argued, with the inevitable effect of confirming each in the opinion that accorded with his desire. The General was clear in the belief that he was in the right; but he seems, from the beginning of this contest, to have seen that it was useless to attempt new enterprises, unless seconded by the alacrity of his men. Therefore, while firmly resisting the departure of the troops, he saw the necessity of procuring new levies from the State, and to this object devoted his energies. General Roberts, Colonel Carroll, and Major Searcy, officers high in his confidence, were dispatched to Tennessee to hasten the assembling of a new army; while Jackson wrote letter upon letter to influential friends, urging them to aid the cause by personal efforts.

These letters of the General show with how little grammar a man in earnest can write well and powerfully. Note the energy and point of the following, written by Jackson at this time to the Rev. Gideon Blackburn, who was for forty years a famous preacher, church-organizer, and Indian missionary of the far West, a warm friend to Jackson, and a man of power over a western audience:—

"REVEREND SIR:—Your letter has been just received: I thank you for it; I thank you most sincerely. It arrived at a moment when my spirits needed such a support.

"I left Tennessee with an army, brave, I believe, as any general ever commanded. I have seen them in battle, and my opinion of their bravery is not changed. But their fortitude—on this, too, I relied—has been too severely tested. Perhaps I was wrong, in believing that nothing but death could conquer the spirits of brave men. I am sure I was; for my men, I know, are brave; yet privations have rendered them discontented: that is enough. The expedition must nevertheless be prosecuted to a successful termination. New volunteers must be raised, to conclude what has

been so auspiciously begun by the old ones. Gladly would I save these men from themselves, and insure them a harvest which they have sown; but if they will abandon it to others, it must be so.

"You are good enough to say, if I need your assistance, it will be cheerfully afforded; I do need it greatly. The influence you possess over the minds of men is great and well-founded, and can never be better applied than in summoning volunteers to the defense of their country, their liberty, and their religion. While we fight the savage, who makes war only because he delights in blood, and who has gotten his booty when he has scalped his victim, we are, through him, contending against an enemy of more inveterate character and deeper design, who would demolish a fabric cemented by the blood of our fathers, and endeared to us by all the happiness we enjoy. So far as my exertions can contribute, the purposes, both of the savage and his instigator, shall be defeated; and so far as yours can, I hope—I know, they will be employed. I have said enough: I want men, and want them immediately."

To raise a new force and march it a hundred and fifty miles into the Indian country was necessarily a work of considerable time, during which we see the General, some of his best officers away recruiting, and his right arm, General Coffee, sick at Huntsville, contending, almost alone, with a fractious soldiery. Defeated in their previous attempts at forcible departure, these men now tried to move their commander by argument and entreaty. A formal letter from one of the colonels, which Jackson received a few days before the dreaded 10th of December, expressed the feelings of the troops. It made known to him that the whole body of volunteers retained the unalterable opinion that they would be entitled to a legal release on the 10th. "They, therefore, look to their General, who holds their confidence, for an honorable discharge on that day; and that, in every respect, he will see that justice be done them. They regret that their peculiar situations and circumstances require them to leave their General at a time when their services are important to the common cause. It would be desirable that those men who have served with honor should be honorably discharged, and that they should return to their families and friends without even the semblance of disgrace; with their General they leave it

to place them in that situation. They have received him as an affectionate father, while they have honored, revered, and obeyed him; but having devoted a considerable portion of their time to the service of their country, by which their domestic concerns are greatly deranged, they wish to return and attend to their own affairs."

An appeal like this was harder for a man of Jackson's cast of character to resist than armed mutiny. He had no choice *but* to resist it. It was essential to the safety of the frontiers that these men should remain in service, at least until they could be relieved by other troops. Jackson's reply to this letter was moderate and unanswerable.

"I know not," said he, "what scenes will be exhibited on the 10th instant, nor what consequences are to flow from them here or elsewhere; but as I shall have the consciousness that they are not imputable to any misconduct of mine, I trust I shall have the firmness not to shrink from a discharge of my duty.

"It will be well, however, for those who intend to become actors in those scenes, and who are about to hazard so much on the correctness of their opinions, to examine beforehand, with great caution and deliberation, the grounds on which their pretensions rest. Are they founded on any false assurances of mine, or upon any deception that has been practiced towards them? Was not the act of Congress, under which they are engaged, directed, by my general order, to be read and expounded to them before they enrolled themselves? That order will testify, and so will the recollection of every general officer of my division. It is not pretended that those who now claim to be discharged, were not legally and fairly enrolled under the act of Congress of the 6th of February, 1812. Have they performed the service required of them by that act, and which they then solemnly undertook to perform? That required one year's service out of two, to be computed from the day of rendezvous, unless they should be sooner discharged. Has one year's service been performed? This can not be seriously pretended. Have they then been discharged? It is said they have, and by me. To account for so extraordinary a belief, it may be necessary to take a review of past circumstances.

"More than twelve months have elapsed since we were called upon to avenge the injured rights of our country. We obeyed the call! In the midst of hardships, which none but those to whom liberty is dear could have borne without a murmur, we descended the Mississippi. It was believed our services were wanted in the prosecution of the just war in which

our country was engaged, and we were prepared to render them. But, though we were disappointed in our expectations, we established for Tennessee a name which will long do her honor. At length, we received a letter from the Secretary of War directing our dismission. You well recollect the circumstances of wretchedness in which this order was calculated to place us. By it, we were deprived of every article of public property; no provision was made for the payment of our troops, or their subsistence on their return march; while many of our sick, unable to help themselves, must have perished. Against the opinion of many, I marched them back to their homes before I dismissed them. Your regiment, at its own request, was dismissed at Columbia. This was accompanied with a certificate to each man, expressing the acts under which he had been enrolled, and the length of the tour he had performed. This it is which is now attempted to be construed 'a final discharge.' But surely it can not be forgotten by any officer or soldier, how sacredly they pledged themselves, before they were dismissed or received that certificate, cheerfully to obey the voice of their country, if it should re-summon them into service; neither can it be forgotten, I dare hope, for what purpose that certificate was given; it was to secure, if possible, to those brave men, who had shown such readiness to serve their country, certain extra emoluments, specified in the seventh section of the act under which they had engaged, in the event they were not recalled into service for the residue of their term.

"Is it true, then, that my solicitude for the interest of the volunteers, is to be made by them a pretext for disgracing a name which they have rendered illustrious? Is a certificate, designed solely for their benefit, to become the rallying word for mutiny?—strange perversion of feeling and of reasoning! Have I really any power to discharge men whose term of service has not expired? If I were weak or wicked enough to attempt the exercise of such a power, does any one believe the soldier would be thereby exonerated from the obligation he has voluntarily taken upon himself to his government? I should become a traitor to the important concern which has been entrusted to my management, while the soldier, who had been deceived by a false hope of liberation, would be still liable to redeem his pledge;—I should disgrace myself, without benefiting you.

"I can only deplore the situation of those officers who have undertaken to persuade their men that their term of service will expire on the 10th. In giving their opinions to this effect, they have acted indiscreetly, and without sufficient authority. It would be the most pleasing act of my life to restore them with honor to their families. Nothing could pain me more than that any other sentiments should be felt towards them, than those of gratitude and esteem. On all occasions, it has been my highest happiness to promote their interest, and even to gratify their wishes, where, with propriety, it could be done. When in the lower country, believing

that, in the order for their dismissal, they had been improperly treated, I even solicited the government to discharge them, finally, from the obligations into which they had entered. You know the answer of the Secretary of War;—that neither he nor the President, as he believed, had the power to discharge them. How, then, can it be required of me to do so?

"The moment it is signified to me by any competent authority, even by the Governor of Tennessee, to whom I have written on the subject, or by General Pinckney, who is now appointed to the command, that the volunteers may be exonerated from further service, that moment I will pronounce it, with the greatest satisfaction. I have only the power of pronouncing a discharge,—not of giving it, in any case;—a distinction which I would wish should be borne in mind. Already have I sent to raise volunteers, on my own responsibility, to complete a campaign which has been so happily begun, and thus far, so fortunately prosecuted. The moment they arrive, and I am assured, that, fired by our exploits, they will hasten in crowds, on the first intimation that we need their services, they will be substituted in the place of those who are discontented here. The latter will then be permitted to return to their homes, with all the honor which, under such circumstances, they can carry along with them. But I still cherish the hope that their dissatisfaction and complaints have been greatly exaggerated. I can not, must not believe, that the 'Volunteers of Tennessee,' a name ever dear to fame, will disgrace themselves, and a country which they have honored, by abandoning her standard, as mutineers and deserters; but should I be disappointed, and compelled to resign this pleasing hope, one thing I will not resign—my duty. Mutiny and sedition, so long as I possess the power of quelling them, shall be put down; and even when left destitute of this, I will still be found, in the last extremity, endeavoring to discharge the duty I owe my country and myself."*

This reply, one would think, ought to have been convincing, but it was not. The men were not under the influence of reason, and would heed nothing that tended to defer their departure.

The afternoon of the 9th ended. The frenzy of the men to return was such, that they were determined not even to wait for the morning; but to march at the very moment their last day's service had been rendered. Jackson was in his tent, not anticipating a movement that evening, when an officer suddenly entered, and informed him that the whole

* Eaton's Life of Jackson.

brigade was in mutiny, and preparing to march off in a body. *By* the Eternal! All the tiger in the man was roused in an instant. He dashed upon paper the following order:

"The commanding General being informed that an actual mutiny exists in the camp, all officers and soldiers are commanded to put it down. The officers and soldiers of the first brigade will, without delay, parade on the west side of the fort, and await further orders."

He further ordered the artillery company, with their two small pieces of cannon, to take positions in front and rear, and the militia to be drawn up on an eminence commanding the road upon which the volunteers intended to march. These orders were obeyed with surprising alacrity, for Jackson was now in that mood that men felt it perilous to resist. The General mounted his horse and rode up to the line of volunteers, as they stood along the western side of the fort, silent, sullen, and determined. He broke at once into an impassioned, yet not angry address. He praised their former good conduct. He dwelt upon the disgrace that would fall upon themselves and their families if they should carry home with them the name of mutineers and deserters. Never should they do it but by passing over his dead body. He would do *his* duty, at any cost; aye, even if he perished there before them, dying honorably at his post. "Reinforcements," said he, "are preparing to hasten to my assistance; it can not be long before they arrive. I am, too, in daily expectation of reciving information whether you may be discharged or not. Until then you must not, and shall not retire. I have done with entreaty—it has been used long enough—I will attempt it no more. You must now determine whether you will go or peaceably remain. If you still persist in your determination to move forcibly off, the point between us shall soon be decided."

He paused. No one answered; no one moved. "I demand an explicit answer," said the General. There was still no response. He ordered the artillerymen to be ready with

their matches, himself remaining in front of the mutineers, and within line of fire. The men now evidently hesitated. Whispers ran along the line recommending a return to duty. Soon the officers stepped forward and assured the General that the troops were willing to remain at the fort until the arrival of reinforcements, or of the answer to General Jackson's inquiries respecting their term of service. The men were dismissed to their quarters, and the General was once more triumphant.

It is noticeable, and should be mentioned to the credit of the voluntary principle, that there was not much *individual* desertion from this army. A western volunteer returning home from the wars with the brand of *deserter* upon his name could never more hope for the respect of his neighbors. Hence the desire of these men to march off in a body ; hence their special pleading with regard to their term of service ; hence their return *en masse* to duty. All these things should be duly considered. The experience of these wars shows both the strength and the weakness of a volunteer force ; shows what it can be trusted to do, and what it can not ; shows the secret of its strength, and the secret of its weakness. Rightly organized, well commanded, justly compensated, a volunteer force will be able to effect all that the United States ever ought to require of armed men. And this description of force being our main reliance for defense and tranquillity, the conditions upon which alone good service can be expected of it is an inquiry of national importance. Therefore it is that I have thought it best to linger among these distressing scenes, rather than hurry over them to events which show the volunteer system in a very different light.

Jackson had triumphed only so far as to secure the presence of the men at the post. He now made an effort to restore his army to contentment. The near approach of General Cocke having strengthened his position, he resolved to permit the homesick brigade to march to Tennessee, there to be dismissed or retained as the Governor should decide.

Before doing so, however, he made one last attempt to re-awaken their dormant ambition and patriotic feeling. With the assistance of his aid-de-camp, Major Reid, he drew up another address, which was read to the soldiers by Reid in Jackson's presence. Nothing better of its kind could be written by any man than this composition.

"On the 12th of December, 1812," it began, "you assembled at the call of your country. Your professions of patriotism, and ability to endure fatigue, were at once tested by the inclemency of the weather. Breaking your way through sheets of ice, you descended the Mississippi, and reached the point at which you were ordered to be halted and dismissed. All this you bore without murmuring. Finding that your services were not needed, the means for marching you back were procured; every difficulty was surmounted, and, as soon as the point from which you embarked was regained, the order for your dismissal was carried into effect. The promptness with which you assembled, the regularity of your conduct, your attention to your duties, the determination manifested, on every occasion, to carry into effect the wishes and will of your government, placed you on elevated ground. You not only distinguished yourselves, but gave to your State a distinguished rank with her sisters; and led your government to believe that the honor of the nation would never be tarnished when entrusted to the holy keeping of the 'Volunteers of Tennessee.'

"In the progress of a war, which the implacable and eternal enemy of our independence induced to be waged, we found that, without cause on our part, a portion of the Creek nation was added to the number of our foes. To put it down, the first glance of the administration fell on you; and you were again summoned to the field of honor. In full possession of your former feelings, that summons was cheerfully obeyed. Before your enemy thought you in motion, you were at Tallushatches and Talladega. The thunder of your arms was a signal to them that the slaughter of your countrymen was about to be avenged. You fought, you conquered! Barely enough of the foe escaped to recount to their savage associates your deeds of valor. You returned to this place loaded with laurels and the applauses of your country.

"Can it be, that these brave men are about to become the tarnishers of their own reputation!—the destroyers of a name which does them so much honor? Yes, it is a truth too well disclosed, that cheerfulness has been exchanged for complaints:—murmurings and discontents alone prevail. Men who a little while since were offering up prayers for permission to chastise the merciless savage—who burned with impatience to teach them how much they had hitherto been indebted to our forbearance, are

now, when they could so easily attain their wishes, seeking to be discharged. The heart of your general has been pierced. The first object of his military affections, and the first glory of his life, were the volunteers of Tennessee! The very name recalls to him a thousand endearing recollections. But these men—these volunteers, have become mutineers. The feelings he would have indulged, your general has been compelled to suppress—he has been compelled by a regard to that subordination, so necessary to the support of every army, and which he is bound to have observed, to check the disorder which would have destroyed you. He has interposed his authority for your safety—to prevent you from disgracing yourselves and your country. Tranquillity has been restored in our camp—contentment shall also be restored; this can be done only by permitting those to retire whose dissatisfaction proceeds from causes that can not be controlled. This permission will now be given. Your country will dispense with your services, if you have no longer a regard for that fame which you have so nobly earned for yourselves and her. Yes, soldiers, you who were once so brave, and to whom honor was so dear, shall be permitted to return to your homes, if you still desire it. But in what language, when you arrive, will you address your families and friends? Will you tell them that you abandoned your general and your late associates in arms within fifty miles of a savage enemy; who equally delights in shedding the blood of the innocent female and her sleeping babe, as that of the warrior contending in battle? Lamentable, disgraceful tale! If your dispositions are really changed; if you fear an enemy you so lately conquered; this day will prove it. I now put it to yourselves; determine upon the part you will act, influenced only by the suggestions of your own hearts, and your own understandings. All who prefer an inglorious retirement, shall be ordered to Nashville, to be discharged, as the President or the Governor may direct. Those who choose to remain, and unite with their general in the further prosecution of the campaign, can do so, and will thereby furnish a proof that they have been greatly traduced; and that although disaffection and cowardice have reached the hearts of some, it has not reached theirs. To such my assurance is given, that former irregularities will not be attributed to them. They shall be immediately organized into a separate corps, under officers of their own choice; and, in a little while, it is confidently believed an opportunity will be afforded of adding to the laurels you have already won."*

It seems strange to *us*, "who sit at home at ease," that so eloquent and pathetic an appeal as this should have failed of its designed effect. Such was the fact, however. One man

* Eaton.

alone, Captain Williamson, offered to remain. The General could do no less than perform his promise, and the brigade of volunteers were soon in swift march toward the frontiers of Tennessee, resenting the mode of their dismissal, and filling the borders with their complaints.

It is but just to admit that these men were evidently convinced of their right to retire. On their return to Tennessee, they published an elaborate defense of their conduct, a copy of which, in justice to them, is printed as an appendix to this volume.

General Cocke reached Fort Strother on the 12th of December with his division of two thousand men. Jackson learned, however, that the term of service of more than half of this body was on the very point of expiring, and that none of them had longer than a month to serve. Nor were any of them provided with clothing suitable for a winter campaign. Retaining eight hundred of these troops, who owed still a month's service, Jackson ordered General Cocke to march the rest of his division back to the settlements, there to dismiss them, and to enroll a new force, properly provided, and engaged to serve six months. He addressed the departing troops, entreating them to join the new army as soon as they had procured their clothing, and return to him and aid in completing the conquest of the enemy.

These were dark days for General Jackson. Every thing went wrong. The return of so many troops, bearing with them the feelings they did, giving out that, after enduring privations, gaining victories and holding the savages in check for two months, they had been refused an honorable dismissal, and sent home, almost in disgrace, threw a damper upon the efforts to raise new men, and spread discontent among those already engaged. Even the horsemen of General Coffee, who had been allowed to leave Fort Strother for a while, to recruit their horses at home, could not be induced to return to duty. Assembling at the call of the gallant Coffee, they heard the tale of the returning troops, caught their spirit, became mutinous, riotous and unmanageable. At length, they broke

away in a tumultuous mass toward home. General Coffee galloped in pursuit, accompanied by the eloquent Blackburn, and both addressed the fugitives with all the persuasive energy of which they were capable. But in vain. Nearly to a man the cavalry brigade rode away, rioting and wasting as they went, and were seen as an organized body no more.

Affairs were little better at Jackson's own camp. He had fourteen hundred men at Fort Strother, of whom eight hundred would be free to return home in four weeks. The remaining six hundred were militia, who had been called out, upon the receipt of the news of Fort Mims, by an act of the Legislature, which, most unfortunately, did not specify *any* term of service. *Three months*, said the militia, is the term established by King Precedent. By no means, replied Jackson; the omission in the act must be supplied by the phrase, *for the war*. The militia were summoned, he maintained, for the purpose of avenging Fort Mims, and conquering a lasting peace. Those objects accomplished, the work for which the troops were engaged would be done, and they would be entitled to an honorable discharge. But not till then.

Here were the elements of new discontents and new mutinies. The three months would expire on the 4th of January, and already the latter half of December was gliding away. Thus, in two weeks, Jackson was threatened with the loss of six hundred of his troops; and in four weeks the remaining eight hundred would certainly depart. The campaign was falling to pieces in every direction. Jackson's military career seemed about to close in disgrace, and the glory of the Tennessee volunteers to be extinguished for ever.

But this was not all. Disaster menaced every assailable portion of the South-west. Letters came from General Pinckney, the chief in command in that region, ordering General Jackson to hold all his posts, since it had become a matter of the first national importance to deprive the British of their Indian allies. A letter written from General Coffee's

camp at Huntsville, December 23d, indicates the state of things: "I trust," says this unknown writer, "that the system of short service, wretched as it is inefficient, and expensive above all others, will yet enable Jackson to occupy till spring the ground he has won. Perhaps the return of moderate weather, and great efforts meanwhile, may collect around his banner an army sufficient to effect the complete discomfiture and prostration of the Creek power. This, however, will be every day a work of greater difficulty. The English have already appeared in force at Pensacola, seven sail having troops on board, besides two bomb vessels. Orleans will be menaced. Mobile is considered in great danger. The force on the Tombigbee waters, and the third regiment ascending the Alabama, will be called to its defense. This gives the Creeks breathing time, and lessens the force destined to crush them. Augustine, too, will doubtless be occupied by British troops, and from these points arms, ammunition, and perhaps men and leaders, will be pushed up to the aid of the Upper and Middle Creeks. The Seminoles, and the runaway negroes among them, may be turned loose upon the sea-coast of Georgia."

To this I will append a letter from General Coffee himself to Captain Donelson, written on the 22d of December, 1813, just before the violent dispersion of his brigade:

"I have been confined," wrote Coffee from Huntsville, "at this place ten days by indisposition, but am at present much amended. This day, for the first time, I rode out a mile, and hope in three or four days more to be able to proceed on after my brigade, which is now halted on the south side of the Tennessee, at Fort Deposit, awaiting the orders of the commanding General, and I presume he is waiting to get ready to make a quick movement against the enemy before he calls the mounted men from where they can get forage for their horses. General Jackson informs me that his spies (the friendly Indians) tell him that the warriors are collecting in a large body about sixty miles beyond his head-quarters, the Ten Islands; that they say they intend to destroy Lashley's Fort, at Talladega, of friendly Indians, and then they intend to attack him. I do not believe they intend to attack him, unless they find him without a force. In that

case, perhaps they may. If we do not have a battle in two weeks, it is not my opinion we shall have one this winter.

"Great discontent prevails in all our camps. The men appear to have turned their faces towards home, and nothing can induce them to stay. Each man seems to keep his calendar before him, and the very moment his three months expire he demands his discharge. The same with the East Tennesseeans; a part of them have been discharged since they joined us. On the 24th of this month, and within two or three days after, almost the whole of our army will claim their discharge. We must (but I fear it will be difficult) keep up the post at Fort Strother until a new army can be raised somehow. We expect here to-morrow a number of troops with Colonel Carroll, from Tennessee, of some kind, but what I don't know. General Roberts passed here to-day, with two hundred fresh volunteers, to join the army. This county is about to send out two hundred and fifty men, and some are expected from East Tennessee. All those added will keep the post until a new army can be raised, provided proper steps are taken to raise one. But I fear very much the energies of our Governor. All is in his power if he has the will.

"You can have no idea of the clamors of the men. All disorder here, and daily desertion, etc., etc. General Jackson has the most laborious task that man ever bore. I am told he supports his usual spirits, and keeps in good health; and all other officers who do their duty are not idle or a little perplexed. Energy and perseverance will do a great deal, but God knows how much it will do in the present case. I hope all will be well, but we have much to fear. This is only intended for your information, and not for general view. It would only tend to alarm the fears of friends and discourage the [torn], as for myself, I intend to keep my steady course, and not be perplexed, let things go as they may."*

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE NEW ARMY.

How anxiously, in such circumstances, General Jackson looked for news from Tennessee may be imagined. Help from that quarter alone could save him; and that help he had implored from Governor Blount, who alone could grant

* MSS. of Historical Society of Tennessee.

it. The expected dispatch from Nashville reached Fort Strother at length, and proved to be a most disheartening response to Jackson's entreaties. The Governor feared to transcend his authority. Having called out all the troops authorized by Congress and the Legislature, what could he do more? The campaign had failed, he said, and he advised General Jackson to give up a struggle which could have no favorable issue, and return home to wait until the general government should provide the means requisite for carrying on the war with vigor.*

* The following is a copy of Governor Blount's letter on this occasion:—

NASHVILLE, December 22, 1813.

DEAR SIR: Since writing you fully of this date, I have received, by Major David Smith, your very interesting letter, replete with patriotic sentiments, dated the 15th inst. You will see, by letter of the 10th, to the Secretary of War, how I am placed with respect to instructions, which, as it relates to the good of the service, and a most righteous cause, in support of which you are most laudably and zealously engaged, I much regret. The unfortunate construction given by the troops, so generally, respecting their term of service, at this very interesting crisis in public affairs, in this section of the Union, is to be lamented; but since it is the most general, and likely to become almost the universal construction in the camp; and since there is no authority vested here, that can be interposed, to give a counter current of opinion, with the prospect of effecting any permanent good to the service, or to the cause you are engaged in; and as it is likely that my letter of the 10th instant will produce new orders for a term of service yet to commence, which, under all circumstances, would be most judicious in government to give, the better to effect the objects of the campaign, more especially as there is reason to believe that a British fleet has arrived at Pensacola; I can not doubt but that the government will shortly give new instructions to have a new force organized, to effect the objects of the campaign, and to oppose the British; and that the President will be satisfied to consider that the three months' tour performed by your and by General Cocke's detachments, with so much good to the service, and with so much credit to yourselves, may terminate the present campaign. I can think of no better plan to pursue, so as to keep up the spirits of all; for, when once militia, or any other troops take it into their heads that they have served their tour of duty, it is next to impossible to convince them that to serve longer would be either just or laudable; and to attempt to keep up a force by voluntary enrollment, without the authority of government, would, as I fear, be a vain attempt, notwithstanding it would be highly laudable at this time, if it were practicable; patching up an army that way, would effect no permanent good. I am not at liberty as an executive officer, to advise you, who hold a command in the service of the United States. I am incapable of willingly saying

Not for one instant did Jackson concur in this view of the situation. He was of that temper which gained new determination from other men's despair. The last ounce stiffened his back, not broke it. He went to his tent and wrote to the Governor the best letter he ever wrote in his life—one of those historical epistles which do the work of a campaign in rolling back the tide of events.

"Had your wish," wrote Jackson, "that I should discharge a part of my force, and retire with the residue into the settlements, assumed the form of a positive order, it might have furnished me some apology for pursuing such a

or doing any thing to injure the service, or that which would injuriously affect the reputation of deserving men, or the standing of an able and patriotic hero and general; but, as a friend to my government, most ardently desirous that every step taken in this quarter may promote the good of the service, and the standing of those who deserve well of their country, I do not see what important good can grow out of your continuing at an advanced post, in an enemy's country, with a handful of brave men. Would it not, under all circumstances, be most likely to be attended with good consequences for you to return to the frontier of Tennessee, and, with your patriotic force, defend our frontier, where provision can be readily afforded on better terms to government, bringing with you your baggage and supplies; and there, on the frontier, await the order of government, or until I can be authorized to reinforce you, or to call a new force? At this time, I really do not feel authorized to order a draft, or I would, with the greatest of all pleasures I could feel, do it. Were I to attempt it in an unauthorized way, it would injure, as I think, the public service, which I would rather die than do. I could not positively assure the men that they would be paid.

I send you a copy of the President's Message, and am gratified to see the handsome terms he uses in speaking of your and of General Coffee's battles. He seems to mean something about Pensacola, and, to effect his object best, a new force should certainly be organized. Many who are now, and have been, on the campaign, would go again on that business, if they are pleased with the President's decision respecting their term of service, under the late orders. I shall, from what I have said about the propriety of your return to the Tennessee frontier, feel bound to send a copy of this to the War Department, for the information of government, and by way of apology for offering such an opinion to an officer in the service of the United States.

I am, with highest respect and most sincere regard, your friend,

WILLIE BLOUNT.

Major General ANDREW JACKSON, *United States service, Creek Nation.*

course, but by no means a full justification. As you would have no power to give such an order, I could not be inculpable in obeying, with my eyes open to the fatal consequences that would attend it. But a bare recommendation, founded, as I am satisfied it must be, on the artful suggestions of those fireside patriots who seek in a failure of the expedition an excuse for their own supineness, and upon the misrepresentations of the discontented from the army, who wish it to be believed that the difficulties which overcame their patriotism are wholy insurmountable, would afford me but a feeble shield against the reproaches of my country or my conscience. Believe me, my respected friend, the remarks I make proceed from the purest personal regard. If you would preserve your reputation, or that of the State over which you preside, you must take a straightforward, determined course, regardless of the applause or censure of the populace, and of the forebodings of that dastardly and designing crew, who at a time like this may be expected to clamor continually in your ears. The very wretches who now beset you with evil counsel will be the first, should the measures which they recommend eventuate in disaster, to call down imprecations on your head and load you with reproaches. Your country is in danger ; apply its resources to its defense. Can any course be more plain ? Do you, my friend, at such a moment as the present, sit with your arms folded, and your heart at ease, waiting a solution of your doubts and definitions of yours powers ? Do you wait for special instructions from the Secretary at War, which it is impossible for you to receive in time for the danger that threatens ? How did the venerable Shelby act under similar circumstances, or rather under circumstances by no means so critical ? Did he wait for orders to do what every man of sense knew—what every patriot felt to be right ? He did not ; and yet how highly and justly did the government extol his manly and energetic conduct ! and how dear has his name become to every friend of his country !

" You say that an order to bring the necessary quota of men into the field has been given, and that of course your

power ceases ; and, although you are made sensible that the order has been wholly neglected, you can take no measure to remedy the omission. Widely different, indeed, is my opinion. I consider it your imperious duty, when the men, called for by your authority, founded upon that of the government. are known not to be in the field, to see that they be brought there ; and to take immediate measures with the officer, who, charged with the execution of your order, omits or neglects to do it. As the executive of the State, it is your duty to see that the full quota of troops be constantly kept in the field for the time they have been required. You are responsible to the government, your officer to you. Of what avail is it to give an order if it be never executed, and may be disobeyed with impunity ? Is it by empty mandates that we can hope to conquer our enemies, and save our defenseless frontiers from butchery and devastation ? Believe me, my valued friend, there are times when it is highly criminal to shrink from responsibility, or scruple about the exercise of our powers. There are times when we must disregard punctilious etiquette, and think only of serving our country. What is really our present situation ? The enemy we have been sent to subdue may be said, if we stop at this, to be only exasperated. The commander-in-chief, General Pinckney, who supposes me by this time prepared for renewed operations, has ordered me to advance and form a junction with the Georgia army ; and upon the expectation that I will do so are all his arrangements formed for the prosecution of the campaign. Will it do to defeat his plans, and jeopardize the safety of the Georgia army ? The general government, too, believe, and have a right to believe, that we have now not less than five thousand men in the heart of the enemy's country ; and on this opinion are all their calculations bottomed ; and must they all be frustrated, and I become the instrument by which it is done ? God forbid !

"You advise me to discharge or dismiss from service, until the will of the President can be known, such portion of the militia as have rendered three months' service. This

advice astonishes me even more than the former. I have no such discretionary power; and if I had, it would be impolitic and ruinous to exercise it. I believed the militia who were not specially received for a shorter period were engaged for six months, unless the objects of the expedition should be sooner attained; and in this opinion I was greatly strengthened by your letter of the 15th, in which you say, when answering my inquiry upon this subject, 'the militia are detached for six months' service;' nor did I know, or suppose, you had a different opinion, until the arrival of your last letter. This opinion must, I suppose, agreeably to your request, be made known to General Roberts' brigade, and then the consequences are not difficult to be foreseen. Every man belonging to it will abandon me on the 4th of next month; nor shall I have the means of preventing it, but by the application of force, which, under such circumstances, I shall not be at liberty to use. I have labored hard to reconcile these men to a continuance in service until they could be honorably discharged, and had hoped I had, in a great measure, succeeded; but your opinion, operating with their own prejudices, will give a sanction to their conduct, and render useless any further attempts. They will go; but I can neither discharge nor dismiss them. Shall I be told, that as they will go, it may as well be peaceably permitted? Can that be any good reason why I should do an unauthorized act? Is it a good reason why I should violate the order of my superior officer, and evince a willingness to defeat the purposes of my government? And wherein does the 'sound policy' of the measures that have been recommended consist? or in what way are they 'likely to promote the public good?' Is it sound policy to abandon a conquest thus far made, and deliver up to havoc, or add to the number of our enemies, those friendly Creeks and Cherokees, who, relying on our protection, have espoused our cause, and aided us with their arms? Is it good policy to turn loose upon our defenseless frontiers five thousand exasperated savages, to reek their hands once more in the blood of our citizens? What!

retrograde under such circumstances! I will perish first. No, I will do my duty: I will hold the posts I have established, until ordered to abandon them by the commanding general, or die in the struggle; long since have I determined not to seek the preservation of life at the sacrifice of reputation.

"But our frontiers, it seems, are to be defended, and by whom? By the very force that is now recommended to be dismissed: for I am first told to retire into the settlements and protect the frontiers; next, to discharge my troops; and then, that no measures can be taken for raising others. No, my friend, if troops be given me, it is not by loitering on the frontiers that I will seek to give protection; they are to be defended, if defended at all, in a very different manner—by carrying the war into the heart of the enemy's country. All other hopes of defense are more visionary than dreams. What, then, is to be done? I'll tell you what. You have only to act with the energy and decision the crisis demands, and all will be well. Send me a force engaged for six months, and I will answer for the result; but withhold it, and all is lost—the reputation of the State, and yours and mine along with it."

This letter convinced and roused Governor Blount. He forthwith ordered a new levy of twenty-five hundred men to rendezvous at Fayetteville on the 28th of January, to serve for three months, and authorized General Cocke to obey Jackson's order for raising a new division of East Tennesseeans. The aspect of affairs in the State was immediately changed. The noise of preparation was everywhere heard. There was a furbishing of arms and a tramp of marching men in all quarters of the State. In a few days, the honorable scruples of the Governor were completely set at rest by a dispatch from the Secretary of War, which more than covered all he had done, and sanctioned any further requisition of men which he might deem necessary. If Jackson could but hold his position a few weeks longer, there was every prospect of his being able once more to act with efficiency.

From the middle of December to the middle of January, General Jackson was called upon to endure every description of mortification and difficulty known to border warfare. On the 4th of January, his six hundred militia, in spite of warning and entreaty, and after scenes of violence similar to those already related, marched homeward. On the 14th, the eight hundred of General Cocke's division, whose term of service then expired, were earnestly besought to remain, if only for twenty days. The savages were in motion again, and threatened the frontiers of Georgia. Jackson implored these men to make *one* excursion into the enemy's country, to strike *one* blow at them for the purpose of, at least, diverting or dividing their force, and giving an easier victory to the Georgia troops. But, no ; their minds were set resolutely homeward, and away they marched, leaving him with a mere handful of men to guard the post. Moreover, the new recruits could not be induced to engage for six months. Colonel Carroll, rather than bring back no men, had enlisted a body of horse for *two* months only, and General Roberts returned with infantry engaged for three. These men General Jackson was obliged to accept, or be left alone in the wilderness.

On the 15th of January, then, we find the General at Fort Strother with nine hundred raw recruits, who had come out with the expectation of making a single *raid* into the Indian territory, and then to return to narrate their exploits and draw their pay. Such troops it is dangerous to keep in inaction for a single week. The regular levies from Tennessee could not be expected for a month to come. The necessity of striking a blow at the exulting enemy was pressing. In these circumstances, Jackson, with the daring prudence that characterized his career, resolved upon instant action, and gave the order to prepare for marching against the foe.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE RAID AND ITS RESULTS.

Of this twelve days' "excursion," as the General mildly termed it, into the Indian country, I possess several published and one unpublished narrative; but none so complete and vivid as that contained in Jackson's own dispatch to General Pinckney, written upon the return of the little wild army to Fort Strother. Of course, the best face was put upon the affair that truth and charity would permit, and so it ought to have been. Jackson was at the head of men unused to war, and *totally* unacquainted with subordination; men of the hunting shirt and rifle, with their powder in horns, and their bullets in their *pockets*. That such troops should have marched not in the most orderly manner, and that some of them, discovering too late that a battle with a superior force of Indians was *not* precisely the frolic they had anticipated, should have given way to a temporary panic, might have been anticipated. The General's dispatch does not conceal these things, nor slur them over. The objects of the expedition were accomplished; but that the power of the Indians was seriously impaired, or their confidence much shaken by it, is not pretended. But here is the dispatch, dated January 29th, 1814:

"I had the honor," begins the General, "of informing you in a letter of the 31st ultimo [express] of an excursion I contemplated making still further in the enemy's country, with the new raised volunteers from Tennessee. I had ordered those troops to form a junction with me on the 10th instant, but they did not arrive until the 14th. Their number, including officers, was about eight hundred, and on the 15th I marched them across the river to graze their horses. On the next day I followed with the remainder of my force, consisting of the artillery company, with one six pounder; one com-

pany of infantry of forty-eight men ; two companies of spies, commanded by Captains Gordon and Russell, of about thirty men each ; and a company of volunteer officers, headed by General Coffee, who had been abandoned by his men, and who still remained in the field awaiting the orders of the government ; making my force, exclusive of Indians, nine hundred and thirty.

* * * * * * *

"I took up the line of march on the 17th instant, and on the 18th encamped at Tallageda Fort, where I was joined by between two and three hundred friendly Indians ; sixty-five of whom were Cherokees, the balance Creeks. Here I received your letter of the 9th instant, stating that General Floyd was expected to make a movement from Cowetau the next day, and that in ten days thereafter he would establish a firm position at Tuckbatchee ; and also a letter from Colonel Snodgrass, who had returned to Fort Armstrong, informing me that an attack was intended to be soon made on that fort by nine hundred of the enemy. If I could have hesitated before, I could now hesitate no longer. I resolved to lose no time in meeting this force, which was understood to have been collected from New Yorcau, Oakfuskie, and Ufauley towns, and were concentrated in a bend of the Tallapoosa, near the mouth of a creek, called Emuckfau, and on an island below New Yorcau.

"On the morning of the 20th, your letter of the 10th instant, forwarded by M'Candles, reached me at the Hillibee creek ; and that night I encamped at Enotachopco, a small Hillibee village about twelve miles from Emuckfau. Here I began to perceive very plainly how little knowledge my spies had of the country, of the situation of the enemy, or of the distance I was from them. The insubordination of the new troops, and the want of skill in most of their officers, also became more and more apparent. But their ardor to meet the enemy was not diminished ; and I had sure reliance upon the guards, and upon the company of old volunteer officers, and upon the spies, in all about one hundred and twenty-five.

My wishes and my duty remained united, and I was determined to effect, if possible, the objects for which the excursion had been principally undertaken.

"On the morning of the 21st, I marched from Enotachopco as direct as I could for the bend of the Tallapoosa, and about two o'clock, P. M., my spies having discovered two of the enemy, endeavored to overtake them, but failed. In the evening I fell in upon a large trail, which led to a new road, much beaten, and lately traveled. Knowing that I must have arrived within the neighborhood of a strong force, and it being late in the day, I determined to encamp, and reconnoiter the country in the night. I chose the best site the country would admit, encamped in a hollow square, sent out my spies and pickets, doubled my sentinels, and made the necessary arrangements before dark for a night attack. About ten o'clock at night one of the pickets fired at three of the enemy, and killed one, but he was not found until the next day. At eleven o'clock the spies whom I had sent out, returned with the information that there was a large encampment of Indians at the distance of about three miles, who, from their whooping and dancing, seemed to be apprised of our approach. One of these spies, an Indian, in whom I had great confidence, assured me that they were carrying off their women and children, and that the warriors would either make their escape, or attack me before day. Being prepared at all points, nothing remained to be done but to await their approach, if they meditated an attack, or to be in readiness, if they did not, to pursue and attack them at daylight. While we were in this state of readiness, the enemy, about six o'clock in the morning, commenced a vigorous attack on my left flank, which was vigorously met. The action continued to rage on my left flank, and on the left of my rear, for about half an hour. The brave General Coffee, with Colonel Sitler, the adjutant general, and Colonel Carroll, the inspector general, the moment the firing commenced, mounted their horses and repaired to the line, encouraging and animating the men to the performance of their duty. So soon as it became light

enough to pursue, the left wing having sustained the heat of the action, and being somewhat weakened, was reinforced by Captain Ferrill's company of infantry, and was ordered and led on to the charge by General Coffee, who was well supported by Colonel Higgins and the inspector general, and by all the officers and privates who composed that line. The enemy was completely routed at every point, and the friendly Indians joining in the pursuit, they were chased about two miles with considerable slaughter.

"The chase being over, I immediately detached General Coffee with four hundred men, and all the Indian force, to burn their encampment; but it was said by some to be fortified. I ordered him in that event not to attack it until the artillery could be sent forward to reduce it. On viewing the encampment and its strength, the General thought it most prudent to return to my encampment, and guard the artillery thither. The wisdom of that step was soon discovered—in half an hour after his return to camp a considerable force of the enemy made its appearance on my right flank, and commenced a brisk fire on a party of men who had been on picket guard the night before, and were then in search of the Indians they had fired upon, some of whom they believed had been killed. General Coffee immediately requested me to let him take two hundred men and turn their left flank, which I accordingly ordered; but, through some mistake, which I did not then observe, not more than fifty-four followed him, among whom were the old volunteer officers. With these, however, he immediately commenced an attack on the left flank of the enemy; at which time I ordered two hundred of the friendly Indians to fall in upon the right flank of the enemy, and coöperate with the General. This order was promptly obeyed, and on the moment of its execution, what I expected was realized. The enemy had intended the attack on the right as a feint, and expecting to direct all my attention thither, meant to attack me again, and with their main force, on the left flank, which they had hoped to find weakened and in disorder—they were disappointed. I had ordered

the left flank to remain firm in its place, and the moment the alarm gun was heard in that quarter, I repaired thither, and ordered Captain Ferrill, part of my reserve, to support it. The whole line met the approach of the enemy with astonishing intrepidity, and having given a few fires, they forthwith charged with great vigor. The enemy fled with precipitation, and were pursued to a considerable distance by the left flank and the friendly Indians, with a galling and destructive fire. Colonel Carroll, who ordered the charge, led on the pursuit, and Colonel Higgins and his regiment again distinguished themselves.

"In the meantime General Coffee was contending with a superior force of the enemy. The Indians whom I had ordered to his support, and who had set out for this purpose, hearing the firing on the left, had returned to that quarter, and when the enemy were routed there, entered into the chase. That being now over, I forthwith ordered Jim Fife, who was one of the principal commanders of the friendly Creeks, with one hundred of his warriors, to execute my first order. So soon as he reached General Coffee, the charge was made, and the enemy routed; they were pursued about three miles, and forty-five of them slain, who were found. General Coffee was wounded in the body, and his aid-de-camp, A. Donelson, killed, together with three others. Having brought in and buried the dead, and dressed the wounded, I ordered my camp to be fortified, to be the better prepared to repel any attack which might be made in the night, determining to make a return march to Fort Strother the following day. Many causes concurred to make such a measure necessary, as I had not set out prepared, or with a view to make a permanent establishment. I considered it worse than useless to advance, and destroy an empty encampment. I had, indeed, hoped to have met the enemy there, but having met and beaten them a little sooner, I did not think it necessary or prudent to proceed any farther—not necessary, because I had accomplished all I could expect to effect by marching to their encampment; and because if it was proper to contend with and

weaken their forces still farther, this object would be more certainly attained by commencing a return, which, having to them the appearance of a retreat, would inspirit them to pursue me. Not prudent—because of the number of my wounded; of the reinforcements from below, which the enemy might be expected to receive; of the starving condition of my horses, they having had neither corn nor cane for two days and nights; of the scarcity of supplies for my men, the Indians who joined me at Tallageda having drawn none, and being wholly destitute; and because if the enemy pursued me, as it was likely they would, the diversion in favor of General Floyd would be the more complete and effectual. Influenced by these considerations, I commenced my return march at half after ten on the 23d, and was fortunate enough to reach Enotachopco before night, having passed, without interruption, a dangerous defile occasioned by a hurricane. I again fortified my camp, and having another defile to pass in the morning, across a deep creek, and between two hills which I had viewed with attention as I passed on, and where I expected I might be attacked, I determined to pass it at another point, and gave directions to my guide and fatigue men accordingly. My expectation of an attack in the morning was increased by the signs of the night, and with it my caution. Before I moved the wounded from the interior of my camp I had my front and rear guards formed, as well as my right and left columns, and moved off my center in regular order, leading down a handsome ridge to Enotachopco creek, at a point where it was clear of reed, except immediately on its margin. I had previously issued a general order, pointing out the manner in which the men should be formed in the event of an attack on the front or rear, or on the flanks, and had particularly cautioned the officers to halt and form accordingly, the instant the word should be given.

"The front guard had crossed with part of the flank columns, the wounded were over, and the artillery in the act of entering the creek, when an alarm gun was heard in the rear. I heard it without surprise, and even with pleasure, calcu-

lating with the utmost confidence on the firmness of my troops, from the manner in which I had seen them act on the 22d. I had placed Colonel Carroll at the head of the center column of the rear guard; its right column was commanded by Colonel Perkins, and its left by Colonel Stump. Having chosen the ground, I expected there to have entirely cut off the enemy, by wheeling the right and left columns on their pivot, recrossing the creek above and below, and falling in upon their flanks and rear. But, to my astonishment and mortification, when the word was given by Colonel Carroll to halt and form, and a few guns had been fired, I beheld the right and left columns of the rear guard precipitately give way. This shameful retreat was disastrous in the extreme; it drew along with it the greater part of the center column, leaving not more than twenty-five men, who, being formed by Colonel Carroll, maintained their ground as long as it was possible to maintain it; and it brought consternation and confusion into the center of the army; a consternation which was not easily removed, and a confusion which could not be soon restored to order. There was then left to repulse the enemy, the few who remained of the rear guard, the artillery company, and Captain Russell's company of spies. They, however, realized, and exceeded my highest expectations. Lieutenant Armstrong, who commanded the artillery company in the absence of Captain Deaderick, (confined by sickness,) ordered them to form and advance to the top of the hill, whilst he and a few others dragged up the six pounder. Never was more bravery displayed than on this occasion. Amidst the most galling fire from the enemy, more than ten times their number, they ascended the hill, and maintained their position until their piece was hauled up, when, having leveled it, they poured upon the enemy a fire of grape, reloaded and fired again, charged and repulsed them.

"The most deliberate bravery was displayed by Constantine Perkins and Craven Jackson, of the artillery, acting as gunners. In the hurry of the moment, in separating the gun from the limbers, the rammer and picker of the cannon were

left tied to the limber. No sooner was this discovered, than Jackson, amidst the galling fire of the enemy, pulled out the ramrod of his musket and used it as a picker; primed with a cartridge and fired the cannon. Perkins having pulled off his bayonet, used his musket as a rammer, drove down the cartridge; and Jackson using his former plan, again discharged her. The brave Lieutenant Armstrong, just after the first fire of the cannon, with Captain Hamilton of East Tennessee, Bradford and M'Gavock, all fell, the lieutenant exclaiming as he lay, '*My brave fellows, some of you may fall, but you must save the cannon.*' About this time, a number crossed the creek and entered into the chase. The brave Captain Gordon, of the spies, who rushed from the front, endeavored to turn the flank of the enemy, in which he partially succeeded, and Colonel Carroll, Colonel Higgins, and Captains Elliot and Pipkins, pursued the enemy for more than two miles, who fled in consternation, throwing away their packs, and leaving twenty-six of their warriors dead on the field. This last defeat was decisive, and we were no more disturbed by their yells. I should do injustice to my feelings if I omitted to mention that the venerable Judge Cocke, at the age of sixty-five, entered into the engagement, continued the pursuit of the enemy with youthful ardor, and saved the life of a fellow-soldier by killing his savage antagonist.

"Our loss in this affair was — killed and wounded. Among the former was the brave Captain Hamilton, from East Tennessee, who had, with his aged father and two others of his company, after the period of his engagement had expired, volunteered his services for this excursion, and attached himself to the artillery company. No man ever fought more bravely, or fell more gloriously; and by his side fell with equal bravery and glory, Bird Evans, of the same company. Captain Quarles, who commanded the center column of the rear guard, preferring death to the abandonment of his post, having taken a firm stand, in which he was followed by twenty-five of his men, received a wound in his head, of which he has since died.

"In these several engagements, our loss was twenty killed and seventy-five wounded, four of whom have since died. The loss of the enemy can not be accurately ascertained; one hundred and eighty-nine of their warriors were found dead; but this must fall considerably short of the number really killed. Their wounded can only be guessed at.

"Had it not been for the unfortunate retreat of the rear guard in the affair of the 24th instant, I think I could safely have said that no army of militia ever acted with more cool and deliberate bravery; undisciplined and inexperienced as they were, their conduct in the several engagements of the 22d could not have been surpassed by regulars. No man ever met the approach of an enemy with more intrepidity, or repulsed them with more energy. On the 24th, after the retreat of the rear guard, they seemed to have lost all their collectedness, and were more difficult to be restored to order than any troops I have ever seen. But this was no doubt owing in a great measure, or altogether, to that very retreat, and ought rather to be ascribed to the want of conduct in many of their officers, than any cowardice in the men, who on every occasion have manifested a willingness to perform their duty so far as they knew it.

"All the effects which were designed to be produced by this excursion, it is believed *have* been produced. If an attack was meditated against Fort Armstrong, that has been prevented. If General Floyd is operating on the east side of the Tallapoosa, as I suppose him to be, a most fortunate diversion has been made in his favor. The number of the enemy has been diminished, and the confidence they may have derived from the delays I have been made to experience has been destroyed. Discontent has been kept out of my army, while the troops who would have been exposed to it, have been beneficially employed. The enemy's country has been explored, and a road cut to the point where their force will probably be concentrated when they shall be driven from the country below. But in a report of this kind, and to you who will immediately perceive them, it is not necessary to state the

happy consequences which may be expected to result from this excursion. Unless I am greatly mistaken, it will be found to have hastened the termination of the Creek war, more effectually than any measure I could have taken with the troops under my command."

The conduct of General Coffee in the second engagement was eminently praiseworthy. Wounded in the first battle, he was carried to the scene of the second on a litter. When the retreat of the rear guard threw the army into confusion and peril, he mounted his horse and rode wherever the danger was greatest, inspiring the men by his presence, his words, and his example, and contributing most powerfully to restore the fortunes of the day. Jackson himself was a lion on this occasion. Major Eaton's glowing account of his demeanor, besides being supported by other testimony, is in itself probable. "But for him," says Eaton, "every thing must have gone to ruin. On him all hopes were rested. In that moment of confusion he was the rallying point even for the spirits of the brave. Firm and energetic, and at the same time perfectly self-possessed, his example and his authority alike contributed to arrest the flying and give confidence to those who maintained their ground. Cowards forgot their panic, and fronted danger, when they heard his voice and beheld his manner ; and the brave would have formed round his body a rampart with their own. In the midst of showers of balls, of which he seemed unmindful, he was seen performing the duties of the subordinate officers, rallying the alarmed, halting them in their flight, forming his columns, and inspiriting them by his example."

Before me lies General Coffee's private narrative of these actions, written a day or two after the return of the army to Fort Strother. His letter, like those previously quoted, was addressed to his father-in-law, Captain Donelson, the father of that brave young aid-de-camp of General Coffee who was shot dead at the time when Coffee received his own wound. The sad news of the fall of this young soldier General Coffee had now to communicate to his father, and he performed the

duty with the tact that good feeling suggests. The reader will peruse with interest the whole of this letter, so characteristic of its author, so confirmatory of General Jackon's dispatch. Sundry gentlemen in Tennessee, who strenuously object to General Jackson's account of the departure of the troops in December, will observe that General Coffee was of the opinion that death itself would be the proper punishment of those who advised that tumultuous breaking away. But to the letter itself, which was dated January 28th, 1814:—

"We have to record," began Coffee with admirable and awkward delicacy, "the proceedings of another excursion into the interior of the enemy's country; and, although we have met with success, it is marked with circumstances of regret and misfortune that are serious to the friends of those brave men whose lives have been lost in achieving the battles that have been obtained. Painful as it is, I must inform you that Sandy Donelson was among the *slain*. He fell by a ball through his head, near me, a few minutes after I had received a wound by a ball through my right side, but not dangerous.

"In a state of war the lives of men must be lost; and the only circumstance that leaves us any satisfaction for our departed friends, is when they have acted their part well, and fallen bravely defending the government we are bound to protect; and in that your son has been exceeded by none. He fell in the fourth battle that he fought by my side, and I can with certainty say that a braver man never lived. He is no more, but his death has been glorious. He has bequeathed his friends a valuable inheritance in the character he has acquired to his memory; and while we his friends lament his loss in the bloom of life, we may rejoice at the honorable station in which his memory is placed, and which is beyond the reach of strife or envy.

"We left this place (Fort Strother) on the 16th instant, and marched by Talladega and from thence south-east, about seventy miles from this place, which brought us into the neighborhood of the villages of the Oakfuskas and others united, whom we intended an attack on. We were discovered by the spies of the enemy; and when within a few miles of them, as we expected, we were attacked on the morning of the 22d about the dawn of day very furiously. Our men were on their posts, and as soon as it was light enough to see, we drove them. They were dispersed. Again, the same day, they brought on the attack about one o'clock, when Sandy fell and myself was wounded. This was a sharp conflict on the part of the army; but finally the enemy were completely driven. Although we

had killed ten of the enemy to every man we had lost, yet we had wounded men to provide for, and determined to return. On the 23d we moved back about ten miles; and on the morning of the 24th, after marching, and while crossing a large creek, the rear of our army was again attacked; when the rear guard, in a very cowardly manner, retreated before the enemy, who fell upon the Nashville artillery company, the only part of the army on that side of the creek after the guards left them. They met the savages with firmness, and after a heavy fire for several minutes, contending with vastly superior numbers, they put the enemy to flight, but with the loss of six or eight fine young men. Our horsemen recrossed the creek, and pursued, killing many in the pursuit, until they took refuge in the neighboring hills. Thus our fighting ended, and we came on to this place, and arrived here on the 27th. We can not pretend to say what number of Indians fought us; but they are supposed to be from eight to ten hundred. Our forces were one thousand white men and two hundred friendly Indians. The loss of the enemy, from best accounts, has been upwards of two hundred killed. We lost eighteen killed and seventy wounded, four of whom are since dead; not many others dangerous.

"Our great loss has been occasioned by our troops being raw and undisciplined, commanded by officers of the same description. Had I had my old regiment of cavalry, I could have driven the enemy wherever I met them without loss. But speculation had taken them out of the field, and thus we have suffered for them. Their advisers ought to suffer death for their unwarrantable conduct, and I hope our injured citizens will treat them with the contempt they so justly merit.

"Jockey, with about twenty men, followed after us when we marched, and fortunately reached our camp in the night before the battle of the morning of the 22d. Thus he just saved himself and men. He has escaped unhurt, and is now with me. Colonel Perkins and Colonel John Stump are now on trial before a court martial for cowardice in running at the head of the guard at the last battle. It is supposed their sentence will be a severe one.

"I expect in two or three days to be able to ride slowly, when I shall start home, until I recover my wounds, and until my further service may be wanting. You will see General Jackson's official report, no doubt, published, which will give you the particulars of our affairs more correctly. When I reach home I would be exceedingly glad to see you and Mrs. Donelson at my house, as I don't expect I will be able for some time to ride as far as your house after I quit traveling. I received your letter by Jockey, and was glad to hear of the health of yourself and family. I also received a letter from Polly, who informs me of her own and little Mary's health; which, in this lonesome place was very satisfactory. If our war was honorably terminated, I would be content; but

until that is the case, I never can be happy. With great regard and esteem, I am, etc."*

Little else need be, and nothing material can be, added. General Jackson's dispatch was published in some of the newspapers at the time, and made the name of Jackson considerably, though not generally known in other States. I do not find it in New York or New England papers, though they mention the battles of Emuckfaw and Enotochopco in short paragraphs. It was the amiable habit of the opposition papers during the war of 1812 to make as little as possible of American victories, and as much as possible of American disasters. Thus, we find the account of one of Jackson's battles occupying three or four columns in the *National Intelligencer*, the organ of the administration, and the same event disposed of in the Federal *Evening Post* in a paragraph of ten lines. Hence, when at length Jackson achieved such things as *could* not be suppressed or depreciated, it was found that he was almost an unknown man in the north-eastern States. Who *is* this General Jackson? and Where did he come from? were questions commonly asked.

General Pinckney bestowed the warmest applause upon "the intelligent bravery and good conduct" of General Jackson and his volunteers; testifying also to the importance of the late movement to the operations of the Georgia troops under General Floyd. In a letter to the Secretary of War, dated February 6th, General Pinckney ventured upon a suggestion which had results: "I take the liberty," said he, "of drawing your attention to the present and former communications of General Jackson. Without the personal firmness, popularity, and exertions of that officer, the Indian war, on the part of Tennessee, would have been abandoned, at least for a time, as will appear by reference to the letters of Governor Blount heretofore transmitted. If government think it advisable to elevate to the rank of general other persons than those now in the army, I have heard of none whose military operations so well entitle him to that distinction."

* MSS. of Tennessee Historical Society.

CHAPTER XLVI.

BRIGHTER PROSPECTS.

The excursion over, and the new levies from Tennessee approaching, Jackson dismissed his victorious troops, whose term of service was about to expire. He bade them farewell in an address abounding in kind and flattering expressions; and they left him feeling all that soldiers usually feel toward the general who has led them to victory.

The return of these troops, animated by such sentiments, gave a new impetus to the cause in Tennessee, and fired the troops who were on their way to the seat of war with new zeal. From all quarters came volunteers, hurrying toward the standard of the successful General, whose prospects now brightened with every day's dispatches. On the 3d of February came news that two thousand East Tennesseans were far on their way to join him. A day or two after a dispatch informed the General that nearly as many West Tennessee troops had reached Huntsville and waited his orders. On the 6th, marched into Fort Strother the thirty-ninth regiment of United States infantry, six hundred strong, under Colonel Williams, a most important acquisition. Into this regiment one Sam Houston had recently enlisted as a private soldier, and made his way to the rank of ensign; the same Sam Houston who was afterward President of Texas and Senator of the United States.

It was to the patriotic zeal of Judge Hugh L. White of East Tennessee that General Jackson owed this priceless reinforcement of regulars. Hearing rumors of General Jackson's danger, Judge White left the bench and hurried to the wilderness to learn, by personal inspection, the true state of affairs. He found Jackson almost alone in the woods, contending with every difficulty. After rendering essential service by bearing dispatches and messages from General Cocke to General Jackson and from General Jackson to General

Cocke, he returned to East Tennessee to aid in the raising of a new army. There he found his brother-in-law, Colonel John Williams, at the head of the thirty-ninth regiment, preparing to descend to New Orleans, according to orders received from the Secretary of War. "He told Colonel Williams that he had been commissioned by General Jackson to represent to him 'his condition as very deplorable; that his men had all abandoned him, except his life-guard, and unless he came to his aid the country would be overrun by savages, the inhabitants become victims of every species of cruelty, and the reputation of their State for ever blasted.'" Judge White remained with Colonel Williams nearly all night, using every means in his power to impress upon his mind the necessity of relieving Jackson's force. His importunities finally prevailed. Colonel Williams acquiesced in his wishes, wrote to the War Department, stating his intentions to proceed to General Jackson's head-quarters instead of to the South, according to his previous instructions; and upon learning that his plans were approved by the government, at once marched for the former destination, and arrived with his troops February 6th, 1814."*

In addition to this most important reinforcement, there came in, soon after, a part of General Coffee's old brigade of mounted men, and a troop of dragoons from East Tennessee. The Choctaw Indians now openly joined the peace party, and asked orders from General Jackson. There was no lack of men of any description. Long before February closed, Jackson was at the head of an army of five thousand men, all within a few days' march of Fort Strother, waiting only till the General could accumulate twenty days' rations to march in, and strike, as they hoped, a finishing blow at the enemy.

It was in connection with the assembling of this force that the arrest of General Cocke occurred. It were an ungracious task to revive the bitter feuds that preceded and grew out of this unhappy affair. Suffice it to say, that

* Memoirs of Hugh L. White, p. 26.

General Cocke was grossly misrepresented to General Jackson. He had raised his new army of East Tennesseeans, and was doing his best to lead them to Jackson's head-quarters, contending with scarcity and insubordination. Delays occurred, which, Jackson was informed, were caused by General Cocke's jealousy or ambition. Back to Cocke's division came a thundering order from Jackson to one of Cocke's brigadiers, to arrest, and send under guard to Fort Strother, every officer, *of whatever rank*, who should be found exciting the men to mutiny. General Cocke had no resource, after such an indignity, but to retire from the service, and submit his case to court martial, which acquitted him. It was a fault of Jackson's character, as it is of most men of his temperament, to imbibe prejudices readily, and hold them tenaciously. But the really *guilty* persons in this affair were those who, from misunderstanding General Cocke's designs, or from enmity to him, conveyed to General Jackson reports of his conduct, which were either totally false or monstrous exaggerations. His division arrived at Fort Strother in command of the officer who was chiefly instrumental in his removal from the field.

Now were put forth, on every hand, the most prodigious exertions to collect the requisite supplies. Major William B. Lewis performed labors in the cause which Jackson remembered with gratitude and admiration as long as he lived. The difficulty of forwarding supplies may be inferred from the fact, that over the miry forest roads at that wet season, four horses could with difficulty draw four barrels of flour. Jackson set five hundred men at work improving the road between his depot at Fort Deposit and his camp at Fort Strother. He prohibited the transportation of whisky and every other article not strictly indispensable, and sent strong guards with each wagon train to assist the teamsters. Yet, with all their efforts, it required seven days for a wagon train to perform one journey between the two posts ; and not one wagon succeeded in bringing more than eight barrels of flour or sixteen hundred pounds of pork. The troops not thus

employed were engaged, meanwhile, in constructing boats in which to convey the supplies for the projected expedition down the Coosa. All the wounded, the sick, and the invalids, were sent to the settlements.

A hasty confidential letter, written by the General to his quarter-master, Major William B. Lewis, may find place here. It is of no great importance, but gives us a peep into the General's heart and camp. I will copy it as exactly as possible, not correcting any thing :—

GENERAL JACKSON TO MAJOR WILLIAM B. LEWIS.

HEAD-QUARTERS, FORT STROTHER, February 21st, 1814.

DEAR SIR:

"I drew upon you a few days since, for fifteen hundred dollars, and sent the letter and draft on to Mr. John Hutchings, requesting him to go on direct and present and bring it to me. I sent also a receipt signed for the same. I hope you have sent it. I am exerting every nerve to get up the supplies, to make a speedy movement. The incessant rains and high water has prevented the passage of my supplies, and the want of axes has delayed the bridging of the creeks, and the want of hemp has delayed the completion of my boats. I just learn that the hemp is on the way. I expected it up a week ago. I made a requisition for 2000lbs good powder, and 4000lbs lead, is it on the way, thirty days' provisions with the requisition of powder and lead, and I will endeavor with the continuation of the smiles of heaven to move with vigor and terminate the war in that time. I am pleased with the prospects, and it only requires exertion in the Quarter master's department, to enable me in a short time to meet the wishes of my government, by crushing the Creek war; which would and ought to have been terminated long since; had it not have been from the disgraceful retreat and desertion of the volunteers, and Gen'l Roberts' brigade. 4 captains have been tried who mutinied and deserted, they are found guilty, and Gen'l Roberts under arrest, his trial comes on at camp Johnson the 23rd Inst. The publication of the testimony will open the eyes of the western world. In my last to you, I named that Mrs. Jackson would send you the copy of a letter from the Secretary of War, and one from Gen'l Pinckney. If there is no impropriety in giving these to the public, it may be well to do it, as I understand Col. Roncher has made his first debut before the public.

Upon reflection I think it is only a tribute due to the detachment to have the applause of the Commander in Chief made public. And Gen'l

Pinckney's letter I think on this ground ought to be made public. It might be well to preface it with some modest remarks as coming from myself, but this your calm reflection will best judge of. I enclose you a Georgia paper, the object of this is that you may have the extract of Gen'l Pinckney's letter to the Gov'r of Georgia and old Judge Cocks' letter published. Send me some good musket flints and have by as many muskets as will fully Col. Williams regt. Better send on, say 150 stand and accoutrements. I am truly happy in having the Col. (Colonel Williams) with me. His regt. will give strength to my arm and quell mutiny. But the information I have of the new troops, augurs well for a restoration of the fallen character of the reputation of the state, and a speedy end to the war.

In haste adieu, respectfully,

ANDREW JACKSON,
Major Gen'l.

Major WM. B. LEWIS,
Assist. Dep. Quartermaster.

Six weeks of intense labor, on the part of the General and his army, were required to complete the preparations for the decisive movement. The middle of March had arrived. The various divisions of the army were assembled at Fort Strother, and the requisite quantity of provisions had been accumulated. A system of expresses had been established for the conveyance of information to General Pinckney and Governor Blount. With much difficulty, one man had been found competent to beat the ordinary calls on the drum, and this one drum was the sole music of the army. Deducting the strong guards to be left at the posts already established, the force about to march against the enemy amounted to about three thousand men.

Before they began their march, they were called upon to witness a spectacle which American soldiers have very seldom been obliged to look upon; and we are compelled to pause here, upon the eve of great events, to narrate the circumstances that led to that remarkable scene.

CHAPTER XLVII.

EXECUTION OF JOHN WOODS.

Amid the corpse-strewn battle fields of a war like this, in which fell not far from five thousand men, the sanctity of human life is attested by the profound and lasting emotion caused by the deliberate putting to death of a single individual. Gone from memory for ever are the names of most of the legitimate victims of the Creek war, those who sunk under the tomahawk of the savage, or fell in battle before the rifle of the pioneer; but the name of John Woods, an obscure, unlettered youth of eighteen, will last as long as the story of the war itself survives.

It has not been easy to ascertain the exact truth respecting a transaction always suppressed or slurred over by Jackson's eulogists, and always distorted and misrepresented by his enemies. This affair, O reader, has been made to do severe duty in presidential campaigns. Like an old soldier returning after long service, it comes to us so scarred, maimed, tattered and patched, that it is difficult in the extreme to tell what manner of story it was before it went to the wars. The same remark will apply to every case in the long list of Jackson's military executions. The truth has to be searched for laboriously among a mass of statements* and counter-statements, affidavits and rejoinders, of which few are worthy of implicit belief; of which none contain the whole truth; of which many are flat perjury.

The following, as far as the unassisted human intellect can discover it, is the simple truth respecting the life and

* In the year 1828, these executions were chiefly discussed. See political papers of June, July, August and September of that year. Also the proceedings of court martials, of which all, excepting those of the court which tried Woods, can still be read in pamphlets, Congressional documents and other publications.

death of John Woods, private in the twenty-eighth regiment of West Tennessee light infantry.

At Fayetteville, on the 17th of December, 1813, was mustered into service the company, fifty-seven strong, which John Woods afterwards joined. Before they marched, hearing that fierce contentions had arisen between General Jackson and the army respecting the term of service, it seemed good to the captain of this company to adopt a measure which he thought would obviate the very possibility of any misunderstanding on that important point. *Six* months they would not and could not engage for. Six months' service, to farmers going to war at the end of December, means nothing less than the loss of a whole year's produce ; whereas, a tour of three months, which would expire before the spring work need begin, is only a winter's frolic, or a way of profitably employing the least valuable portion of the agricultural year. General Roberts, at whose call this company had assembled, soon found that he must either receive men for three months, or fail to afford his commander that instantaneous succor which he needed. The point was conceded, therefore. The captain, Harris by name, procured from his colonel a paper containing the following words :

" We, the undersigned, volunteers of the light infantry of the twenty-eighth regiment, do agree to serve a tour of duty of three months against the Creek Indians, if not sooner discharged."

To this was appended the name of every member of the company, written by his own hand. The paper was then taken to General Roberts, who wrote upon it as follows :

"Received Captain Harris' company, agreeably to the above conditions. Isaac Roberts, B. G."

General Roberts assured the company, verbally, that General Jackson would receive them for the term of three months, and give them an honorable discharge at the end of that period. With alacrity and cheerfulness they marched toward the scene of war, and soon reached the vicinity of Fort Strother. To make assurance doubly sure, General Roberts

halted his men a few miles from the post, and rode forward to obtain from General Jackson a positive promise to receive them for the shorter term. Jackson, who traced his worst embarrassments to the system of short terms of service, and who had been in a state of exasperation for more than a month, received General Roberts' proposal, probably, not in the most gracious manner. Nor did he approve of his halting his men and coming forward, as he said, *to make conditions* with his General. It is likely that a boisterous scene ensued. It is likely that some delay occurred before Jackson gave his consent to receive the troops on the terms proposed. It is likely that General Roberts, who had done his best—who had, in the space of a few days, raised and led to Fort Strother a body of nearly two hundred men, not ten of whom would have stirred from their firesides on the conditions that Jackson had presented—was wounded and disgusted at his reception. These things are likely, I say; for, in some way, unknown (because so variously stated) news was conveyed to the halting troops that General Jackson would not hear of their serving for less than six months! Instantly, nearly the whole body set out for home, and made such excellent speed that they were twenty miles on their way before General Roberts overtook them.

What occurred between the General and his small brigade it is not possible to discover with certainty, so conflicting are the narratives. We can only learn that the troops resumed their homeward march, and that General Roberts returned to Fort Strother to excuse himself and them. Tremendous was the wrath of Jackson when he heard the tale. Denouncing the men as deserters, he ordered General Roberts to go in pursuit, to arrest them, and bring them back prisoners to head-quarters. In executing this order he was to employ any troops he could find; and in case force enough could not be procured for conducting the men in safe custody to Fort Strother, he was to lodge them in the county jails, there to await their trial. But the irate General, prudent even in his fury, authorized Roberts to proclaim that all the deserters

who should promptly return to their duty should be pardoned, and received into the service on their own terms.

Again the company rendezvoused at Fayetteville, when John Woods joined them for the first time. He was not quite eighteen years of age, and, therefore, not yet bound to render military duty. But an elder brother had joined the company, and John, therefore, agreed to serve as the substitute of a man who wished to retire. He was accepted and enrolled, and set out with the rest of the company to join Jackson's army. All this is explicitly asserted by the captain of the company and four of the privates, who produce in proof:—First, the roll of the company as first organized, which does not contain the name of the younger Woods; and, secondly, the roll of the company drawn up upon its second assembling, which does contain it.

In a few days the company reached Fort Strother and entered upon its duty. Nothing extraordinary occurred within its ranks until the morning of the day when the offense was committed for which young Woods was shot.

It was a cold, rainy morning in February. John Woods was on guard. He was cold, for he had left his blanket in his tent. He was hungry, for it was long past breakfast time, and he had eaten nothing that morning. Obtaining permission from the officer of the guard to leave his post for a few minutes, he went to his tent for the purpose of getting his blanket; and finding there the breakfast which his comrades had left for him, he sat down and began to eat it. The officer of the day came by while he was thus engaged, who seeing the ground about the tent strewn with bones and other refuse, reproved the occupants sharply, and ordered such of them as were present, including Woods, to remove the offensive matter. Woods continued to eat, and the officer again ordered him to pick up the bones, using language calculated to irritate a young man only a month in service. Woods replied, and, I infer, not in a respectful tone, that he was on guard, and had obtained permission to leave his post, to which he was about to return. The officer retorted in an angry man-

ner, ordering him peremptorily to return to his post. Woods refused to obey. The officer repeated his order without effect. A loud altercation arose between them, during which Woods became exceedingly enraged. The officer ordered the bystanders to arrest him; upon which Woods reprimed his gun, and swore he would shoot the first man that should attempt to seize him. The scene lasted long enough for word that a man was mutinying to be conveyed to General Jackson; who rushed from his tent, shouting,

"Which is the —— rascal? Shoot him! shoot him! Blow ten balls through the —— villain's body!"

By the time Jackson reached the spot, however, some of Woods' comrades had persuaded him to give up his gun and submit to arrest. He was immediately put in irons, taken to the camp of the regiment of regulars, and placed in close confinement.

Not a man in the army, least of all Woods himself, seems to have thought that any thing very serious would result from this offense. Similar affairs had occurred, and the offender had either been forgiven after a short arrest, or dismissed without pay, or, at worst, drummed in disgrace from the camp. Jackson, however, took a totally different view of the occurrence. He remembered the previous flight of Woods' company, and was not aware, *and never learned*, that Woods had not then been attached to the company. He was now in command of the largest militia and volunteer force his State had ever raised, and he was upon the point of setting out upon the most hazardous and difficult expedition he had ever planned. He thought the time had come for making an example. The opinion prevailed in the army that no general not in the regular service would *dare* to inflict the last penalty. He thought it due to the service to show that this was an error. Having warred, with various degrees of ill-success, against mutiny for nearly three months, the stock of patience with which nature had endowed him was exhausted. He resolved, therefore, to let the affair take its own course, and if the man was convicted of mutiny, not to come between the

sentence of the court martial and its execution. He made no secret of this resolution. "A fellow has mutinied," he said to an officer, "and I expect he will have to be shot." While the court martial was actually in session, he said in the hearing of its members, as he walked up and down,

"Be cautious, and mind what you are about; for by the eternal God, the next man that is condemned, I won't pardon; and this is a hearty, hale young fellow."

On the 12th of March, in the open forest, between two tents, the prisoner sitting upon a log, the trial took place. Five officers of the same branch of the service to which the prisoner himself belonged, constituted the court. There was a reading of law books and an examining of witnesses for some hours, the prisoner, as I infer, still sullen and defiant, sustained by the conviction that, though he might be condemned, the sentence of death could not be inflicted.

The evidence of mutiny was abundant and indisputable. The man was found guilty, and condemned to die.

Some efforts were made to move the General, but he was inflexible. One friend of Woods, in particular, besought him to let the youth of the prisoner plead for him, and for his aged parents, of whom he was a main stay and support. Jackson replied that he was sorry for his aged parents, but the death of the mutineer was just and necessary, and die he must. The news was borne to Woods, who appears to have been undismayed to the last, and he wrote a letter of farewell to his parents in rhyme.

Two days after the trial (March 14th), the whole army was drawn up to witness the execution, when the following general order was read:—

"JOHN WOODS:—You have been tried by a court martial on the charges of disobedience of orders, disrespect to your commanding officer, and mutiny, and have been found guilty of all of them. The court which has found you guilty of these charges, has sentenced you to suffer death by shooting, and this sentence the commanding general has thought proper, and even felt himself bound, to approve, and to order it to be executed.

"The offenses of which you have been found guilty are such as can not

be permitted to pass unpunished in an army, but at the hazard of its ruin. This is the second time you have violated the duties of a soldier—the second time you have been guilty of offenses the punishment of which is death.

"When you had been regularly mustered into the service of your country, and were marched to head-quarters under the immediate command of Brigadier General Roberts, you were one of those who, in violation of your engagement—of all principles of honor, and of the order of your commanding general, rose in mutiny and deserted. You were arrested and brought back; and, notwithstanding the little claim you had to mercy, your general, unwilling to inflict the severity of the law, and influenced by the hope that you would atone by your future good conduct for your past error, thought proper to grant you all a pardon. This ought to have produced a salutary impression on a mind not totally dead to every honorable sentiment, and not perversely and obstinately bent on spreading disorder and confusion in the army. It, unfortunately, produced no such impression on yours. But a few weeks after you had been brought back, you have been found guilty of offenses not less criminal than those for which you had so recently been pardoned, and which, if the law had been rigidly enforced, would have subjected you to death. This evinces but too manifestly, an incorrigible disposition of heart, a rebellious, an obstinate temper of mind, which, as it can not be rectified, ought not to be permitted to diffuse its influence among others.

"An army can not exist where order and subordination are wholly disregarded. It can not exist with much credit to itself, or service to the country which employs it, but where they are observed with the most punctilious exactness. The disobedience of orders and contempt of officers speedily lead to a state of disorganization and ruin; and mutiny, which includes the others, aims still more immediately at the dissolution of an army. Of all these offenses you have been twice guilty, and have once been pardoned. Your general must forget what he owes to the service he is engaged in, and to the country which employs him, if, by pardoning you again, he should furnish an example to sanction measures which would bring ruin upon the army he commands. This is an important crisis, in which, if we all act as becomes us, every thing is to be hoped for towards the accomplishment of the object of our government; if otherwise, every thing is to be feared. How it becomes us to act we all know, and what our punishment shall be, if we act otherwise, must be known also. The law which points out the one, prescribes the other. Between that law and its offender the commanding general ought not to be expected to interpose, and *will not* where there are no circumstances of alleviation. There appears to be none such in your case; and however as a man he may deplore your unhappy situation, he can not, as an officer, without infringing his duty, arrest the sentence of the court martial."

The sentence was then executed, and the army dismissed to quarters.

The reader observes in the general order, that Jackson asserts repeatedly that Woods had been guilty of the previous flight. How such an error could have gone uncorrected at the trial, I can not imagine, unless *all* testimony relative to that affair was ruled out as irrelevant—as it might properly have been. Captain Harris, the commander of the fugitive company, and four of its privates, in language as positive as they could employ, declare that Woods was not in the service until the company assembled for the second time. The writer of the general order, not suspecting this, introduced the flight and pardon of the company, as I conjecture, merely to strengthen the case against the prisoner and lessen any odium that might arise from his summary execution. Jackson's secretaries were often sorely embarrassed to find plausible reasons for the conduct of their chief. Fearing *for* him more than he feared for himself, they shrunk from clothing his resolves in words, and would go out of their way to find reasons for a course which, *they* thought, it would not do to state with blunt simplicity. According to the laws of war of every nation, John Woods was justly condemned to death for his conduct on the morning when he was on guard at Fort Strother. The alleged previous offense had no connection with that, and need not have been referred to.

No one can read the history of this affair without feeling that, considering all the circumstances, this boy *might* have been spared. Certainly, no militia general that ever served the United States would have sanctioned the execution, except General Jackson. It is equally certain that no militia general that was then in service, except General Jackson, could, in the face of such difficulties as those which he encountered and mastered, have saved the campaign, protected the frontiers, subdued the Creeks, and gained every object proposed to be gained by the war. Every character must be taken with the exceptions that belong to it. Where we admire much, we have to forgive much. While every one

will wish that John Woods had not been shot, few have had the experience which alone would justify them in declaring that he *ought* not to have been.

The effect of the execution upon the army is said to have been salutary. A promptness of obedience and a regularity of discipline, before unknown among western militia, are declared to have marked the conduct of the troops during the remainder, the brief and brilliant remainder, of the campaign. If there was any murmuring in the army at the severity of the sentence, it was directed against the court martial, not the General. Events soon succeeded which placed him in a commanding light before the whole nation, and drowned in a torrent of applause all disagreeable recollections connected with the war.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE FINISHING BLOW.

The attention of the reader is now to be directed to a remarkable "BEND" of the river Tallapoosa, about fifty-five miles from Fort Strother, the scene, for so many weeks, of General Jackson's strenuous endeavors.

The word RIVER, it may be premised, calls up in the mind of an inhabitant of the Atlantic States different ideas and pictures from those which it suggests to one who knows only the rivers of the West. The great eastern rivers show their kinship to the ocean by a certain living freshness of aspect, which we miss in our western travels. *Our* rivers are always full—brimming full; seeming, in some conditions of the atmosphere, even to lift their broad bosoms, swelling up to meet the dalliance of the breeze. They are *clean* rivers; the banks green to the water's edge; the water of a crisp and

sea-like quality. The foam in the steamboat's wake is whiter, noisier, more abundant, more lasting than that which covers the path of a boat on a river of the West. The Atlantic rivers turn neither abruptly nor often; but, in long reaches, from ten to fifty miles without any considerable deviation, flow on in a deep, full, tranquil, widening stream, till they exchange waters with the ocean.

A western river has beauties of its own; but it is a dead thing compared with the Hudson or the Delaware. The life and sparkle of salt are wanting to it. In the season of rain and snow-melting it is a mad and dangerous torrent, yellow with soil, and covered with the spoils of the invaded shores. When the flood subsides, the river assumes that torpid aspect to which we have referred. A dreary interval of yellow, steep, barren bank lies between the stream and the line of vegetation, almost destroying to an eastern eye the beauty of the scene. The river seems to mar the prospect, instead of enlivening it.

The "*bends*" of the western rivers are, however, the peculiarity which distinguishes them most, and with which our narrative concerns itself here and elsewhere. Always rising or falling, the western streams are also always bending. The Ohio, for example, is nearly a thousand miles long, but bears the traveler little more than half that distance upon his way. Those rivers coil themselves into curious loops, forming peninsulas of great extent, the isthmuses of which may not be more than a rifle-shot across. Thus it is, that one of these streams will drain and water an extent of country prodigiously disproportionate to its volume of waters; as though nature, that seems to be lavish, but is strictly economical, meant that every river should do all it could for its country before giving it honorable discharge into a mightier stream. Upon these bends the old forts were built, around which gathered the log villages, which grew into those cities of the West which are among the wonders of the modern world.

The Tallapoosa and the Coosa are the rivers which unite

in the southern part of Alabama, and form the Alabama river. The bend of which we speak is about midway between the source and the mouth of the Tallapoosa. It occurs where the stream is not fordable during the spring rains, but is not wide enough to present a very serious obstacle to an Indian swimmer. From the shape of this peninsula the Indians called it Tohopeka, which means Horseshoe. It contains a hundred acres of land, since a cotton field. The neck, or isthmus, is about three hundred and fifty yards across. The ground rises somewhat from the edge of the water. It was a wild, rough piece of ground, abounding in places which would afford covert to an Indian warrior. At the time of which we write, the surrounding country, for a hundred miles or more, was a nearly unbroken wilderness of forest, swamp, and cane, marked only by the trail of wild beasts and the "trace" of wild men. As well from its situation as its form, this place was entitled to be styled the heart of the Indian country.

Here it was that the evil genius of the Creeks prompted them to assemble the warriors of all the tribes residing in that vicinity, to make a stand against the great army with which, their runners told them, General Jackson was preparing to overrun the Indian country. The long delays at Fort Strother had given them time to prepare for his reception, and they had well improved that time. As the Indian is not a fortifying creature, it seems improbable that Indians alone were concerned in putting this peninsula into the state of defense in which Jackson found it on the 27th of March, 1814. Across the neck of the peninsula they had built (of logs) a breastwork of immense strength, pierced with two rows of port-holes. The line of defense was so drawn that an approaching enemy would be exposed both to a direct and a raking fire. Behind the breastwork was a mass of logs and brushwood, such as Indians delight to fight from. At the bottom of the peninsula, near the river, was a village of huts. The banks of the river were fringed with the canoes of the savage garrison, so that they possessed the means of retreat,

as well as of defense. The greater part of the peninsula was still covered with the primeval forest. Within this extensive fortification were assembled about nine hundred warriors of various Creek tribes and about three hundred women and children.

The Indian force was small to defend so extensive a line of fortification. But a variety of circumstances conspired to give the savage garrison confidence ; such as, the impregnable strength of the breastwork, its peculiar construction, the facilities afforded in the interior of the bend for the Indian mode of fighting, the partial successes gained by the Indians at Emuckfaw and Enotochopco—of which they continually boasted, averring that they had made "Captain Jackson" run—and, above all, the positive and reiterated predictions of their prophets. Three of the most famous of the prophets were there, performing their incantations day and night, and keeping alive that religious fury which had played so great a part in previous battles. And besides, in case the breastwork *were* carried, and the bend overrun, how easy to rush to the canoes and paddle across the river, laughing at their baffled assailants as they vanished into the woods on the opposite shore ! So thought the *Creeks.*

Jackson was eleven days in marching his army the fifty-five miles of untrodden wilderness that lay between Fort Strother and the Horseshoe bend of the Tallapoosa. Roads had to be cut, the Coosa explored, boats waited for and rescued from the shoals, high ridges crossed, Fort Williams built and garrisoned to keep open the line of communication, and numerous other difficulties overcome, before he could penetrate to the vicinity of the bend. It was early in the morning of March the 27th that—with an army diminished by garrisoning the posts to two thousand men—he reached the scene and prepared to commence operations.

Perceiving, at one glance, that the Indians had simply penned themselves up for slaughter, his first measure was to send General Coffee, with all the mounted men and friendly Indians, to cross the river two miles below, where it was ford-

able, to take a position on the bank opposite the line of canoes, and so cut off the retreat. This was promptly executed by the ever-reliable Coffee, who soon announced by a concerted signal that he had reached the station assigned him. Jackson then planted his two pieces of cannon—one a three the other a six-pounder—upon an eminence eighty yards from the nearest point of the breastwork, whence, at half past ten in the morning, he opened fire upon it. His sharp-shooters, also, were drawn up near enough to get an occasional shot at an Indian within the bend.

A steady fire of cannon and rifles was kept up in front for two hours, without producing any hopeful beginning of a breach in the breastwork. The little cannon balls buried themselves in the logs, or in the earth between them, without doing decisive harm. The Indians whooped in derision as they struck and disappeared.

Meanwhile, General Coffee, not content to remain inactive, hit upon a line of conduct that proved eminently effective. He sent some of the best swimmers among his force of friendly Indians across the river, to cut loose and bring away the canoes of the beleaguered Creeks. That done, he used the canoes for sending over a party of men under Colonel Morgan, with orders, first, to set fire to the cluster of huts at the bottom of the bend, and then to rush forward and attack the Indians behind the breastwork.

This was gallantly done. The force under Jackson soon perceived, from the smoke of the burning huts, and from the rattling fire behind the breastwork, that General Coffee was up and doing. Soon, however, that fire was observed to slacken, and it became apparent that Morgan's force was too small to do more than distract and divide the attention of the assailed. This, however, alone, was an immense advantage. Jackson's men saw it, and clamored for the order to assault. The General hesitated many minutes before giving an order that would inevitably send so many of his brave fellows to their account, and the issue of which was doubtful. The order came at length, and was received with a general shout.

The thirty-ninth regiment, under Colonel Williams, the brigade of East Tennesseans under Colonel Bunch, marched rapidly up to the breastwork and delivered a volley through the port-holes. The Indians returned the fire with effect, and, muzzle to muzzle, the combatants for a short time contended.* Major L. P. Montgomery, of the thirty-ninth, was the first man to spring upon the breastwork, where, calling upon his men to follow, he received a ball in his head and fell dead to the ground. At that critical moment, young Ensign Houston mounted the breastwork. A barbed arrow pierced his thigh; but, nothing dismayed, this gallant youth, calling his comrades to follow, leaped down among the Indians, and soon cleared a space around him with his vigorous right arm. Joined in a moment by parties of his own regiment, and by large numbers of the East Tennesseeans, the breastwork was soon cleared, the Indians retiring before them into the underbrush.

* In a private letter to one of his officers, (April 1, 1814,) General Jackson thus narrates the opening of the attack on the Horseshoe:—"I reached Tohopeka half after ten, A. M., and was hailed with a challenge to the combat from the strong walls. The cannon, under the direction of Captain Bradford, chief engineer, was directed to open a brisk fire upon their wall, at a distance of about two hundred yards on our left, and one hundred yards on our right. At this moment, I was advised General Coffee was at his post. The order was immediately put into execution; and, notwithstanding every shot penetrated the fortress, and carried with it death and destruction; still, such was the strength of the wall, that it never shook. After firing about seventy rounds at it, and finding the Cherokees, Captain Russell's spies, and a number of General Coffee's brigade, had effected a landing, and had attacked the enemy on the rear—finding that the Creeks beat them back, and that our friends were suffering, I determined to storm their works. At half after twelve o'clock the order was given, the long roll beat, and the works carried. Never was more bravery displayed. Every officer done his duty. The thirty-ninth regiment, led on by the gallant Colonel Williams and Major Montgomery, in the center; the right by the gallant Colonel Bunch; the advanced guard, who had been formed on the right of the artillery, by the brave Colonel Sitler; the left by Captain Gordon, of the spies, and Captain Murry, of General Johnson's brigade, all distinguished themselves. Captain Camp, acting deputy quarter-master, and Colonel Carroll, inspector general, went with the foremost, and James Lewis, of the artillery, although wounded, was amongst the foremost. In fact, it was difficult to detain the artillerymen at their posts, although ten had been previously wounded. The carnage was dreadful."—*Nashville Whig of April 27th*, 1814.

The wounded ensign sat down within the fortification, and called a lieutenant of his company to draw the arrow from his thigh. Two vigorous pulls at the barbed weapon failed to extract it. In a fury of pain and impatience, Houston cried, "Try again, and if you fail this time, I will smite you to the earth." Exerting all his strength, the lieutenant drew forth the arrow, tearing the flesh fearfully, and causing an effusion of blood that compelled the wounded man to hurry over the breastwork to get the wound bandaged. While he was lying on the ground under the surgeon's hands, the General rode up, and recognizing his young acquaintance, ordered him not to cross the breastwork again. Houston begged him to recall the order, but the General repeated it peremptorily and rode on. In a few minutes, the ensign had disobeyed the command, and was once more with his company, in the thick of that long hand-to-hand engagement which consumed the hours of the afternoon.

Not an Indian asked for quarter, nor would accept it when offered. From behind trees and logs; from clefts in the river's banks; from among the burning huts; from chance log-piles; from temporary fortifications; the desperate red men fired upon the troops. A large number plunged into the river and attempted to escape by swimming; but from Coffee's men on one bank, and Jackson's on the other, a hailstorm of bullets flew over the stream, and the painted heads dipped beneath its blood-stained ripples. The battle became, at length, a slow, laborious slaughter. From all parts of the peninsula resounded the yells of the savages, the shouts of the assailants, and the reports of the fire-arms; while the gleam of the uplifted tomahawk was seen among the branches.

Toward the close of the afternoon it was observed that a considerable number of the Indians had found a refuge under the bluffs of the river, where a part of the breastwork, the formation of the ground, and the felled trees, gave them complete protection. Desirous to end this horrible carnage, Jackson sent a friendly Indian to announce to them that their lives

should be spared if they would surrender. They were silent for a moment, as if in consultation, and then answered the summons by a volley, which sent the interpreter bleeding from the scene. The cannon were now brought up, and played upon the spot without effect. Jackson then called for volunteers to charge ; but the Indians were so well posted, that, for a minute, no one responded to the call. Ensign Houston again emerges into view on this occasion. Ordering his platoon to follow, but not waiting to see if they would follow, he rushed to the overhanging bank, which sheltered the foe, and through openings of which they were firing. Over this mine of desperate savages he paused, and looked back for his men. At that moment he received two balls in his right shoulder ; his arm fell powerless to his side ; he staggered out of the fire ; and lay down totally disabled. His share in that day's work was done.

Several valuable lives were afterwards lost in vain endeavors to dislodge the enemy from their well-chosen covert. As the sun was going down, fire was set to the logs and underbrush, which overspread and surrounded this last refuge of the Creeks. The place soon grew too hot to hold them. Singly, and by twos and threes, they ran from the ravine, and fell as they ran, before the fire of a hundred riflemen on the watch for the starting of the game.

The carnage lasted as long as there was light enough to see a skulking or a flying enemy. It was impossible to spare. The Indians fought after they were wounded, and gave wounds to men who sought to save their lives ; for they thought that if spared they would be spared only for a more painful death. Night fell at last, and recalled the troops from their bloody work to gather wounded comrades, and minister to their necessities. It was a night of horror. Along the banks of the river, all around the bend, Indians, the wounded and the unhurt, were crouching in the clefts, under the brushwood, and, in some instances, *under the heaps of slain*, watching for an opportunity to escape. Many did escape, and some lay until the morning, fearing to attempt it.

One noted chief, covered with wounds, took to the water in the evening, and lay beneath the surface, drawing his breath through a hollow cane, until it was dark enough to swim across. He escaped, and lived to tell his story and show his scars, many years after, to the historian of Alabama, from whom we have derived the incident. In the morning, parties of the troops again scoured the peninsula, and ferreted from their hiding-places sixteen more warriors, who, refusing still to surrender, were added to the number of the slain.

Wellington used to say, in conversing upon Waterloo, that there was only one thing more terrible than a great defeat, and that was a great victory. Jackson's soldiers, on this occasion, were too much fatigued, or too busy, to indulge the sentiment of the situation, else a strange blending of joy and horror must have possessed their minds in the presence of so much death and misery. Upon counting the dead, five hundred and fifty-seven was found to be the number of the fallen enemy within the peninsula. Two hundred more, it was computed, had found a grave at the bottom of the river. Many more died in the woods attempting to escape. Jackson's loss was fifty-five killed and one hundred and forty-six wounded ; of whom more than half were friendly Indians. The three prophets of the Creeks, fantastically dressed and decorated, were found among the dead. One of them, while engaged in his incantations, had received a grape shot in his mouth, which killed him instantly. These men had fully confirmed their followers in the belief that no mercy would be shown to those who should surrender. A young warrior who was brought in badly wounded to the surgeons, said, as they were dressing his wounds, "Cure him, kill him again." The General, who was standing by, assured him that he had no such intention. He recovered, and was afterwards taken home by Jackson to Tennessee, where he learned a trade, married a colored woman, and established himself in business.

The fortunes of another of the wounded men of this battle will interest the reader, and assist him to realize what is *meant*

when, in the report of a battle, it is stated that so many hundreds or so many thousands were "wounded badly." We left Ensign Houston prostrate within the bend, with two balls in his shoulder and a ghastly wound in his thigh. His anonymous biographer, who derived the facts from General Houston himself, continues the story :—

"He was taken from the field of the dead and wounded, and committed to the hands of the surgeon. One ball was extracted, but no attempt was made to extract the other, for the surgeon said it was unnecessary to torture him, since he could not survive till the next morning. He spent the night as soldiers do, who war in the wilderness, and carry provisions in their knapsacks for a week's march. Comforts were out of the question for any; but Houston received less attention than the others, for everybody looked on him as a dying man, and what could be done for any, they felt should be done for those who were likely to live. It was the darkest night of his life, and it closed in upon the most brilliant day he had yet seen. We can fancy to ourselves what must have been the feelings of the young soldier, as he lay on the damp earth, through the hours of that dreary night, racked with the keen torture of his many wounds, and deserted in what he supposed to be his dying hour.

"On the following day, Houston was started on a litter, with the other wounded, for Fort Williams, some sixty or seventy miles distant. Here he remained, suspended between life and death, for a long time, neglected and exposed, the other regular officers of the regiment having all been removed to Fort Jackson, or the Hickory Ground. He was taken care of a part of the time by General Johnson, father of the Postmaster General of that name, and by Colonel Cheatham, and by them at last brought back to the Ten Islands, and from thence by General Dougherty, who commanded the brigade from East Tennessee, through the Cherokee nation, to his mother's house in Blount county, where he arrived in the latter part of May, nearly two months after the battle of the Horseshoe.

"This long journey was made in a litter, borne by horses, while he was not only helpless, but suffering the extremest agony. His diet was of the coarsest description, and most of the time he was not only deprived of medical aid, but even of those simple remedies which would, at least, have alleviated his sufferings. His toilsome way was through the forests, where he was obliged to camp out, and often without shelter. No one around him had any expectation he would ever recover. At last, when he reached the house of his mother, he was so worn to a skeleton, that she declared she never would have known him to be her son but for his eyes, which still retained something of their wonted expression."

Those who had the opportunity of observing the erect and towering form of Senator Houston, the commanding *Indian* grace of his attitudes and gestures, when, on his last public visit to the North, he appeared before us at Niblo's Garden as the champion and defender of the Indians, could not have supposed that he had ever been in such forlorn and desperate case as this. If we *had* known it, it would have added force to the Senator's bold and repeated assertion, that in our Indian difficulties, from the beginning, the Indian has *never* been the aggressor, but *always* the party injured! It was a noble thing of a man to say who bore *such* scars under his broadcloth.*

* There are those who will read with interest General Coffee's brief, hurried account of this celebrated battle, written at Fort Williams on the 1st of April, to Captain Donelson:—

"We found the enemy enforted in the bend of the river, with a very strong breastwork. Before we reached them, six miles, I was detached with seven hundred mounted men, and six hundred friendly Indians to cross the river three miles below, and take possession of the opposite side of the river, to prevent the enemy from crossing, and escaping our army when attacked. All our plans were executed to great advantage indeed. Just as I had formed my men in line, about a quarter of a mile from the river, the cannon of our army in front commenced firing; and before one Indian crossed the river we had possession of the bank. The greater part of the enemy fought with savage fury, while others of them ran in all directions, throwing themselves into the river, and attempting to swim over; but not one escaped in that way.

"The battle commenced at half after ten in the morning and continued until night. Our cannon played on their breastwork near two hours, together with a great discharge of small arms, when our men charged their walls by storm, which was done with great vigor and success. Before we stormed their works, the friendly Indians had got in the rear of the enemy, which prevented them from flying back to their buildings. They stood the charge to admiration, and it was not unusual for the muzzles of the guns of both parties to meet in the port-holes, and both fire at the same time. But the enemy was obliged to fly to the river; when all the remaining part, that had not been killed before, were shot in the water, except a few that hid under the banks of the river, whom our men continued to find and kill until it became too dark to see. Perhaps fifteen or twenty swam out that night, which is all that escaped. The slaughter was greater than all we had done before. We killed not less than eight hundred and fifty or nine hundred of them, and took about five hundred squaws and children prisoners. The Hickory Ground is the next object; but how soon, we

One would have expected General Jackson to pause in his operations after such an affair as that of the Horseshoe. Nothing was further from his thoughts. "In war," his maxim was, "till every thing is done, nothing is done." On the morning after the battle he began at once to prepare for a retrograde movement as far as Fort Williams, the fort which he had built on his march from Fort Strother. He had brought with him into the heart of the wilderness but seven days' provisions. Before pushing his conquests further, it was necessary both to procure supplies and place his long train of wounded in a place of safety and comfort. He was up betimes, therefore, and passed a busy morning. His dead were sunk in the river to prevent their being scalped by the returning savages. Litters were prepared for the wounded. A brief, imperfect account of the battle was dispatched to General Pinckney. Before the sun was many hours on his course, all things were in readiness, and the army set out on its return.

Five days' march brought them to Fort Williams. There the wounded were cared for, the friendly Indians dismissed, and the troops publicly thanked, praised and congratulated. The address which the General caused to be read on this occasion to his victorious troops was very characteristic of the man. If any of his soldiers, as probably was the case, had anticipated a speedy and joyful return home after their victory, it effectually put to flight such anticipations.

"You have entitled yourselves," it began, "to the gratitude of your country and your general. The expedition, from which you have just returned, has, by your good conduct, been rendered prosperous beyond any example in the history of our warfare: it has redeemed the character of your State, and of that description of troops of which the greater part of you are.

"You have, within a few days, opened your way to the

can not tell. Our horses are worn down, and I fear will all die. I will only add that things are quite different here to what they were in our former army. All is now content—no murmuring to be heard."

Tallapoosa, and destroyed a confederacy of the enemy, ferocious by nature, and who had grown insolent from impunity. Relying on their numbers, the security of their situation, and the assurances of their prophets, they derided our approach, and already exulted in anticipation of the victory they expected to obtain. But they were ignorant of the influence and effect of government on the human powers, nor knew what brave men, and civilized, could effect. By their yells, they hoped to frighten us, and with their wooden fortifications to oppose us. Stupid mortals! their yells but designated their situation the more certainly; while their walls became a snare for their own destruction. So will it ever be, when presumption and ignorance contend against bravery and prudence.

"The fiends of the Tallapoosa will no longer murder our women and children, or disturb the quiet of our borders. Their midnight flambeaux will no more illumine their council house, or shine upon the victim of their infernal orgies. In their places, a new generation will arise, who will know their duty better. The weapons of warfare will be exchanged for the utensils of husbandry; and the wilderness, which now withers in sterility, and mourns the desolation which overspreads her, will blossom as the rose, and become the nursery of the arts. But before this happy day can arrive, other chastisements remain to be inflicted. It is indeed lamentable that the path to peace should lead through blood and over the bodies of the slain: but it is a dispensation of Providence, and perhaps a wise one to inflict partial evils that ultimate good may be produced.

"Our enemies are not sufficiently humbled,—they do not sue for peace. A collection of them await our approach, and remain to be dispersed. Buried in ignorance, and seduced by the false pretenses of their prophets, they have the weakness to believe they will still be able to make a decided stand against us. They must be undeceived, and made to atone their obstinacy and their crimes, by still further suffering Those hopes which have so long deluded them must be

driven from their last refuge. They must be made to know that their prophets are impostors, and that our strength is mighty and will prevail. Then, and not till then, may we expect to make with them a peace that shall be permanent."

The criticism upon Providence, implied in the word "*perhaps*," at the end of the third paragraph of the above, is amusing. That slip of a hurried pen has been quoted to exhibit General Jackson in the light of a man sitting in judgment upon his Creator, "arraigning Omnipotence himself," as a stump orator remarked in 1828.

The address was soon followed by the action it indicated. Provisions were not too abundant there in the wilderness, and supplies were brought in with incredible difficulty and toil. Jackson's first object was to form a junction with the southern army at the confluence of the Coosa and Tallapoosa, the Holy Ground of the Creeks, which their prophets told them no white man could tread and live. He had been assured by General Pinckney that as soon as the junction of the two armies was effected all difficulty with regard to provisions would be at an end, as superabundant supplies had been provided by the general government. Moreover, it was on this Holy Ground that the only body of Creeks that still maintained a hostile attitude were assembled.

For five days the troops rested from their labors at Fort William. Then they set out on their march through the pathless wilderness, leaving behind wagons and baggage, each man carrying eight days' provisions upon his back. Floods of rain converting swamps into lakes, rivulets into rivers, creeks into torrents, retarded their progress, and gave the Indians time to disperse. The latter days of April, however, found the troops on the Holy Ground, where a junction with part of the southern army was effected.

But the war was over The power of the Creeks was broken; half their warriors were dead, the rest were scattered, and subdued in spirit. Fort Mims was indeed avenged. Jackson's amazing celerity of movement, and particularly his

last daring plunge into the wilderness, and his triumph over obstacles that would have deterred even an Indian force, quite baffled and confounded the unhappy Creeks. Against such a man they felt it vain to contend. The General had no sooner reached the Holy Ground and procured for his tired and hungry men the supplies they needed, than the chiefs began to come into his camp and supplicate for peace. His reply to them was brief and stern. They must give proof, he said, of their submission, by returning to the north of his advanced post—Fort Williams. *There* they would be treated with, and the demands of the government made known to them. But first they must bring in Weathersford, who had led the attack on Fort Mims, and who could on no conditions be forgiven the part he had taken in that fearful massacre. It was not then known that that heroic chief had risked his own life in attempting to save the women and children at Fort Mims. The whole army felt their revenge incomplete while he lived.

In a few days fourteen of the leading chiefs had given in their submission, and taken up their sorrowful march toward the designated place. Those of the fallen tribe who despaired of making terms, and those whose spirit was not yet completely crushed, fled into Florida, and there sowed the seed of future wars, the end of which has been reached while these pages are still under the writer's hands. (Billy Bowlegs, the Florida chief, and his disorderly crew of savages, passed through New Orleans, on their way to the West, while I was writing these chapters of the Creek war, in the summer of 1858.)

It was not only the power of the Creeks that was broken at the Horseshoe Bend, on the 27th of March, 1814, but the power of the red man in North America. We have had since that day, and shall have for many years to come, occasional encounters with Indians. But never since has there been in arms against the white man any force of Indians large enough to excite any thing like general or serious apprehension, or to task the power and resources of the United States, or of any

single State, and there never will be. At Tohopeka the scepter was finally snatched from the red man's hands; at Tohopeka the long struggle for the possession of the western world was ended, and a continent changed owners. Tecumseh and Weathersford were the last Indian chiefs who looked upon white men with sincere scorn, and really felt themselves to be sovereigns of a sovereign race.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE SURRENDER OF WEATHERSFORD.

WEATHERSFORD spared his brother chiefs the hazard of attempting his capture. His well-known surrender was the most striking incident of the war of 1812. Indeed, I know not where, in ancient legend or modern history, in epic poem or tragic drama, to find a scene more worthy to be called *sublime* than that which now occurred between this great chief and the conqueror of his tribe. And, though it reads more like a scene in one of our Indian plays than the record of a fact, it has the advantage of being perfectly well attested. There are gentlemen still living in Alabama, who, as neighbors and friends of Weathersford had learned to confide in his word, who heard the story from his own lips; and there are many in Tennessee and elsewhere who heard it told by General Jackson and by members of his military family. By uniting what is recollected of Weathersford's statements* with the particulars narrated by Jackson, we are now enabled to obtain a complete view of this remarkable transaction.

Weathersford's father was one of the class called, in the olden time, Indian-country men, that is, white inhabitants of the Indian country. He was a roving trader among the

* In Pickett's History of Alabama.

Creeks; married an Indian woman of the fierce Seminole tribe; accumulated property; possessed, at length, a plantation and negroes; became noted as a breeder of fine horses, and won prizes on the Alabama turf. His son William inherited his father's property, his father's love of horses, his father's thrift and strength of character; but he drew from his Seminole mother something of the fierceness and taciturn grandeur of demeanor which belonged to the chiefs of her warlike tribe. He identified himself at all times with the Indians; his tastes and pursuits were Indian; he gloried in being an Indian chief. He hunted the bear with the passion and skill of Tecumseh and David Crockett, and retired to his plantation, after the toils of the chase, to enjoy, as it is said,* the white man's unworthy pleasures. This is *said* of him, but not, as far as I can discover, by any one personally cognizant of the fact. In his person was united the regularity of features of the white man with the tall, straight, all-enduring frame, and dusky complexion of the Indian. His eyes were particularly fine and piercing. He could assume an over-aweing dignity of manner, and before the glance of his fiery anger few men could stand. The white men who were in later years his neighbors and associates, represent him to have been a man of honor and humanity. They looked upon him as a patriot who had done what he could to preserve the independent sovereignty of his tribe, and whose hands were unstained by blood dishonorably shed.

Long had he lived in peace with the whites, the most influential of the Creek chiefs in southern Alabama, when Tecumseh came from the North to stir up the southern tribes to war. Weathersford, like many others of the intelligent Creeks, seems to have perfectly comprehended the situation of the tribe. No Indians had been so bountifully cared for as the Creeks by the United States government, and no tribe had learned so much of the white man's arts. Weathersford was far from being the only chief who lived on his own plan-

* Claiborne's Notes on the War in the South.

tation tilled by slaves, and in his own tolerably-appointed house. Plows, spelling books, and missionaries had been carrying on the work of civilization among them for many years. But the first necessity of a man of independent mind is independence. There was a secret *young Creek* party in the tribe, a few fiery spirits, of whom Weathersford was the animating soul, who both feared and resented the rapid encroachments of the settlers upon the tribe's ancient seat. From the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, from the banks of the Mississippi, from the borders of Georgia and Tennessee, the white man was drawing nearer and nearer the home of the Creeks, hemming them in on every side, "turning," as Tecumseh said, "their beautiful forests into large fields, and staining their clear rivers with the washings of the soil."

On his first visit to the South, Tecumseh found in Weathersford a sympathizing friend, but not an adherent. Weathersford was too wise a man for that. It was not till Tecumseh brought from the North the news of the American disasters at the beginning of the war of 1812 ; not till the British cruisers were seen in the Gulf of Mexico ; not till the whole power of Britain seemed pledged to the Indian cause, and Spanish Florida was palpably used for British purposes, that Weathersford joined heart, hand, and fortune with Tecumseh, and became chief of the war party in southern Alabama.

His masterly investment of Fort Mims, so secret and silent, his gallant dash at the gate, and quick capture of the outer works, showed the stuff he was made of. So did his efforts to stay the horrible slaughter of the women and children. Having exhausted expostulation, he was trying to stop the massacre by force, when his frenzied crew of savages lifted their tomahawks above his head, and he strode away from the scene in impotent disgust.

He seems to have expected that the massacre would call forth all the resources of the surrounding States, for we find him, during the succeeding two months, engaged in forming a portion of the Holy Ground into a stronghold, where the women and children were assembled, and to which the war-

riors returned after victory or defeat, bringing in their wounded, their prisoners, and their plunder. With a thousand men, General Claiborne, toward the close of December, while Jackson was battling, with his volunteers, in the northern wilderness, advanced to attack Weathersford's position. A short, fierce battle ensued. Weathersford fought with desperate valor, and gained some brief advantages over the troops. But the Indians would not stand the sustained onset of Claiborne's regiments, and the chief saw himself abandoned when but thirty of his band of Indians and negroes had fallen. Owing to the excellence of the position, and the wavering of Claibone's cavalry, all the rest of Weathersford's force escaped.

Then occurred the event so celebrated in our border annals known as "Weathersford's Leap." He was the last to leave the fortified enclosure. The women and children had been removed before the battle began. Even the wounded had been carried off. Hard pressed by his pursuers, who saw in him the murderer of their friends and relations at Fort Mims, Weathersford, mounted on a superb gray horse, renowned in the settlements for its strength and swiftness, sought the high bluffs of the Alabama, and rode at full speed along their summit. The bluffs there range from eighty to a hundred feet above the water. There seemed no chance of escape. He reached, at length, a break in the bluff, a ravine worn by a stream of water, the bottom of which was not more than fifteen feet above the surface of the river. Down the ravine he compelled his foaming horse, and spurred him headlong over the bluff into the Alabama. The pursuers saw the daring leap, saw horse and rider quite disappear in the stream, saw the animal emerge, and then the chief, holding his rifle in one hand and grasping the horse's mane with the other. Weathersford instantly regained the saddle, and the horse struck out for the opposite shore. A few rifle balls flew harmlessly about their heads. They reached the bank in safety, and in a moment were lost to view in the forest.

This battle did not discourage the Indians. It probably

had a contrary effect; for when, a month later, the Georgia troops, under General Floyd, were in arms against the savages upon the Calabee creek, Weathersford did not wait to be attacked, but rushed upon Floyd's camp before the dawn of day, drove in the sentinels, and took the army completely by surprise. All but a victory rewarded his gallantry and address on this occasion. For half an hour the Indians kept up a most vigorous attack, and made havoc among the troops, without receiving the slightest check. They were repulsed after an uncommonly severe engagement, but only repulsed. They still hovered in the immediate vicinity, and, General Floyd thinking it most prudent to retreat, the Indians slept the next night upon the field of battle, and felt themselves the victors.

But now Jackson, in the northern part of the Territory, had recommenced his crushing career of victory. Blow after blow fell upon the doomed Creeks, until the battle of the Horseshoe annihilated them as a sovereign power. That bold march across the wilderness brought the conqueror to the Holy Ground itself, and, at his approach, the force under Weathersford melted away, leaving him alone in the forest with a multitude of women and children, whom the war had made widows and orphans, and who were perishing for want of food. To this sad extremity had Weathersford and young Creekism brought the tribe.

Then it was that he gave that shining example of humanity and heroism that ought to immortalize his name. He might have fled with others of the war party to Florida, where welcome and protection awaited him. He chose to remain, and to attempt by the sacrifice of his own life to save from imminent starvation the women and children whose natural protectors he had led or urged to their death.

Mounting the same gray steed that had borne him safely across the Alabama, he directed his course to Jackson's camp, in the peninsula formed by the confluence of the Coosa and Tallapoosa. The General had planted his colors upon the site of the old French fort Toulouse, erected by Governor

Bienville, a hundred years before. The French trenches were cleared of the accumulated rubbish of a century, a stockade was erected in the American manner, and the place named Fort Jackson. The two rivers approach at that point to within six hundred yards of each other, and then diverging, unite four miles below.

The hunting instinct must have been strong indeed in Weathersford, for when he was only a few miles from Fort Jackson, a fine deer crossing his path and stopping within shooting distance, he could not resist the temptation, but shot the deer and placed it on his horse behind the saddle. Reloading his rifle with two balls, for the purpose, as he afterwards said, of shooting the Big Warrior (a leading chief of the peace party) if he should give him any cause, he pursued his journey, and soon reached the advanced outposts of the American camp. With the politeness natural to the brave he inquired of a group of soldiers where General Jackson was. They gave him some jesting reply, but an old man standing near pointed to the General's tent, and the fearless chief rode up to it. Before the entrance of the tent sat the Big Warrior, who, on seeing Weathersford, cried out in an insulting tone,

"Ah! Bill Weathersford, have we got you at last?"

With a glance of fire at the insulter, Weatherford replied,

"You ——— traitor! if you give me any insolence, I will blow a ball through your cowardly heart!"

General Jackson now came running out of the tent, accompanied by Colonel Hawkins, the agent of the Creeks.

"How dare you," exclaimed the General, in a furious manner, "ride up to my tent after having murdered the women and children at Fort Mims?"

Weathersford's reply, according to his own recollection of it, was as follows:

"General Jackson, I am not afraid of you. I fear no man, for I am a Creek warrior. I have nothing to request in behalf of myself. You can kill me if you desire. But I come to beg you to send for the women and children of the

war party, who are now starving in the woods. Their fields and cribs have been destroyed by your people, who have driven them to the woods without an ear of corn. I hope that you will send out parties, who will conduct them safely here, in order that they may be fed. I exerted myself in vain to prevent the massacre of the women and children at Fort Mims. I am now done fighting. The Red Sticks are nearly all killed. If I could fight you any longer, I would most heartily do so. Send for the women and children. They never did you any harm. But kill me, if the white people want it done."

When he ceased to speak, a great crowd of officers and soldiers had gathered round the tent. Accustomed now for many months to associate the name of Weathersford with the oft-told horrors of the massacre, and imperfectly comprehending what was going forward, the troops cast upon the chief glances of hatred and aversion. Many of them cried out,

"Kill him! kill him! kill him!"

"Silence," exclaimed Jackson, and the clamor was hushed.

"Any man," added the General, with great energy, "who would kill as brave a man as this, would rob the dead!"

He then invited Weathersford to alight and enter his tent, which the chief did, bringing in with him the deer he had killed on the way, and presenting it to the General. Jackson accepted the gift, invited Weathersford to drink a glass of brandy, and entered into a frank and friendly conversation with him. The remainder of the interview rests upon the authority of Major Eaton, who, Mr. Pickett thinks, based this portion of his narrative "entirely upon camp gossip." Eaton must have heard the story many times from Jackson himself, and, though he may have added to the tale a slight presidential campaign flavor, there is no good reason to doubt its general correctness.

"The terms upon which your nation can be saved," said the General, "have been already disclosed: in that way, and none other can you obtain safety. If you wish to continue the war," Jackson added, "you are at liberty to depart un-

harmed, but if you desire peace, you may remain, and you shall be protected."

Weathersford replied that he desired peace in order that his nation might be relieved of their sufferings, and the women and children saved. "There was a time," he said, "when I had a choice, and could have answered you: I have none now—even hope has ended. Once I could animate my warriors to battle; but I can not animate the dead. My warriors can no longer hear my voice: their bones are at Talladega, Tallushatchee, Emuckfau, and Tohopeka. I have not surrendered myself thoughtlessly. Whilst there were chances of success, I never left my post, nor supplicated peace. But my people are gone, and I now ask it for my nation, and for myself. On the miseries and misfortunes brought upon my country, I look back with deepest sorrow, and wish to avert still greater calamities. If I had been left to contend with the Georgia army, I would have raised my corn on one bank of the river, and fought them on the other; but your people have destroyed my nation. You are a brave man: I rely upon your generosity. You will exact no terms of a conquered people but such as they should accede to: whatever they may be, it would now be madness and folly to oppose. If they are opposed, you shall find me amongst the sternest enforcers of obedience. Those who would still hold out, can be influenced only by a mean spirit of revenge; and to this they must not, and shall not sacrifice the last remnant of their country. You have told our nation where we might go, and be safe. This is good talk, and they ought to listen to it. They *shall* listen to it."

The interview concluded. For a short time, Weathersford remained at Fort Jackson, and then retired to his plantation upon Little River. His life being there in constant danger from the relatives of those who had perished at Fort Mims, he went to Fort Claiborne, the commander of which assigned him a tent near his own, and stationed a guard over him, night and day. He was still unsafe, for large numbers of men in that vicinity had vowed his destruction. The com-

mandant "now resolved," says Mr. Pickett, "to send him beyond the lines during a dark night. About midnight, he sent his aid, followed by Weathersford, to the station of Captain Laval, the officer on guard. He said: 'Captain Laval, the commanding officer says you must take Weathersford to yonder tree, under which you will find a horse tied, and that he must mount the horse and make his escape.'

"Captain Laval told Weathersford to follow him. He passed by the guard, giving the countersign, and reached the tree. Weathersford eagerly seized the limb to which the horse was tied, threw the reins over the animal's head, shook Laval by the hand, and said, in earnest, grateful tones,

"'Good-bye, God bless you!'

"He then vaulted into the saddle, and rode off rapidly. That was the last time he ever saw Weathersford. For the distance of a mile, at least, Laval heard the clattering of the horse's feet."

The succor which Weathersford had thus nobly solicited for the women and children of the war party, was given to nearly all the remainder of the tribe. By compelling the Indians to remove to the North, Jackson cut them off from intercourse with Florida, which was his object, but he also threw them upon the government for maintenance. For a considerable part of the summer of 1814, five thousand Indians of the Creek tribes drew rations from the public stores, but for which large numbers must have perished of starvation.

When the war was over, Weathersford again became a planter, and lived many years, in peace with white men and red, upon a good farm, "well supplied with negroes," in Monroe county, Alabama. "He maintained," adds the historian of that State, "an excellent character, and was much respected by the American residents for his bravery, honor, and strong native good sense. He died in 1826, from the fatigue produced by a 'desperate bear-hunt.'"

An anecdote of Weathersford, as related by Mr. Pickett, may serve as an illustration of border life in the early day, as well as of the character of this magnificent half-breed.

"In 1820," says the historian, "many people assembled at the sale of the effects of the deceased Duncan Henderson, in the lower part of Monroe county, Alabama. An old man, named Bradbury, the father of the gallant lieutenant who fought at Burnt Corn, and who was afterwards killed in another action, was murdered on this occasion by one C——r,* who plunged a long knife into the back of his neck. The murderer had an accomplice, one F——r, who was in pursuit of Bradbury at the same time, and who had, a few minutes before, broken a pitcher over his head. These men were so desperate, and flourished their knives with such defiance, that Justice Henderson in vain called upon the bystanders to seize them, while the poor unoffending old Bradbury lay weltering in his blood.

"Shocked at the cowardly and brutal act, and provoked at the timidity of the bystanders, William Weathersford, who lived in that neighborhood, now advanced toward Henderson, and said, in a loud voice,

"'These, I suppose, are white men's laws. You stand aside and see an old man killed, and not one of you will avenge his blood. If he had one drop of Indian blood mixed with that which runs upon the ground there, I would instantly kill his murderers, at the risk of my life.'

"Justice Henderson implored him to take them, and, being assured that the white man's law would not hurt him, but that he would be commended for the act, Weathersford now drew forth his long, silver-handled butcher-knife, and advanced toward the murderers, who stood forty paces off, threatening to kill the first man who should attempt to arrest them. He then advanced to C——r, who, trembling at his approach, let his knife drop by his side, and instantly surrendered. Seizing him by the throat, Weathersford said to the bystanders, 'Here, tie the — rascal!'

* The reader will note the suppression of the *names* of these miscreants by Mr. Pickett, and draw inferences therefrom. Mr. Pickett's work was published in 1851, thirty-one years after the murder.

"Then, going up to F——r, upon whom he flashed his tiger eyes, he also arrested him without the least opposition, F——r exclaiming,

"'I will not resist *you*, Billy Weathersford.'"

CHAPTER L.

HONORS TO THE VICTOR.

With the establishment of Fort Jackson in the Holy Ground, at the confluence of the two rivers, General Jackson's task was nearly done. For a few days he was busy enough in receiving deputations of repentant and crest-fallen chiefs, and in sending out strong detachments of troops to scour the country in search of hostile parties, if any such still kept the field. No hostile parties were found.

The friendly Creeks, however, gave some trouble by their excess of zeal. Attributing the calamities brought upon their tribe to the massacre at Fort Mims, they were bent upon putting to death every man who had taken part in that scene of horrors. Bodies and single individuals of the hostile portion of the tribe were waylaid and killed by roving companies of their own countrymen. A war of extermination would have ensued, had not General Jackson, in his decisive manner, announced that any of the friendly party who should molest a Red Stick after he had surrendered, and while he was obeying the orders of the General, should be treated as enemies of the United States. This stayed the work of blood, and the Indians continued to repair to the northern parts of Alabama, which had been assigned for their temporary residence. Fort Jackson completed the line of posts which separated them from the hostile Indians, the hostile British, and the sympathizing Spaniards of Florida

That it was no despicable enemy against whom Jackson had had to contend, the briefest summary of their achievements shows in a striking manner. The historian of Alabama, Mr. A. J. Pickett, who, residing in the Creek country, acquired by long intercourse with the actors in the scenes that have been narrated, a familiar acquaintance with the character of the Creeks, bears testimony to their valor and perseverance. "They defeated the Americans," he says, "at Burnt Corn, and compelled them to make a precipitate retreat. They reduced Fort Mims, after a fight of five hours, and exterminated its numerous inmates. They encountered the large force under Coffee, at Talluschatchee, and fought till not one warrior was left, disdaining to beg for quarter. They opposed Jackson at Talladega, and, although surrounded by his army, poured out their fire, and fled not till the ground was almost covered with their dead. They met Floyd at Autosse and fought him obstinately, and again rallied and attacked him a few hours after the battle, when he was leading his army over Heydon's hill. Against the well-trained army of Claiborne they fought, at the Holy Ground, with the fury of tigers, and then made good their retreat across the Alabama. At Emuckfau, three times did they charge upon Jackson, and when he retreated toward the Coosa they sprang upon him, while crossing the creek at Enotochopco, with the courage and impetuosity of lions. Two days afterward a party under Weathersford rushed upon the unsuspecting Georgians at Calabee, threw the army into dismay and confusion, and stood their ground in a severe struggle until the superior force of General Floyd forced them to fly at daylight. Sixty days after this, Jackson surrounded them at the Horseshoe, and after a sanguinary contest totally exterminated them, while not one of them begged for quarter. At length, wounded, starved, and beaten, hundreds fled to the swamps of Florida; others went to Pensacola, and rallying under Colonel Nichol attacked Fort Bowyer."

"Thus," adds the same author, "were the brave Creeks opposed by the combined armies of Georgia, Tennessee, and

the Mississippi Territory, together with the federal forces from the other States, besides numerous bands of bloody Choctaws and Chickasaws. Fresh volunteers and militia, from month to month, were brought against them, while no one came to *their* assistance save a few English officers who led them to undertake enterprises beyond their ability to accomplish. And how long did they contend against the powerful forces allied against them? From the 27th of July, 1813, to the last of December, 1814. In every engagement with the Americans, the force of the Creeks was greatly inferior in number, except at Burnt Corn and Fort Mims.

"Brave natives of Alabama!" exclaims the generous historian; "to defend that soil where the Great Spirit gave you birth, you sacrificed your peaceful savage pursuits! You fought the invaders until more than half your warriors were slain! The remnant of your warlike tribe yet live on the distant Arkansas. You have been forced to quit one of the finest regions upon the earth, which is now occupied by Americans. Will THEY, in some dark hour, when Alabama is invaded, defend this soil as bravely and as enduringly as you have done? Posterity may be able to reply."

On the 20th of April, General Thomas Pinckney, of South Carolina, a major general of the regular army, reached Fort Jackson, and assumed the chief command. This was a joyful event to the Tennesseeans; for it gave promise of their speedy return home. The venerable soldier of the Revolution, who had seen warm service in both wars, and had followed the career of General Jackson with delight and pride, now bestowed upon the General in person those generous praises which he had before communicated to the government at Washington. It was a time of festivity throughout the camp. The Carolina troops, under General Pinckney, entertained the Tennesseeans with soldierly hospitality, and toasted their gallantry in many a flowing mug of regulation whisky. General Pinckney gave to General Jackson, his officers and staff, as grand a banquet in his own marquee as could be extemporized in circumstances so unfavorable to banqueting.

The day following, General Jackson entertained General Pinckney in similar style. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed on both occasions; the officers of the regular service uniting with those of the militia in assigning the chief glory of the campaign to General Jackson, who now tasted, for the first time, those sweets of homage and adulation which were to be his daily food thenceforth to the end of his life.

The last banquet over, General Pinckney, at three o'clock in the afternoon of April 21st, issued the welcome order for the return homeward of General Jackson's army; the West Tennesseeans to be disbanded on reaching their State; the East Tennesseeans, who had some weeks longer to serve, to garrison the posts on the route. An order of this nature is one which soldiers at the end of a successful campaign obey with alacrity. By five o'clock on the *same* afternoon the troops were on the march! Late in the evening of the third day they reached Fort William, a distance of sixty miles through the wilderness which they had traversed with such difficulty during the spring floods.* There General Jackson

* The following letter from General Coffee to Captain Donelson, dated Fort William, April 26th, 1814, completes the series of the General's Creek war letters:—

"On the 7th instant, we marched from this place for the junction of the rivers Coosa and Tallapoosa, commonly called the Hickory Ground. We struck the Tallapoosa about twelve miles above the forks at an Indian town called Hoithlewalla, where we were informed the enemy had concentrated to give us battle. During our march was a continued fall of rain, which flooded the creeks, and very much impeded our progress. The enemy discovered us and fled in all directions. We found the town abandoned. We turned down to the forks of the river, burnt all the villages in our reach, but not an enemy could be found. Flags hourly came in begging forgiveness and protection. Some of them, it is said, had fled towards the lower Creek country or Pensacola; the whole remaining part of the nation has submitted to unconditional terms of peace, and will be permitted to settle on certain tracts of the country, as will be laid out for them, reserving the most valuable parts as an indemnity for the expenses of the war.

"General Pinckney, with the army of the two Carolinas, joined us at the forks; and, seeing that the fighting was over, the Tennessee army is permitted to withdraw from the service, under the impression that the country is completely conquered, and that they are competent to keep possession thereof.

"We left the forks, Fort Jackson, on the evening of the 21st, and arrived

wrote his last dispatch to Governor Blount, announcing the end of the war, and the speedy return of the army. There, too, he detached the troops for the defense of the posts.

The divisions being about to separate, the General, according to his custom, gave them a parting address: "Within a few days," said he, "you have annihilated the power of a nation that for twenty years has been the disturber of your peace. Your vengeance has been satisfied. Wherever these infuriated allies of our arch enemy assembled for battle, you pursued and dispersed them. The rapidity of your movements, and the brilliancy of your achievements, have corresponded with the valor by which you have been animated. The bravery you have displayed on the field of battle, and the uniform good conduct you have manifested in your encampment, and on your line of march, will long be cherished in the memory of your General, and will not be forgotten by the country which you have so materially benefited."

A few days more brought the troops of West Tennessee to Fayetteville, where they had rendezvoused before entering the Indian country, and where now they were honorably dismissed, with the renewed thanks and commendations of their general. Jackson journeyed homeward, cheered on his way by every manifestation of popular approval. "We have again,"

here last evening. The army will take up the line of march from this, I expect, on the morning of the 27th, and will progress as fast as possible until it reaches Fayetteville, where the West Tennesseeans will be discharged. A detachment of about five hundred men will be sent from here to scour the Cahaba for skulking fellows that have not yet come in; they will unite with us again at Fort Deposit. There will be about five hundred of the East Tennesseeans kept in service to support the posts we have established on this river, until they can be relieved by regular troops to be raised.

"Thus the Creek war is ended. I expect Captain Hammond's company of rangers will be stationed at Fort Deposit, on Tennessee river, to support that post. I expect to be at home in about two weeks. Jockey and Captain Smith are with me. We are all in good health. Our horses very much worn down, not having any forage for them for a month past; perhaps we may get them home, or a part of them. I don't expect to have any opportunity to write home; will you be so good as to send word to Polly that I expect to be at home shortly. Please make my respects to Mrs. Donelson and family."

said the *Nashville Whig* of May 16th, 1814, "the pleasure of the company of our distinguished fellow-citizen, Major General Andrew Jackson, who arrived in this town on Monday evening last. The General was met by a number of the citizens of this place the day before his arrival, who accompanied him to within about four miles of town, when he was saluted with the welcome smiles and loud huzzas of several hundred of his fellow-citizens, who had gone out to meet and honor him. From thence he was conducted to the court house in this town, when a suitable and pathetic address was delivered by Mr. Grundy, in behalf of the committee of arrangements, and also by the students of Cumberland College; after which he was conducted to the 'Bell Tavern,' and partook of a collation prepared for the occasion."

The General's address on this interesting occasion was as follows:

"Gentlemen: The favorable sentiments you have been pleased to express, by authority of your fellow-citizens, of the brave officers and soldiers who composed my army in the late expedition against the Creek Indians, are received with the liveliest sensibility.

"We had indeed borne with many outrages from that barbarous and infatuated nation before the massacre at Fort Mims raised our energies to revenge the wrongs we had sustained. I participated in the common feeling, and my duty to my country impelled me to take the field. I endeavored to discharge that duty faithfully: my best exertions were used, my best judgment exercised.

"In the prosecution of such a war difficulties and privations were to be expected. To meet and sustain these became the duty of every officer and soldier; and for the faithful performance of this duty they are amply rewarded in the expression of their country's approbation.

"The success which attended our exertions has indeed been very great. We have laid the foundation of a lasting peace to those frontiers which had been so long and so often infested by the savages. We have conquered. We have added a country to ours, which, by connecting the settlements of Georgia with those of the Mississippi Territory, and both of them with our own, will become a secure barrier against foreign invasion, or the operation of foreign influence over our red neighbors in the South: and we have furnished the means not only of defraying the expenses of the war against the Creeks, but of that which is carrying on against their ally Great Britain. How ardently, therefore, is it to be wished that govern

ment may take the earliest opportunity, and devise the most effectual means, of populating that section of the Union.

"In acquiring these advantages to our country it is true we have lost some valuable citizens, some brave soldiers. But these are misfortunes inseparable from a state of war; and while I mingle my regret with yours for the loss, I have this consolation, in common with yourselves, that the sons of Tennessee who fell contending for their rights have approved themselves worthy the American name—worthy descendants of their sires of the Revolution.'

No mock modesty, you perceive, gentle reader. He had done his duty, and knew that he had done it. He also understood in part the value of what he had gained for his country.

The old enmities seem for the time to have been all forgotten. No man then thought of the dismal scenes of the last winter, nor of the bitterness and jealousies which at one time raged between the two divisions of the State. Eight months before, Jackson had left his home, sick, anxious, with many enemies, and little known beyond the limits of Tennessee. He now returned victorious, the idol of the State, the most popular man in the militia of the borders, and with a considerable national reputation. The closing events of the war had attracted very general attention. The *National Intelligencer* published General Jackson's later dispatches in full, and called public attention to them in editorial paragraphs, especially commending their modesty and vigor. The opposition journals, compelled to take some notice of these events, were careful to show that the *administration* had no part nor lot in the success of the campaign.

Jackson had, indeed, deserved well of his country. In doing a man's part in the defense of his native land, which all men owe, he had rendered it a service, the full extent of which no one yet perceived. Peace reigned throughout the extensive Mississippi Territory, before uninhabitable by white men. The plan, formed by Tecumseh and adopted by the British generals, of uniting all the western Indians in a *cordon* of blood and fire, against the border States, in aid of the

grand ministerial scheme of "shutting up the Americans in their own country," was quite frustrated. So much was already understood. But the great benefit of Jackson's conquest was still to be developed. *The militia of the border States, freed by that conquest from all apprehension for the safety of their own homes, could now be concentrated upon any point, however remote, that might be menaced by the enemy!* The Creek war made the campaign of New Orleans possible. It was this *crushing* of the Creek power in their ancient seat, and the removal of the remnant of the tribe from the places where they could again give trouble, that prepared the way for all the swiftly-succeeding events in Jackson's wonderful military career. Who *could* have gone to the defense of Mobile and New Orleans, saved the South-west from temporary conquest, saved the banks of the great rivers from terror and ravage, if the Creeks had remained hostile, or powerful, or even accessible to influence from without? A thousand hostile Creeks in the heart of the Mississippi Territory would have paralyzed the forces of Georgia, Tennessee, Louisiana, and Mississippi. Coming events in the South-west cast but dim shadows before, in the early summer of 1814; but President Madison, if he surveyed the scene which he was appointed to overlook, with the intelligent eye that *ought* to belong to a President of the United States, must have drawn a long breath of relief when the news came from Fort Jackson, that the coasts of the Gulf of Mexico had thenceforth to be guarded *only* against an enemy coming from the sea!

In the conduct of the war, though it afforded few opportunities for the display of generalship, in the European sense of the word, Jackson exhibited the qualities of a successful leader. His tremendous *will*, and that alone, restored the fortunes of the campaign, when every one else was inclined to despair. His ceaseless activity in camp, and his audacious celerity of movement, both before and after victory, were admirable. He acted throughout on his favorite maxim, before quoted, that, in war, nothing is done till all is done.

But where he showed original power of character was in confronting his turbulent volunteers. Sham democracy is rebellion ; true democracy is obedience. At that period, when it was accounted the first of honors to hold office under the government, officers of the militia were prone to use their military commissions for the purpose of promoting their political designs. Hence, the short-sighted among them were more in the habit of flattering and humoring their men than of compelling them to do their duty. Discipline, on the parade ground ridiculously lax, in time of war was often fatally so. Jackson, from the first, set his face resolutely against all this. He was almost a martinet in enforcing discipline, and believed in the severe punishments of the olden time. His first campaign witnessed a military execution, and the last paper he ever issued as a military officer contains a strong plea for flogging in the army. We of the present day can not but think that the life of John Woods might have been spared, and we indulge the dream that, from the hour the army of the United States is governed on democratic principles, every man serving first in the ranks, and rising by merit alone, no degrading punishments will be thought of—still less, necessary. Yet, in daring to cross the will and oppose the intense desire of his rebellious regiments, and in publishing opinions at war with the sentiment of the age, Jackson displayed a certain courage which we can, in some degree, admire. Upon the whole, he gave striking proof, in the Creek war, of the correctness of Burr's opinion, that he was a man who would do credit to a military commission.

The administration, however, *seemed* still reluctant to do more than acknowledge his merit. Mr. Madison may have clung to the prejudices he had inherited from the last administration. If he had possessed the gift of prophecy, and could have seen in Jackson the destined destroyer of his *dynasty*, he might indeed have been unwilling to bestow national recognition upon him. A petition was handed about the House of Representatives by the western members, asking a commission in the regular army for General Jackson ; and it appeared from

other indications that such an appointment would be received at the West with the highest favor. Nor was the government in a position to slight any means of restoring its waning popularity. The darkest days of the war were near. The war was a war of the Democratic party against England, in aid of the "Armed Soldier of Democracy;" and the prospects of the party changed with the varying fortunes of the field. *Victory and votes* might have been the secret motto of the leaders.

In the beginning of May, 1814, a few days after the news of the battle of the Horseshoe reached Washington, a brigadier generalship fell vacant, which the President was induced to offer to General Jackson. Before it was known whether the offer would be accepted, the unhappy misunderstanding between the Secretary of War and General William Henry Harrison resulted in the resignation of that brave officer and honest gentleman. Whether it was the haste of the Secretary to *shelve* an officer disagreeable to him, or the growing eclat of Jackson's victories, or both of these causes together, that induced the government to accept the resignation, and offer the vacancy to Jackson, is a matter of no importance now. The thing was done. Jackson received the offer of the brigadiership; and while he was considering the question of acceptance or rejection, the mail of the day following brought him the second offer, which he accepted promptly and gladly. It was a reward which he desired and felt to be due to his standing and services. The *National Intelligencer* of May 31st, 1814, contained the announcement in the usual form:—

"Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, is appointed Major General in the army of the United States, vice William Henry Harrison resigned."

The emoluments of his new rank were of importance to General Jackson, for he was by no means a rich man in 1814. The pay of a major general in the army of the United States was twenty-four hundred dollars a year; with allowances for rations, forage, servants and transportation, that swelled the

income to an average of about six thousand five hundred dollars. It was never less than six thousand dollars.

The Legislature of Mississippi Territory, about the same time, voted General Jackson a sword, which was the first of the many similar gifts bestowed upon him during his military career.

It is worthy of remark, in view of succeeding events, that no less than six generals had stood between Jackson and the likelihood of *his* being entrusted with the defense of the South-west.* First, General Wilkinson was transferred from New Orleans to the North-west, where his failure was signal. Next, Brigadier General Hampton resigned. Third, Major General William Henry Harrison resigned. Fourth, General Flourney, who succeeded Wilkinson at New Orleans, resigned. Fifth, General Howard, of Kentucky, who was dispatched to succeed Flourney, died before reaching his post. Sixth, General Gaines, sent from Washington in haste when the first alarm for New Orleans was felt by the administration, did not arrive till all was over. And all these singular and unexpected changes occurred within the space of a very few months.

The effects of Jackson's eight months' service upon his health were permanently injurious. In reading of his exploits, we figure to ourselves a man in the enjoyment of the full tide of health. How different was the fact! From the moment of his being wounded in the affray with the Bentons, to the close of the war, he was so much an invalid, that a man of less strength of will would probably have yielded to the disease, and spent his days in nursing it. Chronic diarrhœa was the form which his complaint assumed. The slightest imprudence in eating or drinking brought on an attack, during which he suffered intensely. While the paroxysm lasted, he could obtain relief only by sitting on a chair with his chest against the back of it, and his arms dangling forward. In this position he was sometimes compelled to

* History of War of 1812, by C. J. Ingersoll, iv. 86.

remain for *hours*. It often happened that he was seized with the familiar pain while on the march through the woods at the head of the troops. In the absence of other means of relief, he would have a sapling half severed and bent over, upon which he would hang with his arms downward, till the agony subsided. The only medicine that he took, and his only beverage then, was weak gin and water. The reader is, therefore, to banish from his imagination the popular figure of a vigorous warrior galloping in the pride of his strength upon a fiery charger: and put in the place of it, a slight attenuated form, a yellowish, wrinkled face, the dark blue eyes of which were the only feature that told any thing of the power and quality of the man. In great emergencies, it is true, his *will* was master, compelling his impaired body to execute all its resolves. But the reaction was terrible sometimes: days of agony and prostration following an hour of anxiety or exertion. He gradually learned, in some degree, to manage and control his disease. But, all through the Creek war, and the New Orleans campaign, he was an acute sufferer, more fit for a sick chamber than the forest bivouac or the field of battle. There were times, and critical times, too, when it seemed impossible that he could go on. But, at the decisive moment, he always rallied, and *would* do what the decisive moment demanded. I believe I do not overstate this matter. The information was derived from gentlemen who lived with the General in the closest intimacy, personal and official.

That an impaired digestion is not calculated to improve the temper, is a fact which must be perfectly well known to a people who occupy brief, but busy, portions of every day of their lives in destroying the digestive apparatus. Jackson was naturally irascible, as we have seen, and in later years he often exhibited extreme irritability. The state of his health must not be forgotten when this is spoken of. And if ever he attained a respectable degree of self-control, he did it in spite of a constitution that constantly generated *tinder* for every passing spark of offense to fall upon. A sound stomach

would have saved him from saying and doing many things, the faithful narration of which presents him neither in an amiable nor an heroic light.

CHAPTER LI.

TREATY OF FORT JACKSON.

General Jackson rested from his labors three weeks. As soon as his acceptance of the Major Generalship reached Washington he was ordered to take command of the southern division of the army, if division it could be called, which consisted of three half-filled regiments. He was ordered to halt, on his way to the southern coast, long enough to form a definitive treaty with the Creeks, or rather to announce to them the terms upon which the United States would consent to a permanent peace. Colonel Hawkins, who had been the agent for the Creeks since the days of General Washington, was associated with the General in this business. On the 10th of July, General Jackson, with a small retinue, reached the Holy Ground once more, the place appointed for meeting the chiefs; where he assumed the command of the troops, and prepared to begin the negotiation.

This treaty of Fort Jackson, like every other event of Jackson's career, was subjected to unrelenting criticism in later years, and thus a flood of light was poured upon it which revealed many particulars, creditable to the commissioners, that might otherwise have been forgotten. The conditions imposed upon the helpless Creeks were apparently hard. The question is, whether they were harder than the instructions of the government warranted, and the necessities of the situation required.

The instructions from the Secretary of War set forth that

terms were to be *dictated* to the Creeks, as to a conquered people. The commissioners were to *demand*, first, an Indemnification for the expenses incurred by the United States in the prosecution of the war by such a cession of land as might be deemed an equivalent; secondly, a Stipulation on the part of the Creeks that they would cease all intercourse with any Spanish garrison or town, and not admit among them any agent or trader who did not derive his authority or license from the United States; thirdly, an Acknowledgment of the right of the United States to open roads through the Creek territory, and to establish such military posts and trading houses as might be necessary and proper; and, lastly, the Surrender of the prophets and instigators of the war.

The land indemnity was obviously the difficulty of the negotiation. The prophets and instigators of the war were either dead, or had surrendered, or were beyond reach in the wilds of Florida. The stipulations respecting posts, roads, traders, and Spaniards were not objected to. But the land question was one upon which it was impossible the two parties should entertain the same opinion. Jackson demanded a prodigious cession of territory, his object being fourfold: first, indemnity; secondly, to remove the Indians far from the borders of Tennessee, Georgia, and Florida; thirdly, by shutting up the Indians in a compact territory, to break them of their roving habits, and oblige them to resort more and more to civilized modes of gaining subsistence; fourthly, to have an open and *broad* road from western Tennessee to the Gulf of Mexico. In short, he trimmed the edges of the territory they claimed, so as to leave them one hundred and fifty thousand square miles of land furthest from the settlements, and best adapted to their habits. The description of the original Creek territory in the old books is vague, and refers to landmarks now obliterated; but the inference is fair, and probably correct, that Jackson demanded a surrender of a large half of the ancient Creek domain.

One of the clippings comprised a great part of what is now the State of Alabama, a tract of land which was, originally,

perhaps the most productive region in the United States, and which, to this day, yields a larger quantity of cotton than any other of the same extent. The commissioners justified their demand on the grounds that one half the tribe having fallen or fled, the land reserved to it was more than sufficient for its maintenance ; that the land to be ceded was no more than a just indemnity for the expenses of the war, which were to be reckoned by millions ; that this land would soon, in any case, be overrun by the advancing tide of settlers ; that it was this land which had been occupied chiefly by the hostile party, and was, therefore, justly forfeited ; and that no less a surrender of territory would secure the main object of cutting off the Indians from intercourse with the Red Sticks and Spaniards of Florida, and with the hostile tribes of the North and North-west.

An outline of a treaty, in accordance with these principles, was promptly submitted by the commissioners to the council of chiefs ; an engagement being added, that, in consideration of the destitute condition of the tribe, supplies would be furnished by the United States until the maturity of the next crop.

In negotiation, the Indian is a slow, artful and ceremonious personage. It required all of General Jackson's usual firmness, and much more than his usual patience, to bring the chiefs to the point on this occasion. The treaty was first debated in the secret council, where Jackson's demands produced astonishment and consternation—astonishment, because the council was composed of friendly chiefs, who felt that they deserved reward, not punishment—consternation, because they thought the land left to them insufficient for the maintenance of a tribe so numerous. The voice of every chief was lifted against the treaty, and the council asked an interview with the commissioners to remonstrate against it.

A scene interesting and memorable ensued. On one side of the General's spacious marquee were ranged the Creek chiefs, grave, silent, dignified, and wearing all the fantastic insignia of their authority. On the other were General Jack-

son, the venerable and beloved Colonel Hawkins, the General's aids, officers and secretary, and Colonel Hayne, then the recently appointed inspector general of the army, now (1858) representing the State of South Carolina in the Senate of the United States. There was also a great concourse of Indians, Creek and Cherokee, and part of a regiment of troops on the ground, all interested in the events transpiring. Big Warrior, so named from his colossal proportions, a chief renowned among both races for his eloquence, who had never lifted against the white man a hostile hand, was the first to express the feelings of the council. His speech made a deep impression upon all who heard it; the majestic manner of the man adding force to his words.

He told the story of the war: from what causes it had arisen; what sufferings it had caused; what desolation it had left. He admitted that the coming of Jackson's army alone had saved the friendly party from destruction, and that the claim of the government for indemnity was just. They were willing to transfer a portion of their land. But was not negotiation to that end premature? Was the war ended? The war party, it was true, had fled to Florida, but they might return and renew the strife. The Indians required large hunting grounds; for their habits were not the habits of white men, who staid at home and drew all their subsistence from the soil. To give up so much land as the treaty required, would reduce the tribe to the greatest distress; which seemed to them neither just nor necessary.

"The President, our father," concluded the great chief, "advises us to honesty and fairness, and promises that justice shall be done. I hope and trust it will be! I made this war, which has proved so fatal to my country, that the treaty entered into a long time ago with father Washington might not be broken. To his friendly arm I hold fast. I will never break that chain of friendship we made together, and which bound us to stand to the United States. He was a father to the Muscoga people; and not only to them, but to all the people beneath the sun. His talk I now hold in my hand.

There sits the agent he sent among us. Never has he broken the treaty. He has lived with us a long time. He has seen our children born, who now have children. By his direction, cloth was wove, and clothes were made, and spread through our country; but the Red Sticks came and destroyed all. We have none now. Hard is our situation, and you ought to consider it. I state what all the nation knows; nothing will I keep secret.

"There is the Little Warrior, whom Colonel Hawkins knows. While we were giving satisfaction for the murders that had been committed, he proved a mischief-maker; he went to the British on the lakes; he came back and brought a package to the frontiers, which increased the murders here. This conduct has already made the war party to suffer greatly; but, although almost destroyed, they will not yet open their eyes, but are still led away by the British at Pensacola. Not so with us. We were rational, and had our senses—we yet are so. In the war of the Revolution, our father beyond the waters encouraged us to join him, and we did so. We had no sense then. The promises he made were never kept. We were young and foolish, and fought with him. The British can no more persuade us to do wrong: they have deceived us once, and can deceive us no more. You are two great peoples. If you go to war, we will have no concern in it; for we are not able to fight. We wish to be at peace with every nation. If they offer me arms, I will say to them, You put me in danger, to war against a people born in our own land. They shall never force us into danger. You shall never see that our chiefs are boys in council, who will be forced to do any thing. I talk thus, knowing that father Washington advised us never to interfere in wars. He told us that those in peace were the happiest people. He told us that if the enemy attacked him, he had warriors enough, and did not wish his red children to help him. If the British advise us to any thing, I will tell you—not hide it from you. If they say we must fight, I will tell them, No!"

When the Big Warrior had spoken, Shelokta, another

friendly chief, addressed the commissioners to similar effect. Shelokta had joined Jackson's forces soon after hostilities commenced; had fought all through the war under the General's command, and stood high in the confidence and esteem of the army. He now appealed eloquently to the feelings of Jackson, entreating him to leave the tribe in possession of the fine country west of the Coosa. He reminded the General of the dangers they had passed together, and how faithful he had been to the white men in the most trying scenes.

To these speeches Jackson replied at considerable length. Moved as he and all present had been by the addresses of the two chiefs, he still felt it due to the United States to adhere to his demands. "You know," said he, "that the portion of country which you desire to retain is that through which the intruders and mischief-makers from the lakes reached you, and urged your nation to those acts of violence that have involved your people in wretchedness and your country in ruin. Through it leads the path Tecumseh trod, when he came to visit you. That path must be stopped. Until this is done, your nation can not expect happiness, nor mine security. I have already told you the reasons for demanding it. They are such as ought not, can not be departed from. This evening must determine whether or not you are disposed to become friendly. By rejecting the treaty, you will show that you are enemies of the United States—enemies even to yourselves. It is true the war is not ended, but that is an additional reason why the cession should be made: because then a line will be drawn by which my soldiers will be enabled to distinguish and know their friends. When our armies came here, the hostile party had even stripped you of your country. We retook it, and now offer to restore it; theirs we propose to retain. Those who are disposed to give effect to the treaty, will sign it. They will be within our territory—will be protected and fed—and no enemy of theirs or ours shall molest them. Those who are opposed to it shall have permission to retire to Pensacola. Here is the paper: take it, and show the President who are his friends. Consult, and this evening

let me know who will assent to it, and who will not. I do not wish, nor will I attempt to force any of you—act as you think proper."

The chiefs withdrew, and proceeded to deliberate again in secret council. Another cause of delay arose. Some Cherokee chiefs, who were present at the treaty, wished to turn the calamity of the Creeks to the advantage of their own tribe. The Creeks, having owned more land than they could occupy, had, of late years, permitted the Cherokees to establish settlements on the Tennessee, upon lands which were about to be surrendered. The Cherokees now besought the Creek chiefs to declare that this land really belonged to the Cherokees, thus rendering a service to a friendly tribe without cost to themselves. After discussion, the Creeks replied, in the lofty Indian manner:

"We can not lie. We can not say the land is yours."

This matter disposed of, nothing remained but for the Creeks to yield to the hard necessity of their lot, and consent to sign the treaty. Before signing, however, another scene, more curious than the last, occurred between the chiefs and the American officers—a scene which, in later years, was made the basis of attacks both upon the integrity and good sense of General Jackson. In the official minutes of the treaty, attested by Colonel Hawkins, and afterwards presented to Congress, I find the following account of this singular and interesting affair. On the morning of the 8th of August, the chiefs assembled and sent a messenger to request General Jackson and Colonel Hawkins to visit them, as they had something particular to communicate. On the arrival of the commissioners, some further conversation took place respecting boundaries, after which one of the chiefs addressed the General as follows:—

"The points now about boundary are pretty well settled, and we shall sign it; but before we do it and yield it up, we have something to say to you. We are a poor distressed people, involved in ruin, which we have brought on ourselves. It is not caused by a foreign people among us, but of our own

color, of our own land, and who speak our tongue. They arose against us to destroy us, and we could not help ourselves. We called on three brothers, Cherokees, Chickasaws, and Choctaws, to help, but they did not come. We then called on Colonel Hawkins for our white friends and brothers to help, and you came. You have seen our red and white brothers mix their blood in battle. You have risked your life for us, and come here, and here we meet. You have saved my life, and I am thankful for it. We have put our heads together, and consulted on it, and have come to one opinion about what we should do. We, the Creek nation, give you three miles square of land, to be chosen where you like, from what we are going to give up. We wish you to take it where you like, and as near us as you can; as, if we have need of you, you will be near, to aid and advise us. We give you this in remembrance of the important services you have done us, and as a token of the gratitude of the nation.

"There is a man near you, Colonel Hawkins; the same we give him, three miles square. He has been long among us, helping us, and doing good for our nation, and is their friend. He and I met at Colerain and were young men, and are now old. His children are born in our land. He is to select the land we give where he chooses in the land we are about to give up, and to sit down on it, and if he dies his children will have a place to live on. We do this as a token of the gratitude of the nation.

"There is standing by you George Mayfield, a white man raised in our land, a good and true man, an interpreter. We give him one mile square of land, near you, that you may have an interpreter at hand if we have need of you to talk with you.

"Here is an old interpreter, thirty years in our service. Alexander Cornells, we give him one mile square of land to sit down on, where he selects, near Colonel Hawkins, that he may continue his usefulness to us."

To this address General Jackson replied, according to the official report, that "he should accept of this national mark

of regard, if approved of by the President, and he (the President) might, if he would, appropriate its value to aid in clothing their naked women and children. He was well pleased they had noticed their old friend, Colonel Hawkins, and his children born among them, and their conduct on this head towards him and them was much to the credit of the nation."

Colonel Hawkins then addressed the chiefs. "I have been long among you," said he, "and grown gray in your service; I shall not much longer be your Agent. You all know me, that when applied to by White, Red, or Black, I looked not to color, but to the justice of the claim. I shall continue to be faithful and useful to you while I live, and my children born among you will be brought up to do the same. I accept your present, and I esteem it the more highly by the manner of bestowing it, as it resulted from the impulse of your own minds, and not from any intimation from the General or me."

The chiefs retired; but, upon conferring together, they were not quite satisfied with General Jackson's reply, and desired to explain themselves further. In the official narrative for the same day we find a second entry as follows:— "Eight o'clock, P. M. This evening the chiefs expressed to Colonel Hawkins: 'They did not give to General Jackson the land to-day to give it back to them in clothing and other things; they want him to live on it, and when he is gone his family may have it; and it may always be known what the nation gave it to him for. They say that, in the instrument to convey their intentions, it must be plainly expressed what are the towns and masters of the land; that they have been uniformly friendly to the United States, and faithful to their engagements in peace and in war; that they consider the extending the line through their lands in the Lower Creeks as taking from them more than the equivalent offered, and they have claims which should be attended to; but as the General has no powers about them, they will sign the line with him, it being demanded by him, and advised by their friend,

Colonel Hawkins. Mrs. Hawkins must be put in with her children, as she had much trouble to teach the Indians to spin and weave."

On the day following, the instrument conveying the land was drawn up by an interpreter, signed by the principal chiefs, and presented to General Jackson, who received and preserved it. This instrument, after an involved preamble claiming a *moral* right to the lands conveyed, and designating the Head Towns of the Creek nation, proceeded thus :—

"First. Wishing to give a national mark of gratitude to Major General Andrew Jackson for his distinguished services rendered us at the head of the army from Tennessee, we give and grant him, and his heirs for ever, three miles square of land, at such place as he may select out of the national lands.

"Second. Our nation feel under obligations to Colonel Benjamin Hawkins, our agent, and to Mrs. Lavinia Hawkins, his wife, for the unwearied pains they have for a long time taken to introduce the plan of civilization among us, and to be useful to us; and as their children are born in our land, we, as a token of gratitude, give and grant to Colonel Hawkins, for himself, his wife, and his children, three miles square of land, to him and his heirs for ever; to be located in such part of the national lands as Colonel Hawkins may select, in one tract or survey of one mile square each.

"Third. We give to George Mayfield, an interpreter with General Jackson, a white man raised in our land, one mile square of land, where he may select, as a mark of our respect for his honesty and usefulness to us as an interpreter.

"Fourth. We give and grant to Alexander Cornells, a half-breed, an old and faithful interpreter, who has been long in the public service, one mile square of land, at his option, to be located by him.

"We finally request, that the government of the United States will ratify the foregoing acts of national gratitude, and by suitable deeds of conveyance to enable the parties to receive and hold the said lands, agreeably to our intentions as herein expressed."

These are the facts respecting the famous land-gift to General Jackson, and they are given here for the first time in a work accessible to the public. The reader can now judge them for himself. It was, of course, made a great point of ridicule, in after times, that General Jackson should have

accepted lands for himself on the 9th of August, which he received for the United States on the 10th. But the point was not fair; because the Indians did their best, in their rude way, to set forth in the instrument of conveyance, that they still *claimed* the lands, and looked to the United States to make their claim good at some future day. It were absurd to deny, however, that the acceptance of such a grant was an error of judgment on the part of the negotiators; natural and very pardonable in the circumstances; but still an error. There is no nation, I presume, civilized or barbarous, that would permit men sent to negotiate a treaty to receive important benefits from the nation to which they were accredited. The thing is utterly and universally inadmissible. It would be opening the door to the worst corruption, and offering a reward to treason.

The subject was brought before Congress in 1816, when Jackson was at the zenith of the greatest popularity enjoyed by any citizen of the United States since the days of General Washington. President Madison called attention to the matter in a special message. "Taking into consideration," said the President, "the peculiar circumstances of the case—the expediency of indulging the Indians in wishes which they associated with the treaty signed by them, and that the case involves an inviting opportunity of bestowing on an officer who has rendered such illustrious services to his country a token of its sensibility to them, the inducement to which can not be diminished by the delicacy and disinterestedness of his proposal to transfer the benefit from himself: I recommend to Congress that provision be made for carrying into effect the wishes of the Indians."

Congress differed from the President, and the recommendation was never complied with. The Senate referred it to various committees, and took no direct action upon it of any kind. In the House it was referred to the Committee on Public Lands, who reported that it was "inexpedient to ratify the donations of land as recommended." This report came afterwards before the Committee of the

Whole, by whom it was indefinitely postponed, and never again taken up.

On the 10th of August, 1814, after a delay of a whole month in intrigue and negotiation, the treaty of Fort Jackson was signed. Amid the stir of the mighty events of that period, this treaty, so unique, so important, wholly escaped public observation. In 1819, Henry Clay, the great politician of the war, confessed that he had only recently become acquainted with its provisions. It made noise enough then, however. For the convenience of readers who would like to examine this most peculiar of American treaties, it is given as an appendix to this volume.

The chiefs went their ways. The concourse at the Holy Ground dispersed. A strong garrison of newly-raised militia were left in the ancient fort to overawe the Indians. Unhappy garrison! We shall be obliged to look in upon them some weeks hence to see how they endure the tedium and solitude of that most sequestered retreat. A few days after the signing of the treaty, General Jackson, with his staff and a small escort, continued his journey toward Mobile and—immortality!

CHAPTER LII.

THE DARK DAYS OF THE WAR.

The Allies in Paris! Napoleon fallen! The images of the idol smashed by the populace of the French towns! The Bourbons to be restored! Peace in Europe! What news, even to the news-hardened people of 1814!

A thoughtful and humane citizen of the United States, upon reading this thrilling intelligence in the New York papers of the 6th of June, must have been agitated by contending emotions. As a friend of humanity, he could

not have been insensible to what Sydney Smith, in the exultation of the moment, styled "the stupendous happiness of getting rid of Bonaparte:" a man who had brought the art of tyranny to perfection, and whose position had for some years been so inextricably false, that his continued existence as a European power could be nothing *but* destructive. On the other hand, the fall of the Destroyer inflamed the arrogance and released the resources of the British empire. That wonderful fleet of a thousand vessels, those victorious armies of the Peninsula, those generals who had learned war in contending against the greatest of soldiers, that prodigious revenue which had subsidized a continent for half a generation, and supported the most tremendous contest ever waged on earth, were now free to be concentrated upon a republic in the thirty-eighth year of its existence, weakened by two years of war, and presenting a line of coast that invited attack at a thousand points. Patriotism and philanthropy seemed, for once, to be in conflict.

But if any man were in doubt whether he ought to rejoice or mourn over Napoleon's ruin, *party* came in to solve the doubt. The Federalists rejoiced ostentatiously. They held meetings, passed resolutions, consumed dinners, drank toasts, hoisted flags, fired cannons, wrote leading articles and preached sermons in honor of the great event. The Democrats, of course, made a point of lamenting the triumph of the allied sovereigns, and they had good reason to lament it, both as partisans and as patriots. Can any one doubt, they asked, that the Federalists are monarchists and traitors, now that they glory in the success of their country's foes, and hail the increased peril of their country as a party triumph? To which the Federalists replied, that they did indeed exult in the fall of a tyrant and scourge of the human race, and the more, because now the administration would be *compelled* to restore peace to the country it had ruined; for not even the infatuation of a Madison and an Armstrong would dare to attempt a struggle with the undivided power of Napoleon's conquerors.

If there were any individuals in the United States who desired peace more ardently than any others, the members of the administration were those individuals; because none knew so well as they how unfit the nation was to cope with a powerful enemy. The ablest men they could command, Clay, Crawford, Gallatin, John Quincy Adams, Bayard, Russell, were all in Europe in various capacities, but all having in view the one overruling object of obtaining, if not an honorable peace, the least dishonorable one that would not involve the ruin of the party making it. The tidings of Napoleon's downfall reached Clay at Gottenburg, Crawford at Paris, Bayard at Leyden, Gallatin at London, Russell at Stockholm; and all having access to sources of intelligence, united in the opinion that the events at Paris had rendered an American peace one of the most improbable of events.

A letter written on the 22d of April, by Albert Gallatin to Henry Clay, explains the posture of affairs with the clear intelligence that marks Mr. Gallatin's writings :—

"You are sufficiently aware," he wrote, "of the total change in our affairs produced by the late revolution, and by the restoration of universal peace in the European world, from which we are alone excluded. A well organized and large army is at once liberated from any European employment, and ready, together with a superabundant naval force, to act immediately against us. How ill prepared we are to meet it in a proper manner no one knows better than yourself; but, above all, our own divisions and the hostile attitude of the eastern States give room to apprehend that a continuance of the war might prove vitally fatal to the United States. I understand that the ministers, with whom we have not had any direct intercourse, still profess to be disposed to make an equitable peace. But the hope not of ultimate conquest, but of a dissolution of the Union, the convenient pretense which the American war will afford to preserve large military establishments, *and above all, the force of popular feeling*, may all unite in inducing the cabinet in throwing impediments in the way of peace. They will not certainly be disposed to make concessions, nor probably displeased at a failure of negotiations. That the war is popular, and that national pride, inflated by the last unexpected success, can not be satisfied without what they call the chastisement of America, can not be doubted. The mass of the people here know nothing of American politics but through the medium of Federal speeches and newspapers, faithfully transcribed in

their own journals. They do not even suspect that we have any just cause of complaint, and consider us altogether the aggressors, and as allies of Bonaparte. In these opinions it is understood that the ministers do not participate; but it will really require an effort on their part to act contrary to public opinion; and they must, even if perfectly sincere, use great caution and run some risk of popularity."

The American war was indeed popular in England, and it soon appeared that the ministry, whatever their private opinions may have been, were disposed to foment and flatter the popular humor. Among the shows exhibited in Hyde Park during the public rejoicings at the peace was a sham fight between an American and an English fleet, in which, of course, the American fleet suffered a most ignominious defeat. Among the crowd of spectators who saw the show were officers who, a very few months later, fell under that frightful blaze of American rifles at the battle of New Orleans. Let us add, that at least *one* of those brave men felt the ill taste and bad morality of the exhibition.* The English press, from the *Quarterly Review* to the evening papers, teemed with the most irritating and scurrilous abuse of the American people during this summer of intoxication. For one specimen paragraph, from the London *Sun* of September 3d, 1814, room may be afforded here, in illustration of Mr. Gallatin's letter :—

* Captain John Henry Cooke, in his Narrative of the Attack on New Orleans, says: "I saw the last of the grand illuminations. It was strange enough, that, having arrived in London only the night before, and going to see the sham attack made on the American fleet, got up in miniature for the occasion, on the Serpentine river in Hyde Park, I buttoned an olive pelisse coat over the very uniform which I afterwards wore at New Orleans.

"This sham fighting did not savor of good taste, because at that time peace was anxiously looked for in that quarter of the globe; and many of these scenes acted during the delirium of the moment, fell to a great discount when the senses of Englishmen recovered their equilibrium, and they found that they did not possess Aladdin's lamp.

"In addition to which it may be remarked, that a sham fight is as unlike a real one as the two most opposite things in nature. In this instance the show was exceedingly *mal-à-apropos*, and any thing but prophetic; for, although the wild *bonnet rouge* had been laid low, yet the broad brim retained its steadiness."

"The American armies, of copper captains and Falstaff recruits, defy the pen of satire to paint them worse than they are—worthless, lying, treacherous, false, slanderous, cowardly, and vaporing heroes, with boasting on their loud tongues, and terror in their quaking hearts. Were it not that the course of punishment they are undergoing is necessary to the ends of moral and political justice, we declare before our country that we should feel ashamed of victory over such ignoble foes. The quarrel resembles one between a gentleman and a chimney-sweeper;—the former may beat the low scoundrel to his heart's contentment; but there is no honor in the exploit, and he is sure to be covered with the soil and dirt of his ignominious antagonist. But necessity will sometimes compel us to descend from our station to chastise a vagabond, and endure the disgrace of a contest in order to repress, by wholesome correction, the presumptuous insolence and mischievous designs of the basest assailant."

The *Times* also spoke of President Madison as "this fellow," "notorious for lying, for imposture of all kinds, for his barbarous warfare both in Canada and against the Creek Indians; for every thing, in short, that can debase and degrade a government." Again, on the 2d of July, while discoursing on the American naval victories, which were delicately styled the "late painful events on the sea," the *Times*, which always flattered the fighting propensities of the British bull-dog, held the following magnanimous language: "There is but one way to turn the current of the Americans' thoughts and efforts from their present direction, and that is *to crush their growing navy to atoms!* The enterprise may be twice as difficult now as it would have been had our means then permitted, in the first month of the war; but it will infallibly be ten times as difficult, nay, it may become absolutely impossible if it is delayed till a future war. *Now* America stands alone, hereafter she may have allies. Let us strike while the iron is hot!"

Such was the temper of John Bull in the first flush of the great triumphs of 1814. Indeed, there was acrimony enough on both sides, which, on the part of the Americans, increased as the season advanced. An incident related by Judge Brackenridge, in his excellent History of the War, exhibits the angry feeling of both nations:—

"Twenty-three American soldiers, taken at the battle of Queenstown in the autumn of 1812, were detained in close confinement on the charge of being native-born British subjects, and afterwards sent to England to undergo a trial for treason. On this being made known to our government, orders were given to General Dearborn to confine a like number of British prisoners taken at Fort George, and to keep them as hostages for the safety of the Americans; instructions which were carried into effect, and soon after made known to the Governor of Canada. The British government was no sooner informed of this, than Governor Prevost was ordered to place forty-six American commissioned and non-commissioned officers in confinement. Governor Prevost, in his letter to General Wilkinson upon this subject, stated, that he had been directed to apprise him, that if any of the British prisoners should suffer death, in consequence of the twenty-three American soldiers above mentioned being found guilty and the known law of Great Britain and of every other country in similar circumstances being executed on them, double the number of American officers should suffer instant death: he further notified the general, for the information of his government, that orders had been given to the British commanders to prosecute the war with unrelenting severity, if, unhappily, after this notice, the American government should not be deterred from putting to death the British soldiers now in confinement. . . . . The arrogance and haughtiness of the British officer in holding this language, so far from intimidating a people who are proud of their independence and jealous of their national honor, was only calculated to render resistance more obstinate; and justly excited the indignation of every American. General Wilkinson soon after informed Governor Prevost, that, in consequence of orders he had received from his government, he had put forty-six British officers in confinement, to be there detained until it should be known that the American officers were released. On the receipt of this intelligence, the Canadian governor ordered all the American prisoners into close confinement; and a similar step was soon after taken by our government."

Elias Darnell, an American militiaman under General Winchester, says in his narrative :—"Six of us stopped at a Major Boon's (a Canadian), and asked him 'if we might stay all night.' He said we could. His father, who lived with him, let us know he had been a tory major in the American Revolution. He said 'he had lived in the Jerseys, and had one of Lord Howe's commissions in the house then, and was a half-pay officer.' He said 'the Americans would have no possible chance to take Canada, for the British next spring

would bring seventy thousand Indians from the North-west, and as many negroes from St. Domingo, besides three hundred thousand Turks!' Said James Allen, '*I suppose you will set dogs on us next!*'"*

The British ministry acted promptly, in accordance with the national humor. The same ship that conveyed to New York the news of Napoleon's ruin, brought a letter from the watchful and sagacious Albert Gallatin to the President, giving him information derived from secret sources in London, that the most prodigious and overwhelming efforts against America had been resolved upon. He knew not where the first blow was to fall. He gave no hint, for he had none to give, of the intended conquest of the South-west. He knew only that great fleets were equipping, that many of the finest regiments in the service were preparing to embark, that simultaneous operations in many directions were contemplated, and that every sea-port on the Atlantic coast was in danger. This warning letter arrived none too soon. When President Madison read it, on the 12th of June, the expedition that in August was to lay in smoking ruins the city of Washington, was already eight days on its voyage from Bordeaux to the Chesapeake.

The well-known words attributed to Lord Castlereagh, upon the arrival at Paris of the news of the capture of Washington, are not likely to have been uttered by a diplomatist, or, if uttered, to have been reported; but they express both the intentions and the expectations of the British government. According to the newspaper version of the story, Castlereagh said to the King of France, who had uttered doubts respecting the truth of the intelligence:—"Sire, it is true, beyond all question; and I expect that at this time (about October 15th) most of the large sea-port towns in America are laid in ashes—that we are in possession of New Orleans, and have command of all the waters of the Mississippi and the lakes; so that the Americans are now little better than prisoners at large in their own country."

* Journal of Elias Darnell, page 72.

These being the designs of Great Britain, in what condition were the United States to resist them?

The country was carrying on war without the hearty concurrence of its brain and conscience. New England, that had led the Revolution, could never overcome her repugnance to this war. The INSTINCTS of the country, which reside chiefly in the West and South, declared and sustained the war of 1812. No wonder, then, that it was a war of blunders and disasters, relieved by victories, brilliant, flattering, and unimportant. The deep discontent of New England was about to issue in the Hartford Convention; a most innocent and patriotic convention, it is true, but one of those cautious *feelers* which a virtuous and thoughtful people put forth when they begin to foresee a necessity of a change in the basis of their affairs. If events had gone wrong in the Southwest—if the war had been continued another year—if the ships of New England had gone on rotting at the wharves—if the great army of fishermen had been kept from their accustomed haunts another season—if the industry of New England, in short, had remained paralyzed much longer—*other* conventions would doubtless have assembled, whose resolves would not have been as vague, or general, or fruitless, as those of Hartford. It required a great many years for slow New England to arrive at Lexington and Bunker Hill—but she got there at last. It took two years and a half of a war which she had utterly disapproved, and which had brought her to the verge of ruin, to extort from her so mild and kind a protest as that of the Hartford Convention. But there is danger in a people who begin radical movements in that quiet way.

Fiery Jackson, the favorite and representative of the national instincts, told President Monroe, a few years later, that if he had been in command of the eastern division when the Hartford Convention met, he would have hung every man of them. To which, I may add, that if General Jackson *had* been in command of the eastern division at that time, he would have been too busy in keeping the British out of

Penobscot Bay, or in driving them from the soil of Maine, and making impossible their return, to have been much concerned about a score of quiet gentlemen in black passing mild resolutions in secret conclave at Hartford. General Jackson, moreover, knew no more about the Hartford Convention than any orator on the democratic stump. No man of his party knew any thing about it at that day, or would know,* because it was too good a party cry to spoil by correct information.

Mr. Gallatin's warning letter reached the President when the pecuniary resources of the government were at the lowest ebb. The Treasury was empty—it was worse than empty—its credit was impaired. At the beginning of the war, John Jacob Astor, Stephen Girard, James Parrish and other capitalists had been glad to take the loan of sixteen millions authorized by Congress on terms which the government considered "advantageous." In May, 1814, just before the bad news came, a sum of nine millions was borrowed by the government at rates varying from eighty-five to eighty-eight. In August, when the government's need was sorest, and the news of June 6th had done its worst, a loan of six millions was advertised for, but only three millions could be obtained, and that by a loss of more than twenty dollars in every hundred. Colonel McHenry, in his Memoirs, mentions an amusing instance of the poverty of the government during the last months of the war. "There was not even money enough to buy fuel to keep the cadets at West Point from perishing, when resort was had by them to every old building and out-house, to fence rails, and shrubs and roots, until Governor Tompkins threw in five hundred dollars' worth of wood, which was met by the cadets on its way to the Point, and borne to their quarters on their shoulders."

The disorder in the currency was extreme. John Quincy Adams, an actor in the events of that day, gives us his opin-

* For a full and highly interesting account of the Hartford Convention, see S. G. Goodrich's Recollections of a Lifetime, ii. 9.

ion of the *cause* and a statement of the extent, of that derangement; which, in view of events to be hereafter related, the intelligent reader should mark and remember. Mr. Adams says:*

"By an unpropitious combination of rival interests, and of political prejudices, the first Bank of the United States, at the very outset of the war, had been denied the renewal of its charter: a heavier blow of illusive and contracted policy could scarcely have befallen the Union. The polar star of public credit, and of commercial confidence, was abstracted from the firmament, and the needle of the compass wandered at random to the four quarters of the heavens. From the root of the fallen trunk, sprang up a thicket of suckers—never destined to bear fruit: the offspring of summer vegetation, withering at the touch of the first winter's frost. Yet, upon them was our country doomed to rely; it was her only substitute for the shade and shelter of the parent tree. The currency soon fell into frightful disorder: banks, with fictitious capital, swarmed throughout the land, and spunged the purse of the people, often for the use of their own money, with more than usurious extortion. The solid banks, even of this metropolis, were enabled to maintain their integrity, only by contracting their operations to an extent ruinous to their debtors and themselves. A balance of trade, operating like universal fraud, vitiated the channels of intercourse between North and South: and the Treasury of the Union was replenished only with countless millions of silken tatters and unavailable funds: chartered corporations, bankrupt, under the gentle name of suspended specie payments, and without a dollar of capital to pay their debts, sold, at enormous discounts, the very evidence of those debts; and passed off, upon the government of their country, at par, their rags—purchasable, in open market, at depreciations of

* Life of James Monroe, written by Mr. Adams in 1831—just as the smouldering war between General Jackson and the Bank of the United States was about to break forth. Hence, the warmth and force of the passage quoted—John Quincy Adams being a leader of the Bank party.

thirty and forty per cent. In the meantime, so degraded was the credit of the nation, and so empty their Treasury, that Mr. Monroe, to raise the funds indispensable for the defense of New Orleans, could obtain them only by pledging his private individual credit, as subsidiary to that of the nation."

Not much assistance of any kind could the central government afford to General Jackson in his operations at the South. The little money that was required to dispatch some barge loads of muskets down the Ohio from Pittsburg, most of which arrived too late, and the comparatively small sums expended in Tennessee, New Orleans, and at Mobile, were raised, as Mr. Adams intimates, by the personal exertions of Mr. Monroe. It chanced that Major William B. Lewis, Jackson's neighbor and quarter-master, was in Washington at this time. "Can men be raised for New Orleans in Tennessee and Kentucky?" asked Secretary Monroe of Major Lewis. "Unquestionably," replied the Major, "but there are no arms in the lower country." "Then we must send arms," said the Secretary.

Colonel McHenry, a friend of the parties in the transaction, and perfectly informed of all its particulars, describes the interesting and honorable scene to which Mr. Adams refers: "There was no money! Applications were made in all directions; appeals to the patriotism of the people were heralded in all directions, and the most imploring calls uttered to come to the rescue. But the arm of the nation was paralyzed. There was no more money, and confidence was gone! It was in this dark crisis that Mr. Monroe went in person to the Bank of Columbia, and made an appeal. Government securities were freely offered, and at great sacrifices, but in vain; when he looked the cashier, William Whann, in the face, and throwing into his countenance all that was imploring and impressive, he said,

"Mr. Whann, have you confidence in my *honor?* Will you accept a pledge of that, backed by all my private fortune, that this sum, now so indispensable to the wants of the government, shall be made good? I pledge them!"

"Mr. Whann repaired to the directors' room, and with a heart full of solicitude, reported all that had passed, when the amount wanted was placed at the disposal of the government. It was that very amount, obtained in that way, and which could have been obtained in no other way, that sustained Jackson's army, and enabled it to reach New Orleans; and but for which, or an indispensable portion of it, it could not have moved at all."*

Another fact must be recalled to the reader's recollection. The war had been thus far a northern war, and the war material in the possession of the government—armies, arms, ammunition, forts, barracks, navy yards—were mostly in the North. It is idle to blame the administration, as many writers have done, for neglecting the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. Always embarrassed for money, always compelled to attempt too much, it was impossible to spare means and men for the protection of posts six weeks from Washington, and not threatened by the enemy. At the beginning of the war, General Wilkinson, then in command at New Orleans, gave the President an outline of a plan for the defense of that city, which, if carried out, would have absorbed half the revenue of the government. "To defend New Orleans and the mouths of the Mississippi," wrote Wilkinson, "against a dominant naval force and six thousand veteran troops, rank and file, from the West India station, the following force is *indispensable :*" four of the heaviest national vessels; forty gun-boats to mount eighteen and twenty-four pounders; six steamboats for transportation, each to hold four hundred men and a month's provisions; four stout radeaux, each to mount ten twenty-four pounders; ten thousand regular troops; four thousand five hundred militia. All this was indispensable, argues the general at length, and he bitterly condemns the President for his "obstinacy" in not adopting the scheme. He also boasts that the President said during the alarm for the safety of

* Mr. Adams says that this act was the cause of the pecuniary embarrassments that embittered the last years of James Monroe.

New Orleans, that "it was a pity General Wilkinson's plans had not been carried out."

It was late in the summer of 1814 before the administration began to suspect the enemy's designs upon the ports of the Gulf. Rumors of those designs had been floating about in the newspapers; but they do not appear to have been credited by men at the head of affairs, who looked to their envoys in Europe for early notice of the enemy's intentions. The secret was well kept in Europe; the first intimations of danger came from the West Indies. In the New York *Evening Post* for April 6th, 1814, appeared a letter from New Orleans, which stated that the captain of a schooner from New Providence had brought rumors of an intended attack on New Orleans, for which gun-boats were building at New Providence. The information was said to have been derived from the captain of a British man-of-war. The editor of the *Post*, in commenting upon this letter, said that he had for some time thought, for various reasons, that such an expedition was in contemplation. Whether it was that the Federal editors were given to prognosticating evil, or that public attention was absorbed by passing events, this rumor attracted little notice and less credit.

And what an advantage the British had in the practical possession of Florida, with Pensacola, the best harbor on the Gulf, only half a day's sail or two days' march from Mobile! The Spanish held Florida with too feeble a grasp to have withheld it from British uses, even if they had desired to do so. They could not have desired it. England, that had just restored the Spanish king to his throne, would soon (who could doubt it?) have Louisiana in her gift—the long-lost, ever-lamented, *Spanish* province of Louisiana! In such circumstances what could Florida be but an English colony, kept up at Spanish expense? The British fleet of twelve ships sent in 1814 to take Savannah, lay for several weeks under Amelie Island, across which the Spaniards of East Florida, aided by the authorities, carried the provisions that saved the fleet from the necessity of retir-

ing. The Spanish governor, as we have seen, congratulated Weathersford upon his victories over the Americans, and received to the shelter of Pensacola the defeated Creeks flying before the resistless march of Jackson. And now Pensacola had been selected by the English as the basis of their operations in the Gulf of Mexico; to be the rendezvous of their fleets, and their point of departure against Mobile and New Orleans.

Spain kept up a show of friendship with the United States, which, the United States, unwilling to add to the number of its enemies, made a show of reciprocating. The Governor General of Cuba went through the form of refusing to permit the landing of British troops at Pensacola, and, instantly after the refusal, the commander of the vanguard and forerunner of the great expedition, sailed from Havana to Pensacola, where he landed troops, hoisted the British flag, took up his quarters in the Governor's house, built barracks for his soldiers, and comported himself, in all respects, as though he had landed in a British colony. This was Spanish neutrality in the war of 1812.

With such advantages on the side of the enemy, General Jackson found himself, on his arrival at Mobile, in command of parts of three regiments of regular troops, a thousand miles of coast to defend, without a fort garrisoned or adequately armed. As the nature of his situation gradually became apparent to him, he had to act without instructions. Seldom has the most experienced officer been thrown more exclusively upon the resources of his own mind. He was *alone*, this wild borderer, this man of the fiery word and ready blow, this unlettered soldier who had never seen the face of a civilized enemy; alone, to solve nice questions of diplomacy, and vital questions of internal police; alone, against one of the most powerful and confident expeditions ever sent forth by the mistress of the seas!

CHAPTER LIII.

THE ENGLISH AT PENSACOLA.

At the end of a narrow, beautiful bay that penetrates the coast of Florida ten miles ; on a low, sandy plain half a mile wide, open in front to the breezes of the bay, and bounded behind by a peat swamp ; its harbor, deep enough for the largest frigates, sheltered from the storms of the Gulf by an island that narrows the entrance to three quarters of a mile ; stands the ancient town of Pensacola. Renowned, in the palmy days of Spanish rule, for its gardens and grandees, for its fine public edifices and impregnable fortifications, for its showy garrison and wealthy citizens, it had been reduced, many years before the period of which we now write, to a poor straggling town of two hundred small wooden houses, and fifteen hundred inhabitants. The Government House itself, in 1814, was a two-story frame building, of the most ordinary appearance, and the church an old store-house converted to sacred uses by the addition of a little belfry and a white cross. The gardens were all overgrown with weeds ; the imposing edifices had been burnt ; the regularity of the streets had been destroyed through the corrupt avarice of the governors, and the place was as dull and uninviting as idle poverty and idle pride could make it.

To the harbor alone the town owed whatever importance it possessed. The entrance to the harbor was commanded by Fort Barrancas, six miles from the town, a fort which, if properly garrisoned, was capable of preventing the coming in or the departure of a fleet. The land approaches to the place were guarded by another fort, a battery, and some inferior fortifications. The Governor of Pensacola, besides being an adept in other arts of the Spanish Circumlocution Office, wrote dispatches in the style of a Spanish grandee of the first magnitude. But his garrison consisted of a few com-

panies of troops; and when he had in his magazines powder enough to fire two royal salutes, he had more powder than his magazines could always boast. In short, he was one of the poorest, and one of the proudest of Spanish governors. The inhabitants of his principality seem to have been a miscellaneous assemblage of fishermen, West India traders, soldiers, Indians, half-breeds, negroes, and a class of men called in their own language privateersmen, in ours pirates.

Pensacola has not yet, after thirty years of American government, shaken off the spell of dullness which the Spanish governors left upon it. It has added but five hundred to the number of its people. It boasts of but twenty-five hundred tons of shipping. It possesses a custom-house officer, who has leisure to attend to the chief end of his appointment.*

In the latter days of August, 1814, the town and port of Pensacola exhibited nothing of their wonted tropical lethargy. There was life and movement everywhere. In the harbor, eight or nine British armed ships lay at anchor. Arms and ammunition in great quantities were landing and being conveyed to the forts. A body of negro soldiers from the West Indies, in the British uniform, had come on shore, along with several companies of English troops. The forts were in course of repair; from one of them floated the English flag in friendly conjunction with the standard of Spain. The commander of the English forces had taken up his residence with the Spanish governor, who swelled with the greatness of the occasion. The town swarmed with Indians, new multitudes of whom were coming in every hour.

These ships and troops were the forerunners and preparers of the way of the great EXPEDITION. The fleet was under the command of Captain the Honorable W. H. Percy, of the ship Hermes. The commander of the troops, and the leader

* The new Custom House at Pensacola, Florida, has just been finished. The cost was $50,000. The amount of revenue collected at that port for the year ending 30th June, 1857, was, in round numbers, $478. To collect this sum it cost the government $3,012.—*Newspaper Paragraph*, 1858.

of the expedition, was Lieutenant Colonel Edward Nichols, an Irish officer, who had served with distinction in Europe.

Secrecy, one would have thought, would have characterized the preliminary operations of the English in the Gulf of Mexico. Nothing was further from the thoughts of Colonel Nichols. If his superiors had *designed* to put the Americans on their guard, to give them the longest possible time in which to prepare for defense, and to excite to the utmost their combative propensities, they could not have accomplished those benevolent objects better than by appointing to the command of this preparatory expedition the brave, the loud, the robustious, the wonderfully ill-informed Colonel Nichols. Singularly unfitted as he was for an independent command in scenes so novel, a fatality attended all his movements from the beginning, and he failed in every one of his zealous efforts to promote the ends of his employers. On his way from the Bahamas to Pensacola, he had touched at Havana, where the secret of his destination and his precise objects escaped, and was promptly conveyed to New Orleans. No sooner had he reached Pensacola than he published to his troops an Order of the Day, which in a few days appeared in the newspapers of New Orleans, and soon in many other newspapers of the South, conveying to every mind the idea of most earnest and stupendous preparation.

Fancy the citizens of Mobile and New Orleans, already alarmed by rumor upon rumor of coming invasion, reading, early in September, such a document as the following, signed, "Edward Nichols, commanding his Britannic Majesty's forces at Pensacola;" report magnifying his three hundred men to a great army:—

"Soldiers:—You are called upon to discharge a duty of the utmost danger, of the utmost peril. You will have to perform long and tedious marches through wildernesses, swamps and water-courses; your enemy from long habit inured to the climate, will have great advantages over you. But remember the twenty-one years of toil and glory of your country, and resolve to follow the example of your glorious companions, who have fought and spilt their blood in her service. Be equally faithful and strict

in your moral discipline, and this, the last and most perfidious of your enemies, will not long maintain himself before you. A cause so sacred as that which has led you to draw your swords in Europe, will make you unsheathe them in America, and I trust you will use them with equal credit and advantage. In Europe, your arms were not employed in defense of your country only, but of all those who groaned in the chains of oppression, and in America they are to have the same direction. The people whom you are now to aid and assist have suffered robberies and murders committed on them by the Americans.'

"The noble Spanish nation has grieved to see her territories insulted; having been robbed and despoiled of a portion of them while she was overwhelmed with distress and held down by the chains which a tyrant had imposed on her gloriously struggling for the greatest of all possible blessings (true liberty). The treacherous Americans, who call themselves free, have attacked her, like assassins, while she was fallen. But the day of retribution is fast approaching. These atrocities will excite horror in the heart of a British soldier, they will stimulate you to avenge them, and you will avenge them like British soldiers. Valor, then, and humanity!

"As to the Indians, you are to exhibit to them the most exact discipline, being a pattern to those children of nature. You will have to teach and instruct them; in doing which you will manifest the utmost patience, and you will correct them when they deserve it. But you will regard their affections and *antipathies, and never give them just cause of offense.* Sobriety, above all things, should be your greatest care—a single instance of drunkenness may be our ruin; and I declare to you, in the most solemn manner, that no consideration whatsoever shall induce me to forgive a drunkard. Apprised of this declaration, if any of you break my orders in this respect, he will consider himself as the just cause of his own chastisement. Sobriety is your first duty; I ask of you the observance of it among your brethren. Vigilance is our next duty. Nothing is so disgraceful to our army as surprise—nothing so destructive to our cause."

Not satisfied with this piece of imprudence, and pleased, apparently, with the effusions of his pen, Colonel Nichols next produced his celebrated, his immortal *Proclamation*, addressed to the inhabitants of Louisiana and Kentucky. Considering all the circumstances, this address may be classed among the comic productions of the war. But though it can not *now* be read without a smile at the author's amazing ignorance of American feelings and character, it excited, at the time of its appearance, soon afterwards, in the southern newspapers, boundless contempt and rage :—

"Natives of Louisiana! on you the first call is made to assist in liberating from a faithless, imbecile government, your paternal soil: Spaniards, Frenchmen, Italians, and British, whether settled or residing for a time in Louisiana, on you, also, I call to aid me in this just cause: the American usurpation in this country must be abolished, and the lawful owners of the soil put in possession. I am at the head of a large body of Indians, well armed, disciplined, and commanded by British officers—a good train of artillery with every requisite, seconded by the powerful aid of a numerous British and Spanish squadron of ships and vessels of war. Be not alarmed, inhabitants of the country, at our approach; the same good faith and disinterestedness which have distinguished the conduct of Britons in Europe, accompanies them here; you will have no fear of litigious taxes imposed on you for the purpose of carrying on an unnatural and unjust war; your property, your laws, the peace and tranquillity of your country, will be guaranteed to you by men who will suffer no infringement of theirs; rest assured that these brave red men only burn with an ardent desire of satisfaction, for the wrongs they have suffered from the Americans, to join you in liberating these southern provinces from their yoke, and drive them into those limits formerly prescribed by my sovereign. The Indians have pledged themselves, in the most solemn manner, not to injure, in the slightest degree, the persons or properties of any but enemies to their Spanish or English fathers. A flag over any door, whether Spanish, French, or British, will be a certain protection, nor dare any Indian put his foot on the threshold thereof, under penalty of death from his own countrymen; not even an enemy will an Indian put to death, except resisting in arms, and as for injuring helpless women and children, the red men, by their good conduct and treatment to them, will (if it be possible) make the Americans blush for their more inhuman conduct lately on the Escambia, and within a neutral territory.

"Inhabitants of Kentucky, you have too long borne with grievous impositions—the whole brunt of the war has fallen on your brave sons; be imposed on no longer, but either range yourselves under the standard of your forefathers, or observe a strict neutrality; if you comply with either of these offers, whatever provisions you send down, will be paid for in dollars, and the safety of the persons bringing it, as well as the free navigation of the Mississippi, guaranteed to you.

"Men of Kentucky, let me call to your view (and I trust to your abhorrence) the conduct of those factions which hurried you into this civil, unjust, and unnatural war, at a time when Great Britain was straining every nerve in defense of her own and the liberties of the world—when the bravest of her sons were fighting and bleeding in so sacred a cause—when she was spending millions of her treasure in endeavoring to pull down one of the most formidable and dangerous tyrants that ever disgraced

the form of man—when groaning Europe was almost in her last gasp —when Britons alone showed an undaunted front—basely did those assassins endeavor to stab her from the rear;—she has turned on them, renovated from the bloody but successful struggle. Europe is happy and free, and she now hastens justly to avenge the unprovoked insult. Show them that you are not collectively unjust; leave that contemptible few to shift for themselves, let those slaves of the tyrant send an embassy to Elba, and implore his aid; but let every honest, upright American spurn them with united contempt. After the experience of twenty-one years, can you any longer support those brawlers for liberty, who call it freedom when themselves are free? Be no longer their dupes—accept of my offers—every thing I have promised in this paper I guarantee to you, on the sacred honor of a British officer."

While Colonel Nichols was thus employed in the pleasing toil of composition, Captain Woodbine, one of his officers, was busy with the Indians of Florida. Runners had been dispatched in every direction to invite the Creeks and Seminoles to come to Pensacola, and enroll themselves into the service of the King of England. Arms had been distributed in great numbers to the Indians of Florida, from a British ship at Appalachicola, a month before. A body of seven hundred painted warriors were soon at hand, to receive any thing else the English might have to give away, and to bind themselves in the most solemn manner to do any thing the English might require. Arms and ammunition were again given out in profusion. In ludicrous ignorance of the Indian character, Colonel Nichols and Captain Woodbine supposed it possible to drill Indians into serviceable soldiers, as the Indians of the East Indies are drilled. Accordingly, Captain Woodbine, to whom this duty was assigned, committed the absurdity of clothing a large number of them in the red uniform of the army, and forming them into regular companies and battalions! Such scenes of preposterous costuming, of tripping over swords, of hopeless drill, and mad marching and countermarching, as the common of Pensacola then witnessed, can be imagined only by those who know precisely what sort of creatures Indians are. Captain Woodbine might as well

have attempted to train the alligators of the Florida lagoons for the British artillery service.

To a gentleman in the situation of Colonel Nichols it was easier to *write* a proclamation for the people of Louisiana and Kentucky than it was to place that proclamation where the people of Louisiana and Kentucky could read it. To that more difficult feat the commander of the forces next addressed himself. He succeeded in his object, as shall be narrated in a moment; and it was the only object in which he did succeed during his residence in Florida.

Captain Percy, a man of different caliber from the doughty Nichols, was, meanwhile, attending to the vital objects of the expedition, which were to obtain knowledge of the Gulf ports, and, above all, to procure native pilots for the coming fleet.

On the 1st of September, the sloop-of-war Sophia, under the command of Captain Lockyer, left her anchorage in the harbor of Pensacola, passed by the frowning Fort Barrancas, and sailing down the long narrow bay, stood out into the open Gulf. She was bound upon an errand from which the most important results were expected.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE DEEP GAME OF JEAN LAFITTE.

A FAIR breeze wafted the Sophia so swiftly across the Gulf that, on the morning of the 3d of September, she was firing signal guns off Barrataria, a little bay formed by the island of Grand Terre, forty miles directly south of New Orleans, with which it has communication by water. Barrataria was the far-famed "Pirates' Home," the residence of that renowned individual who is known to the lovers of romance as "Lafitte, the Pirate of the Gulf."

Jean Lafitte, it will distress the ingenuous youth of the United States to learn, was no pirate at all, nor even a sailor, but a French blacksmith, who emigrated from Bordeaux to New Orleans, at which latter city there are persons still living who remember seeing him ply the useful hammer in his shop at the corner of Bourbon and St. Philip streets. He did not know enough of the art of navigation to manage a sail-boat,* and was never at sea but twice in his life; once, when he came from France, and again when, flying from the odious name of pirate, he and all his possessions sank to the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico.

At the beginning of the present century, when the signal success of the American Revolution, aided by the subsequent prosperity and orderly government of the young republic, had set half the world revolutionizing, the American colonies of Spain were deep in the great business of "throwing off the yoke." As one mode of warring upon the mother country letters of marque were granted by the new governments to adventurers of every nation. In the long wars between France and Spain, and between France and England, privateering commissions were sold by the French, and granted by the English, to all applicants. And thus it was, that during the greater part of the first fifteen years of the nineteenth century, the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean Sea, and the waters adjacent, swarmed with privateers, waging a comparatively safe and most lucrative war upon the industry of mankind. In course of time, the bay of Barrataria, which afforded safe anchorage for small vessels, and into which large ships could not enter, became the head-quarters, the rendezvous, the grand depository of these licensed pirates. Thither were brought the dollars from the Spanish galleons, the rich cargoes of Indiamen, the spoils of all nations. There the wounded privateersmen healed their gashes, and reposed after their toils. Thither resorted the traders of New Orleans to buy, at their own prices, the costly plunder of the world's com-

* Walker's Jackson and New Orleans.

merce, which was conveyed with a show of secrecy to New Orleans, to be sold on a scale of profit that laid the foundations of many a great estate.

Into this bad trade Jean Lafitte and his two brothers, Pierre and Dominique, were seduced. They removed to Barrataria, where Jean, by his talents, tact, and energy, became, at length, the leading man, and ruled the whole body of freebooters with an authority rarely disputed, and when disputed, enforced by the silencing argument of the pistol. For the accommodation of the men, a number of huts and houses had been erected, which were defended by some rude fortifications and a battery mounting several pieces of cannon. There, for some years, the Lafittes lived and flourished, enriching the illicit traders of New Orleans, damaging the legitimate merchant, and defrauding the revenue of the United States. We must not judge the deeds of the past by the moral feeling of the present; else it were hardly creditable to the fame of Edward Livingston, the ablest lawyer of the South-west, and one of the ablest men in the Union, that he was long the legal adviser of the Lafittes, and aided them essentially at critical times.

It happened that the very time of which we are writing was a *very* critical one for Jean Lafitte. Either the regular dealers of New Orleans had remonstrated so vigorously against the illegal traffic that the government were compelled to take measures for its suppression, or, as others assert, the fabulous wealth that was supposed to be stored at the Pirates' Home was a prize they were resolved to seize. Dominique Lafitte had been already arrested, and was in irons in a New Orleans prison. Commodore Patterson, the naval commander of the station, was fitting out an expedition at that city for the purpose of breaking up the settlement at Barrataria, and seizing all the goods and persons to be found there. Jean Lafitte was in sore perplexity. At the moment of his hearing the signal guns of the sloop-of-war Sophia, he might have been, he probably was, preparing to execute the intention he had formed of removing his establishment to some safer haven on the Gulf.

The Sophia's guns brought the whole settlement, two hundred persons or more, to the beach. Lafitte ordered out his boat, and proceeded, rowed by four men, to the shallow strait that formed the entrance to the harbor ; where he saw, not without astonishment, an armed vessel showing British colors. At the same moment a boat, with a white signal flying from the bow, and the British flag from the stern, darted from the vessel's side and rapidly approached him. It contained three officers in British uniform, who proved to be Captain Lockyer, a lieutenant of the Sophia, and a captain of the army. Upon coming up, Captain Lockyer called out his name and rank, and inquired if Mr. Lafitte was at home. Lafitte, puzzled at these proceedings, replied that that individual could be seen on shore at the settlement, and invited the officers to accompany him to Mr. Lafitte's quarters. On the way across the harbor, however, he announced himself as Jean Lafitte ; whereupon Captain Lockyer handed him a package, directed to "Mr. Lafitte," which Captain Lockyer stated was an important communication from the British government. Lafitte cautioned them to conceal their object from the men on shore. These lawless buccaneers, it may be remarked, besides being, *in their way*, loyal to the United States, had a lively recollection of a dash made upon their settlement by British ships at the beginning of the war, when some of their vessels had been captured, and some of their plunder carried off. When, therefore, the uniform of the officers was recognized by the crowd on the beach, a tumult arose, and they clamored loudly for their seizure.

Lafitte contrived to pacify them for the moment, and conducted the officers to his quarters. Before proceeding to business, Lafitte, who was a man of superior address, and exceedingly polite, ordered a repast to be prepared for his guests. The costliest wines of Spain, the daintiest fruits of the West Indies, the fish and game of the neighborhood, were served to the astonished officers on the finest carved silver plate ; and the urbane Lafitte presided at the feast with the courtly grace that belonged to Frenchmen of that day, whether

peasants, privateersmen, or nobles. The banquet over, cigars were handed round, of a flavor which seldom regales the senses of people who obtain their cigars by the vulgar process of purchase. While these were discussed, the polite and reticent Mr. Lafitte proceeded to open and examine the packet addressed to him.

It proved to contain four documents: First, Colonel Nichol's proclamation, which the reader has already had an opportunity of admiring; Secondly, a letter from "Edward Nichols to Mr. Lafitte, the commandant at Barrataria," which read thus:—

"I have arrived in the Floridas for the purpose of annoying the only enemy Great Britain has in the world, as France and England are now friends. I call on you, with your brave followers, to enter into the service of Great Britain, in which you shall have the rank of a captain; lands will be given to you all in proportion to your respective ranks, on a peace taking place, and I invite you on the following terms. Your property shall be guaranteed to you, and your persons protected; in return for which I ask you to cease all hostilities against Spain, or the allies of Great Britain. Your ships and vessels to be placed under the orders of the commanding officer on this station, until the commander-in-chief's pleasure is known; but I guarantee their fair value at all events. I herewith inclose you a copy of my proclamation to the inhabitants of Louisiana, which will I trust, point out to you the honorable intentions of my government. You may be a useful assistant to me, in forwarding them; therefore, if you determine, lose no time. The bearer of this, Captain M'Williams, will satisfy you on any other point you may be anxious to learn, as will Captain Lockyer of the Sophia, who brings him to you. We have a powerful reinforcement on its way here; and I hope to cut out some other work for the Americans than oppressing the inhabitants of Louisiana. Be expeditious in your resolves, and rely on the verity of your very humble servant,

"Edward Nichols."

This was a strong appeal to Mr. Lafitte's sense of interest, though the offer of a captaincy in the navy must have amused him. Another letter in the package, however, appealed to his fears. It was a general epistle from Captain Percy to the inhabitants of Barrataria, of which the following is a copy:—

"Having understood that some British merchantmen have been detained, taken into and sold by the inhabitants of Barrataria, I have directed Captain Lockyer, of his majesty's sloop Sophia, to proceed to that place, and inquire into the circumstances, with positive orders to demand instant restitution, and in case of refusal to destroy to his utmost every vessel there, as well as to carry destruction over the whole place, and at the same time to assure him of the coöperation of all his majesty's naval forces on this station. I trust, at the same time, that the inhabitants of Barrataria, consulting their own interest, will not make it necessary to proceed to such extremes. I hold out at the same time, a war instantly destructive to them; and, on the other hand, should they be inclined to assist Great Britain in her just and unprovoked war against the United States, the security of their property, the blessings of the British constitution; and, should they be inclined to settle on this continent, lands will, at the conclusion of the war, be allotted to them in his majesty's colonies in America. In return for all those concessions on the part of Great Britain, I expect that the direction of their armed vessels will be put into my hands (for which they will be remunerated), the instant cessation of hostilities against the Spanish government, and the restitution of any undisposed property of that nation.

"Should any inhabitants be inclined to volunteer their services into his majesty's forces, either naval or military, for limited service, they will be received; and if any British subject, being at Barrataria, wishes to return to his native country, he will, on joining his majesty's service, receive a free pardon."

Lastly, the package contained a copy of Captain Percy's orders to Captain Lockyer, part of which the latter was then and there obeying, and which concluded with these words: "Should you succeed completely in the object for which you are sent, you will concert such measures for the annoyance of the enemy as you judge best from circumstances—having an eye to the junction of their small armed vessels with me *for the capture of Mobile*, etc. You will, at all events, yourself join me with the utmost dispatch at this post with the accounts of your success."*

* These documents, and all others relating to this singular affair, are from the appendix to Major Latour's "Historical Memoir of the War in West Florida and Louisiana in 1814 and 1815." Many of the minor particulars were derived from "Jackson and New Orleans," by Mr. Alexander Walker. Other facts I have obtained from newspapers and conversation.

As soon as Lafitte had possessed himself of the contents of the package, Captain Lockyer opened a conversation with him, unfolding more fully the plans of the British government, and setting forth the many and brilliant advantages that would accrue to him if he should engage in the British service. Besides the naval captaincy, he offered to Lafitte a sum of thirty thousand dollars in cash, payable at New Orleans or Pensacola. The war, said Lockyer, was about to be prosecuted with unusual vigor. The great expedition against New Orleans was already on its way. There could be no doubt of its success. Indeed, they expected to meet with scarcely any opposition in Louisiana, the people of which being of different manners and temper from the Americans, would receive the expedition, he thought, with joy. As soon as the English were in possession of New Orleans, they intended to effect a junction with the forces in Canada, when the United States would be at their mercy. From being proscribed and persecuted, his brother in prison and his establishment in danger, he had only to join the English, and give them the benefit of his intimate knowledge of the Gulf, and rank, fame, and fortune were his own.

What a situation for an ex-blacksmith, and wholesale dealer in privateers' plunder! Tempted with offers he *could* not accept, in return for services it was impossible for him to render!

Lafitte, like the canny Frenchman that he was, seemed to acquiesce in all that Captain Lockyer had advanced; but, wishing to gain time for reflection, he said he desired to go on board a vessel in the bay to consult with an old comrade in whose judgment he confided. He left the officers at his house, and departed. In his absence, the Barratarians, who had watched this long conference with suspicious eyes, gathered round the house, and began again to threaten the officers with seizure. The timely return of the chief quieted the tumult. Lafitte then politely conducted the officers to their boat, telling them, on their way, that they should hear from him the next morning. He remained on the beach until the

officers were safely beyond the little fleet at anchor in the bay, and then returned to his quarters.

On the following day, Lafitte sent on board the Sophia the following letter to Captain Lockyer :—

"SIR: The confusion which prevailed in our camp yesterday and this morning, and of which you have a complete knowledge, has prevented me from answering in a precise manner to the object of your mission: nor even at this moment can I give you all the satisfaction that you desire. However, if you could grant me a fortnight, I would be entirely at your disposal at the end of that time. This delay is indispensable to send away the three persons who have alone occasioned all the disturbance. The two who are the most troublesome are to leave this place in eight days, and the other is to go to town. The remainder of the time is necessary to enable me to put my affairs in order. You can communicate with me in sending a boat to the eastern point of the pass, where I will be found. You have inspired me with more confidence than the Admiral, your superior officer, could have done himself. With you alone I wish to deal, and from you also I will claim in due time the reward of the services which I may render to you. Be so good, sir, as to favor me with an answer, and believe me yours, Lafitte."

A well-executed letter for the writer's purpose. Captain Lockyer replied that he would return in fifteen days to accept Mr. Lafitte's services.

Apart from his vocation, Jean Lafitte was an honorable and feeling man. Without having wavered for one moment in his allegiance to the United States, or having had any other design but to deceive the British officers, he began on that very day, the 4th of September, to take measures for sending an account of what had occurred to the authorities at New Orleans. A packet was promptly prepared, enclosing all the documents left by Captain Lockyer, and two letters from Lafitte, one addressed to M. Blanqué, a member of the Legislature, and the other to Governor Claiborne. Lafitte's letters do him honor. To M. Blanqué, after enumerating the contents of the package, he wrote :—

"You will see the advantages I might have derived from that kind of association. I may have evaded the payment of duties to the custom

house, but I have never ceased to be a good citizen; and all the offenses I have committed I was forced to by certain vices in our laws. In short, sir, I make you the depository of the secret on which perhaps depends the tranquillity of our country; please to make such use of it as your judgment may direct. I might expatiate on this proof of patriotism, but I let the fact speak for itself. I presume, however, to hope that such proceedings may obtain amelioration of the situation of my unhappy brother, with which view I recommend him particularly to your influence. It is in the bosom of a just man, of a true American, endowed with all other qualities that are honored in society, that I think I am depositing the interests of our common country, and what particularly concerns myself.

"Our enemies have endeavored to work on me by a motive which few men would have resisted. They represented to me a brother in irons—a brother who is to me very dear! whose deliverer I might become, and I declined the proposal. Well persuaded of his innocence, I am free from apprehension as to the issue of a trial; but he is sick, and not in a place where he can receive the attention his state requires. I recommend him to you in the name of humanity."

His letter to Governor Claiborne was in a higher strain:

"In the firm persuasion that the choice made of you to fill the office of first magistrate of this State was dictated by the esteem of your fellow-citizens, and was conferred on merit, I confidently address you on an affair on which may depend the safety of this country.

"I offer to you to restore to this State several citizens, who perhaps in your eyes have lost that sacred title. I offer you them, however, such as you could wish to find them, ready to exert their utmost efforts in defense of the country. This point of Louisiana which I occupy is of great importance in the present crisis. I tender my services to defend it; and the only reward I ask is that a stop be put to the proscription against me and my adherents, by an act of oblivion for all that has been done hitherto. I am the stray sheep wishing to return to the sheepfold. If you were thoroughly acquainted with the nature of my offenses I should appear to you much less guilty, and still worthy to discharge the duties of a good citizen. I have never sailed under any flag but that of the republic of Carthagena, and my vessels are perfectly regular in that respect. If I could have brought my lawful prizes into the ports of this State I should not have employed the illicit means that have caused me to be proscribed. I decline saying more on the subject until I have the honor of your excellency's answer, which I am persuaded can be dictated only by wisdom. Should your answer not be favorable to my ardent desires, I declare to you that I will instantly leave the country, to avoid the imputation of having coöp-

erated toward an invasion on this point which can not fail to take place, and to rest secure in the acquittal of my own conscience."

Upon the reception of these letters Governor Claiborne called a council of officers of the army, navy, and militia, and laid the documents before them, with the requisite explanations. The letters, which gave those sapient counselors the first definite and reliable information of the impending invasion, produced an effect as different as possible from that which Lafitte had anticipated. Governor Claiborne asked their opinion on two points:

First. Are the letters genuine?

Secondly. Is it fit that the Governor of Louisiana should hold intercourse with the Lafittes and their associates?

Full of the scheme then on foot for breaking up the establishment at Barrataria, and not inclined to lose an adventure that was sure to be pleasant, and might be profitable, the council concluded that the letters were *forged;* that Lafitte's story was an invention, and the whole a plan to deliver Dominique from captivity, and avert the threatened attack upon Barrataria. Governor Claiborne did not coincide in this opinion, nor did General Vileré of the militia; but it prevailed. And thus it was that the only effect, so far as the authorities at New Orleans were concerned, of Jean's honorable and patriotic conduct, was to hasten the departure of Commodore Patterson's expedition! No, not the *only* effect; for Governor Claiborne took the precaution to send copies of the letters and papers to General Jackson.

Jean Lafitte, meanwhile, little foreseeing the result of his zealous endeavors, continued to give proof upon proof of his attachment to the United States, and of his strong desire to atone for the past. A few days after Captain Lockyer's departure, an anonymous letter from Havana fell into the hands of Lafitte, which confirmed Lockyer's statements in every particular, and called on all Americans residing on the Gulf to prepare for an overwhelming invasion. This letter was promptly

forwarded to New Orleans. On the 10th of September, Pierre Lafitte, the eldest of the three brothers, who had been absent during Lockyer's visit, returned to Barrataria. He, too, wrote to Governor Claiborne, approving all that his brother had done "under such difficult circumstances," and declaring that he was "fully determined to follow the plan that may reconcile us with the government."

All in vain. On the 11th of September, Commodore Patterson sailed for Barrataria, which he reached on the 16th, and answered the letters of Jean and Pierre Lafitte by seizing nine of their vessels, taking prisoners many of their men, and destroying their establishment. The Lafittes escaped, but Barrataria was no more. Punctually, on the fifteenth day, Captain Lockyer returned, and thundered with his signal guns, at intervals, for forty-eight hours. But no boat answered his summons. Concluding that Lafitte had played him false, and fearing to fall into a trap if he sent a boat to reconnoiter, he sailed away—soon to reappear in those waters, and play a gallant part in the tragic drama about to open.

Fortunately, the communications of the Lafittes, and the papers which accompanied them, were soon made public in New Orleans. They made an impression upon the popular mind very different from that which they had produced upon the official understanding. Edward Livingston, the master spirit of the American population, knew the Lafittes too well to adopt the *ruse* theory for a moment; and, through his influence chiefly, the efforts of the privateer chiefs were turned to account in rousing the people of Louisiana to a sense of their danger and of their duty.

CHAPTER LV.

GENERAL JACKSON HAS AN EYE ON FLORIDA.

It may have surprised the reader that a commander so remarkable for celerity of movement as General Jackson should have lingered a whole month at the junction of the Coosa and Tallapoosa, concluding a treaty with the Creeks. But that was by no means his principal employment there, as shall now be shown.

All that summer he had had a watchful, and frequently a wrathful eye on Florida. That the flying Red Sticks should have been afforded a refuge in that province, first moved him to anger; for it was the nature of Andrew Jackson to *finish* whatever he undertook. He went, as Colonel Benton often remarked, for "a clean victory or a clean defeat." As long as there was, anywhere on earth, *one* Creek maintaining an attitude of hostility against the United States, he felt his work incomplete, and regarded any man, or governor, as an enemy who gave that solitary warrior aid and comfort. Being a man with less of the spirit of the Circumlocution Office in him than any other individual then extant; a man, in fact, with not a shred of red tape in his composition, the impulse of his mind was to march straight into the heart of Florida, and extinguish the hostile remnant of the Creeks without more ado That, however, was a measure of which he was not ready to assume the whole responsibility yet.

Even on his way from the Hermitage to Fort Jackson, a rumor reached his ears that a British vessel was at Appalachicola, landing arms for distribution among the Indians. His first act, therefore, on arriving at the treaty ground, was to select, by the aid of Colonel Hawkins, some trustworthy Indians to send to Appalachicola, to ascertain what was going on there. Before they returned, a piece of very tangible evidence of the truth of the rumor reached him in

the form of a new musket, of English manufacture, which had been given to a Creek of the peace party by a friend of his at Appalachicola, only a week before. We can imagine the feelings and the manner of Jackson as he handled, examined, and descanted upon this shining weapon. The owner of the musket, upon being questioned, stated that a party of British troops *were* at Appalachicola, giving out arms and ammunition to all of the hostile Indians that applied for them.

Then it was that Jackson began dimly to foresee the work he was destined to do in the South-west. He wrote instantly to Governor Claiborne. "This morning," wrote he to the governor, (July 21st,) "I was presented with a new British musket, given to a friendly Indian by those at Appalachicola bay. Information has been received by this fellow tending to confirm the rumor of a considerable force having landed there with a large quantity of arms and other munitions of war, and with intentions to strike a decisive blow against the lower country. Mobile and Orleans are of such importance as to hold out strong inducements to them. At such a crisis, I must look to the constitutional authorities of the State of Louisiana for such support as will be effective in any emergency, and I trust this support will be afforded with promptitude whenever required."

Governor Claiborne, after receiving this letter, issued a long address to the militia of Louisiana, ordering them to be in readiness for active service, but expressing *utter incredulity* as to the designs of the British upon Louisiana. The project of wrestling Louisiana from the United States, he said, was too "chimerical" to have been "seriously contemplated." "That the bare rumor of such a design," he added, "should awaken *some* anxiety, is cause of no surprise."

In fifteen days the friendly Indians returned to Fort Jackson, confirming the testimony of the new musket and its proprietor. Soon came rumors that a large force of British were expected at Pensacola, and, at length, positive information of the landing of Colonel Nichols, of the welcome he had re-

ceived from the Spanish governor, and of his extraordinary proceedings.

Florida delenda est was thenceforth the burthen of General Jackson's secret thoughts, communicated only to two or three of his most confidential officers. *Florida delenda est* was the burthen of his letters to the Secretary of War. "If the hostile Creeks," he wrote to the Secretary, "have taken refuge in Florida, and are there fed, clothed, and protected; if the British have landed a large force, munitions of war, and are fortifying and stirring up the savages; will you only say to me, raise a few hundred militia, which can be quickly done, and with such regular force as can be conveniently collected, make a descent upon Pensacola, and reduce it? If so, I promise you the war in the South shall have a speedy termination, and English influence be for ever destroyed with the savages in this quarter."

The answer of Secretary Armstrong to this letter, whether from accident or design will never be known, was *six months* on its way from Washington to the hands of General Jackson. It reached him at New Orleans, when the campaign and the war were over. It gave him all the authority he desired. "The case you put," wrote the Secretary of War, "is a very strong one; and if all the circumstances stated by you unite, the conclusion is irresistible. It becomes our duty to carry our arms where we find our enemies. It is believed, and I am so directed by the President to say, that there is a disposition on the part of the Spanish government, not to break with the United States, nor to encourage any conduct on the part of her subordinate agents having a tendency to such rupture. We must, therefore, in this case, be careful to ascertain facts, and even to distinguish what, on the part of the Spanish authorities, may be the effect of menace and compulsion, or of their choice and policy; the result of this inquiry must govern. If they admit, feed, arm, and coöperate with the British and hostile Indians, we must strike on the broad principle of self-preservation; under other and different circumstances we must forbear."

What more could Jackson have wished? "If this letter," he would say in after years, "or any hint that such a course would have been even winked at by the government, had been received, it would have been in my power to have captured the British shipping in the bay. I would have marched at once against Barrancas, and carried it, and thus prevented any escape; but, acting on my own responsibility against a neutral power, it became essential for me to proceed with more caution than my judgment or wishes approved, and consequently important advantages were lost, which might have been secured."*

Left thus to act without instructions, Jackson resorted to the expedient which he always adopted when he was powerless to do any thing else; he *wrote* to Maurequez, the Governor of Pensacola. He told the governor what he had heard of the proceedings at Appalachicola and Pensacola; asked him why the enemies of the United States were aided and protected in a territory claimed to be neutral in the war, and friendly to the United States; requested him to state whether the facts were as he had represented them; and, finally, demanded the surrender of such of the hostile Creek chiefs as were at Pensacola.

The governor's answer, written with the hauteur of a grandee, evaded these direct questions. The governor said he would feed, clothe and protect *his* Indians, without considering the wishes of General Jackson, who would shortly hear more from him. This letter exasperated the General nearly to the fighting point; but it was one of the many contradictory peculiarities of that most irascible of men, never to *indulge* his anger till he could make it coöperate with his prudence—till he could insure it victory. He wrote again to the lofty governor, repeating his demands more peremptorily, and arguing the case more at length. This letter he intrusted to Captain Gordon, the famous and eccentric spy captain of the Creek war, who was empowered to converse with the gov-

* Eaton.

ernor, and directed to obtain from him, if possible, some explicit information as to his designs.

Captain Gordon proceeded alone to Pensacola, where he saw the British fleet in the harbor, the British flag floating from the fort, Colonel Nichols quartered with the governor, Captain Woodbine drilling his ridiculous regiment of Indians in the public square, and Governor Maurequez on the most cordial footing with his new friends. The latter potentate was at first inclined to dismiss Captain Gordon without deigning any reply; but, after detaining the ambassador for some days, he concluded to bestow upon the impertinent and peremptory General Jackson an epistle that should finally quench him.

As to the Creek chiefs, said the Governor, whom General Jackson demanded, they were not then with him, and, therefore, he could not give them up. Nor could he, without violating the laws of common hospitality, have refused them aid in their distress. Their surrender, he believed, would be in open violation of the law of nations, to which the King of Spain had always strictly adhered; of which he had given the United States a recent and conspicuous proof, in not demanding the surrender of the traitors, insurgents, incendiaries and assassins, whom the American government had countenanced in fomenting revolutions and lighting the flames of discord in the Spanish provinces. The governor, moreover, protested against the recent cession of the Creek territory on the Alabama, as an act done without the concurrence of the tribe. With regard to the presence of British forces in Florida, was not General Jackson aware that there existed a treaty between England and the Creek nation, as well as one between Spain and the Creeks? "But," added the governor, "turn your eyes to the island of Barrataria, and you will there perceive that within the very territory of the United States, pirates are sheltered and protected, with the manifest design of committing hostilities by sea, upon the merchant vessels of Spain; and with such scandalous notoriety, that the cargoes of our vessels taken by them have been publicly sold in Loui-

siana." The governor concluded by remarking upon General Jackson's last letter, which, he intimated, was not couched in the polite and respectful terms that should alone be employed in correspondence between officers of friendly governments.

This letter needed no reply in words; but the writing of a reply furnished an opportunity of airing his antipathy to Spanish governors, which General Jackson could not neglect. If there was any subject upon which he *could* write with point and force, it was one which he was wont to sum up in the favorite and comprehensive phrase, "Spanish treachery." His answer to Maurequez, on this occasion is too characteristic of the man to be omitted or abbreviated.

"Were I clothed," he began, "with diplomatic powers, for the purpose of discussing the topics embraced in the wide range of injuries of which you complain, and which have long since been adjusted, I could easily demonstrate that the United States have been always faithful to their treaties; steadfast in their friendships; nor have ever claimed any thing that was not warranted by justice. They have endured many insults from the governors and other officers of Spain, which, if sanctioned by their sovereign, amounted to acts of war, without any previous declaration on the subject. They have excited the savages to war, and afforded them the means of waging it. The property of our citizens has been captured at sea, and if compensation has not been refused, it has at least been withheld. But as no such powers have been delegated to me, I shall not assume them, but leave them to the representatives of our respective governments.

"I have the honor of being intrusted with the command of this district. Charged with its protection, and the safety of its citizens, I feel my ability to discharge the task, and trust your excellency will always find me ready and willing to go forward in the performance of that duty, whenever circumstances shall render it necessary. I agree with you, perfectly, that candor and polite language should, at all times, characterize the communications between the officers of friendly sovereignties; and I assert, without the fear of con-

tradiction, that my former letters were couched in terms the most respectful and unexceptionable. I only *requested*, and did not *demand*, as you asserted, the ringleaders of the Creek confederacy, who had taken refuge in your town, and who had violated all laws, moral, civil, and divine. This I had a right to do, from the treaty which I sent you, and which I now again inclose, with a request that you will change your translation; believing, as I do, that your former one was wrong, and has deceived you.

"What kind of an answer you returned, a reference to your letter will explain. The whole of it breathes nothing but hostility, grounded upon assumed facts, and false charges, and entirely evading the inquiries that had been made.

"I can but express my astonishment at your protest against the cession on the Alabama, lying within the acknowledged jurisdiction of the United States, and which has been ratified, in due form, by the principal chiefs and warriors of the nation. But my astonishment subsides, when, on comparing it, I find it upon a par with the rest of your letter and conduct; taken together, they afford a sufficient justification for any consequences that may ensue. My government will protect every inch of her territory, her citizens, and her property, from insult and depredation, regardless of the political revolutions of Europe; and although she has been at all times sedulous to preserve a good understanding with all the world, yet she has sacred rights that can not be trampled upon with impunity. Spain had better look to her own intestine commotions, before she walks forth in that majesty of strength and power which you threaten to draw down upon the United States. Your excellency has been candid enough to admit your having supplied the Indians with arms. In addition to this, I have learned that a British flag has been seen flying on one of your forts. All this is done whilst you are pretending to be neutral.

"You can not be surprised, then, but on the contrary will provide a fort in your town, for my soldiers and Indians, should I take it in my head to pay you a visit.

"In future, I beg you to withhold your insulting charges against my government, for one more inclined to listen to slander than I am; nor consider me any more as a diplomatic character, unless so proclaimed to you from the mouths of my cannon."

Thus ended the epistolary part of the intercourse between General Jackson and Governor Maurequez. When next they took counsel together, there was no occasion for writing materials.

The Secretary of War was promptly advised of all these events. Jackson's letters to that functionary are curious from their total want of the official character. He lectured the Secretary; he remonstrated with him; he almost *implored* him to sanction what the crisis required. On the present occasion, for example, he held language like this:—"How long will the United States pocket the reproach and open insults of Spain? It is alone by a manly and dignified course that we can secure respect from other nations, and peace to our own. Temporizing policy is not only a disgrace, but a curse to any nation. It is a fact that a British captain of marines is and has for some time past been engaged in drilling and organizing the fugitive Creeks, under the eye of the governor; endeavoring, by his influence and presents, to draw to his standard as well the peaceable as the hostile Indians. If permission had been given me to march against this place twenty days ago, I would, ere this, have planted there the *American eagle;* now, we must trust alone to our valor, and to the justice of our cause."

It required six or seven weeks at that time for an express to travel from Fort Jackson to Washington and return with an answer. Before six or seven weeks rolled by after the dispatch of the letter just quoted, what events had transpired!

Colonel Nichols, taking no precautions whatever to conceal his designs, but rather courting publicity, General Jackson was kept well informed of what was transpiring in Florida. Early in September it was noised about in Pensacola, and

soon reported to General Jackson, that Colonel Nichols had hostile designs upon Mobile. The General's mind, from that moment, was made up. He would dally no longer with a Secretary of War a month distant; he would take the responsibility; he would fight the southern campaign himself, as best he could, orders or no orders. Already he had written to the governors of Tennessee, Louisiana, and Mississippi, urging them to complete the organization of their militia; "for," said he, "there is no telling when or where the spoiler may come." "Dark and heavy clouds," he said in another letter, "hover around us. The energy and patriotism of the citizens of your States must dispel them. Our rights, our liberties, and free Constitution, are threatened. This noble patrimony of our fathers must be defended with the best blood of our country: to do this, you must hasten to carry into effect the requisition of the Secretary of War, and call forth your troops without delay."

On the 9th of September, Colonel Butler, Jackson's adjutant general, who had been sent to Tennessee to hasten the organization of the new levies in that State, received the welcome order from Jackson to call out the troops, and march them, with all dispatch, southward toward Mobile. The call was obeyed with far greater alacrity than that of the last year, when the massacre of Fort Mims was to be avenged. General Coffee was promptly in the field once more. Such was the eagerness of the Tennesseeans to share a campaign with General Jackson, that considerable sums, ranging from thirty to eighty dollars, were paid for the privilege of being substitutes for those who could not go. On the appointed day, two thousand men appeared at the rendezvous, well armed and equipped, ready to march with General Coffee, four hundred miles, to the scene of expected combat. At the same time a small body of recruits for the regular army set out from Nashville toward Mobile. Colonel Butler, as soon as he had completed his business in Tennessee, hurried forward to conduct to the same place the forces stationed at the posts which had been established during the late Creek war.

There was no lingering on the way. By swift marches, from various points, the whole available force of Tennessee was pouring southward, through the wilds of Alabama, past the Creek battle fields, and along the familiar rivers that spoke of Jackson and of victory. The troops left Tennessee about the 1st of October. The hot season was gone by; the sickly days of early autumn were nearly over; the weather was beginning to be as bracing as it was pleasant; and the later rains had not yet flooded the streams and softened the soil. Flushed with expectation, confident in themselves, their leader and their cause, the men made a merry tramp of it down through the Creek wilderness, and a merrier camping out when the day's march was done. All this marching and careless merriment was made possible through the completeness of General Jackson's subjugation of the Creeks. The Creek country was as safe to the white man then as the lawn of the Hermitage. Jackson first opened the road; then he used it.

CHAPTER LVI.

COLONEL NICHOLS AND CAPTAIN PERCY VISIT MOBILE POINT.

Mobile, that is now a city of thirty thousand inhabitants, and boasts a daily export of two thousand bales of cotton, yielding the precedence among the cotton marts of the world only to its great neighbor, New Orleans, was an insignificant village of a hundred and fifty houses when Jackson arrived there to defend it in the latter part of August, 1814. Like Pensacola, it derived whatever importance it had from the bay at the head of which it was situated, and the great river system of which that bay is the outlet.

The coast of the Gulf of Mexico is curiously adapted by nature for the purposes of defense. Broad, lake-like bays

protect some parts of the coast by their shallowness. The bays into which the rivers flow have a general resemblance to the bay of Mobile, which runs up thirty miles inland, and has an average breadth of twelve miles. A cluster of small, low islands lie off the entrance to this fine sheet of water, and a long strip of an island slants across the entrance, serving as a breakwater to the mighty billows of the Gulf, and rendering the bay at once safe, easily defended, and difficult of access. A long, low, sandy peninsula reaches out from the mainland toward this island, and terminates in Mobile Point, close to which runs the narrow channel, and the only channel by which vessels of any magnitude can enter the bay. Place twenty well-served and well-protected pieces of cannon upon Mobile Point, and you are master of a hundred miles of Gulf coast, of Mobile, and of all that fertile region watered by the great rivers that unite to flow into Mobile Bay. It was as lonely, silent and desolate a shore, down there at the mouth of the bay, as ever disheartened an invading host.

When General Jackson reached Mobile, he found it little better prepared for defense against any but an Indian foe than if war were unknown to the civilized part of mankind. There were some block houses and stockades in the town, but no structure that could resist artillery. Nor indeed was there need of any; for the place was to be defended or lost at Mobile Point, thirty miles down the bay. If Colonel Nichols and Captain Percy had touched at the Point on their way to Pensacola, and landed two hundred men there, they would have given General Jackson much more trouble than they did. There was nothing to hinder their doing so at the time.

To Mobile Point Jackson repaired soon after his arrival at Mobile. There he found the remains of that fortification which will be known to posterity as Fort Bowyer, though the name has since been most unpatriotically and immorally changed to Fort Morgan. Incomplete, and yet falling into ruin, without a bombproof, and mounting but two twenty-four pounders, six twelves, and twelve smaller pieces, it was

plain that Fort Bowyer was Mobile's chance of safety. It had been untenanted for a year or more, and contained nothing of the means of defense except cannons and cannon balls. For the information of unprofessional readers, it is enough to say that the fort was a semicircular structure, with such additional outworks as were necessary to enable it to command the all-important channel, the peninsula and the open sea. It was surrounded by a ditch twenty feet wide. Its weak point was similar to that by which Fort Ticonderoga was once taken: it was overlooked by some tall hillocks of sand within cannon range.*

Into this fort General Jackson, with all haste, threw a garrison of one hundred and sixty men, commanded by Major Lawrence of the second regiment of United States infantry, as gallant a spirit as ever stood to his country's defense. A

* For the convenience of professional readers, a professional description of Fort Bowyer is appended, taken from "Latour's Historical Memoir of the War." Latour was an engineer, and did good service in this campaign:—

"Fort Bowyer is a redoubt formed on the sea side by a semicircular battery of four hundred feet in development, flanked with two curtains sixty feet in length, and joined to a bastion whose capital line passes through the center of the circular battery. This bastion has but thirty-five feet in its gorge, with two flanks, each capable of receiving but one piece of artillery, and fifty feet in length on its front and rear aspects.

"Its interior dimensions are one hundred and eighty feet in length from the summit of the bastion to the parapet of the circular battery, and two hundred feet for the length of the cord of the arc described by the battery. The receding angles formed by the curtains with the flanks of the bastion and those of the battery, considerably diminish the dimensions of this fort, the superfices of which may be estimated at twenty-two thousand feet.

"The circular parts and the flanks which join it to the curtains, have a parapet fifteen feet thick at the summit, and in all the rest of the perimeter of the fort, the parapet does not exceed the thickness of three feet above the platforms; a fosse twenty feet wide surrounds the fort, and a very insufficient glacis without a covered way completes the fortification. The interior front of the parapet is formed of pine, a resinous wood which a single shell would be sufficient to set on fire. The fort is destitute of casemates (the only shelter from bombs) even for the sick, the ammunition or provisions. To these inconveniences may be added the bad situation of the fort, commanded by several mounds of sand, as above described, at a distance of from two to three hundred yards. On the summit of these mounds, it would be very easy to mount pieces of artillery, whose slanting fire would command the inside of the fort."

large proportion of the little garrison were totally ignorant of gunnery, and had to learn the art by practicing it in fighting the enemy. The first twelve days in September were employed by them in repairing the essential parts of the fortification, while General Jackson was busy on shore dispatching provisions and ammunition, and counting over and over again the days that must elapse before he could reasonably expect the arrival of reinforcements.

No signs of an enemy appeared till the morning of the 12th of September, when an out-sentinel came running in with the report that a body of British marines and Indians had landed on the peninsula, within a few miles of the fort. Colonel Nichols, it afterwards appeared, was the commander of this detachment, which consisted, according to American writers, of one hundred and thirty marines and six hundred Indians; according to James, the English historian, of sixty marines and one hundred and twenty Indians. Captain Woodbine commanded the Indian part of this force. Toward evening of the same day four British vessels of war hove in sight, and came to anchor near the coast, six miles from the Point. These proved to be the Hermes, Captain Percy, twenty-two guns; the Sophia, in command of our acquaintance, Captain Lockyer, eighteen guns; the Carron, twenty guns; and the Childers, eighteen guns; the whole under the command of Captain Percy.

Night fell upon the fleet, the land force, and the anxious garrison, without any movement having been attempted on either side. The garrison slept upon their arms, every man at his post.

The next day a reconnoitering party approached within three quarters of a mile and then retired. A little after noon Colonel Nichols drew a howitzer, the only one he had with him, behind a mound seven hundred yards from the fort. He fired three shells and a cannon ball, which splintered a piece of timber that crowned part of the rampart, but did no other damage. The garrison, without being able to see the enemy, fired a few shots in the direction of the

mound. Under cover of other sand-hills, Nichols then withdrew his party to a point a mile and a half distant, where he appeared to be throwing up a breastwork. Three well-aimed shots from the fort again dispersed the party, and drove them beyond range, within which they did not return that day. Later in the afternoon several small boats put off from the ships, and attempted to sound the channel near Mobile Point. A few discharges of ball and grape drove them off also, and they returned to the ships. Night again closed in upon the scene, and the garrison again went to sleep upon their arms, encouraged and confident.

As soon as it was light enough to discern distant objects on the following morning, the enemy were seen at the same place, still engaged, as it seemed, in throwing up works, the ships remaining at their former anchorage. As the morning wore away without any further movement, Major Lawrence concluding that the enemy designed to take the fort by regular approaches, thought it most prudent to send an express to General Jackson, informing him of the enemy's arrival, and asking a reinforcement. It so chanced that Jackson had set out on that very morning to visit the fort, and had sailed to within a few miles of it when he met the boat bearing Major Lawrence's messenger. Back to Mobile he hurried, his bargemen straining every nerve. He reached the town late at night, where he instantly mustered a body of eighty men, under the command of Captain Laval, hurried them on board a small brig, and saw them off toward Mobile Point before he left the shore. At the fort the whole day passed in inaction. Night came on apace, and once more the beleaguered garrison lay upon their arms, wondering what the morrow would bring forth.

Day dawned upon the 15th of September. Straining eyes from the summit of the fort sought to penetrate the morning mist. Gradually the low, dark line of the enemy's bivouac, and then the dim outline of the more distant ships became visible. There they were, unchanged from the day before. Are we to have another day, then, of puzzle and inactivity?

As the morning cleared it was observed that there was an unwonted stir and movement among the enemy. There was a marching hither and thither upon the peninsula ; boats were passing and repassing between the shore and the ships ; and all those nameless indications were noticed which announce that something absorbing and decisive is on foot. There is a magnetism in the very air on such occasions which conveys an intimation of coming events to the high-strained nerves of belligerent men. Still, hour after hour passed on, and the ships lay at anchor, and the busy troops upon the shore made no advance.

An hour before noon the wind, which had been fresh, fell to a light breeze, favorable for a movement of the squadron. The ships now weighed anchor, and stood out to sea ; the little garrison looking out over the ramparts and through the port-holes with an interest that no human being, who has never taken part in such a scene, can begin to imagine. For nearly three hours the ships beat up against the light wind, away from the fort, till they were hull-down in the blue Gulf. Have they given it up, then, without a trial ? At two o'clock in the afternoon they were observed to tack, get before the wind, and bear down toward the fort in line of battle, the Hermes leading. The suspense was over. They were going to attack ! In two hours they will be upon us !

Then Major Lawrence, in the true spirit of a classical hero, called his officers together to concert the requisite measures. "DON'T GIVE UP THE FORT," was adopted as the signal for the day, and it did but express the unanimous feeling of the garrison. The officers, while agreeing to defend the fort as long as it was tenable, defined, also, the terms upon which alone the survivors should surrender. These were the words of their resolution, deliberately concluded upon while the fleet was approaching, and the force on the peninsula was preparing for simultaneous attack :—

"That in case of being, by imperious necessity, compelled to surrender (which could only happen in the last extremity, on the ramparts being entirely battered down, and the gar-

rison almost wholly destroyed, so that any further resistance would be evidently useless), no capitulation should be agreed on, unless it had for its fundamental article that the officers and privates should retain their arms and their private property, and that on no pretext should the Indians be suffered to commit any outrage on their persons or property; and unless full assurance were given them that they would be treated as prisoners of war, according to the custom established among civilized nations."*

The officers ratified this resolution by an oath, each man solemnly swearing to abide by it in any and every extremity. Now, every man to his post, and Don't give up the Fort!

At four o'clock the Hermes came within reach of the fort's great guns. A few shots were exchanged with little effect. One by one the other vessels came up and gave the garrison some practice at long range; but no great harm was done them. At half past four Captain Percy, like the gallant sailor that he was, ran the Hermes right into the narrow channel that leads into the bay, dropped anchor within musket shot of the fort, and turned his broadside to its guns. The other vessels followed his brave example, and anchored in the channel, one behind the other, all within reach of the long guns of the fort, though considerably more distant from them than the Hermes.

Then arose a thundering cannonade. Broadside after broadside from the ships; the fort replying by a steady, quick fire, that was better and better directed as the fight went on. Meanwhile Captain Woodbine, from behind a bluff in the shore, opened fire from his howitzer; but a few shots from the fort's south battery silenced him, and compelled him, for a time, to keep his distance.

For an hour the firing continued on both sides without a moment's pause; the fleet and the fort enveloped in huge volumes of smoke, lighted up by the incessant flash of the

* Eaton.

guns. At half past five, the halliards of the Hermes' flag were severed by a shot, and the flag fell into the hell of fire and smoke below. Major Lawrence, thinking it possible the ship might have surrendered, ceased his fire. A silence of five minutes succeeded the dreadful roar ; at the expiration of which a new flag fluttered up to the mast-head of the commodore's ship, and the Sophia that lay next her renewed the strife by firing a whole broadside at once. In the interval, every gun in the fort had been loaded, and the broadside was returned with a salvo that shook the earth. A most furious firing succeeded, and continued for some time longer without any important mishap occurring on either side.

At length, a shot from the fort, a lucky shot indeed for the little garrison, cut the cable of the Hermes ! The current of the channel in which she lay caught her heavy stern, and turned her bow-foremost to the fort, where she lay for twenty minutes raked from bow to stern by a terrible fire. At this time it was that the flag-staff of the fort was shot away. The ships, it is to be presumed, either because they did not perceive the absence of the flag, or because they knew the cause of its absence, redoubled their firing at the moment ; while Captain Woodbine and his whooping savages, supposing the fort had surrendered, ran up to seize their prey. A few discharges of grape drove the Indians howling back behind the hillocks out of sight, and another flag, fastened hastily to a sponging rod, was raised above the ramparts.

The Hermes, totally unmanagable, her decks swept of every man and every thing, drifted slowly along with the current for half a mile, and then ran aground. Still exposed to the fire, and damaged in every part by the hail of shot she had received, it was impossible either to save or fight her. Captain Percy, therefore, got out his wounded men, transferred them to the Sophia, set his ship on fire, and abandoned her to her fate. Then the Sophia, which was also severely crippled, contrived with difficulty to get out of range. The two other vessels, which were not seriously harmed, hoisted sail, and departed to their old anchorage off the coast. The

fort guns continued to play upon the Hermes till dark, when the fire burst through her hatches, and lighted up the scene with more than the brilliancy of day. At eleven o'clock she blew up with an explosion that was heard by General Jackson at Mobile, thirty miles distant.

When the next day dawned, Nichols, Woodbine, marines, Indians, had vanished from the peninsula. The three vessels were still in sight, but early in the afternoon they weighed anchor, stood to sea, and were seen no more.

Then the heroic little garrison came forth exulting from their battered walls, surveyed the scene of the late encounter, and reckoned up their victory. Four of their number lay dead within the fort. Four others were wounded in the battle. Six men had been injured by the bursting of some cartridges. Both of the great twenty-four pounders were cracked beyond using. Two guns had been knocked off their carriages; one had burst, one had been broken short off by a thirty-two pound ball. The walls of the fort showed the holes and marks of three hundred balls, and the ground about the fort was plowed into ridges. Though but twelve pieces had been brought to bear upon the fleet, the stock of cannon balls had been diminished by seven hundred. The wreck of the gallant Hermes lay near by, her guns visible in the clear water of the channel.

The garrison were ignorant, as yet, of the name, the force, and the loss of the enemy. They knew not whence they had came, whither they were gone, nor how soon they might return in greater numbers to renew the attack. In the course of the day, two marines, deserters from the party under Colonel Nichols came in, and gave the eager garrison all the information they desired. They reported the British loss at one hundred and sixty-two killed and seventy wounded. This was an exaggeration. The real loss of the English, as officially given by themselves, was thirty-two killed and forty wounded. Among the wounded was Colonel Nichols himself, who lost an eye in one of his reconnoiterings. The deserters stated that the ships had returned to Pensacola, leaving the marines

and Indians to march back to the same place as best they could.

But where was the brig with Captain Laval's eighty men, whom General Jackson had sent to reinforce Fort Bowyer? The adventures of that vessel were remarkable, almost to the degree of being ludicrous.

Arriving in the vicinity of the fort as the battle was beginning, and unable to land his men in such a storm of cannon balls as soon swept the peninsula, Captain Laval withdrew his vessel to a sheltered part of the shore, a few miles distant, intending to wait till the darkness of the night should enable him to land and march in. Unluckily, he withdrew to too remote a place for him to comprehend the issue of the strife. Night came, but not darkness. The conflagration that illumined the scene of contest Captain Laval concluded must be the burning of the resinous pine timbers that formed part of the fortifications. And when the great explosion occurred, lifting the little brig half out of water, nothing was more natural than for him to suppose that the *fort* had blown up, and that the garrison was taken or destroyed. Regarding the capture of the brig as inevitable if he remained where he was till daylight, Laval hoisted sail, and made a swift voyage of it back to Mobile and General Jackson.

A day of more agonizing anxiety Jackson never passed than the 15th of September, 1814. Compelled to remain inactive, knowing well the importance to the campaign of the result of that day's work, aware of the enemy's superior force, and of the garrison's inexperience, he paced the shore of Mobile Bay, not without fear that the next news from the Point would loom up from the horizon in the form of a British fleet in full sail toward the town. The dull thunder of the explosion only told him that *something* had occurred at the mouth of the bay. On the morning of the 16th the brig hove in sight, and Laval's crushing intelligence was soon reported to the General. At first, he would not believe it. He declared that the explosion had come from the water, not the shore. Yielding, at length, to the united force of strong probability

and positive testimony, he resolved, on the instant, to retake Mobile Point at every hazard. Retaken it must be, or the campaign was lost; retaken it must be, or the Creek war had been fought in vain; retaken it must be, or the arrogant boasting of a Maurequez was made good. The requisite orders were issued; the troops were mustering. And it was in the midst of preparation for speedy departure down the peninsula that an express arrived from Major Lawrence with the glorious truth of yesterday's events, thrilling every heart in Mobile, and sending the troops rejoicing back to their quarters.

Well might the General exult at this well-timed, auspicious victory. There was now an inspiring piece of news to greet and rouse each detachment of his Tennesseeans as they should arrive. The General knew enough of the fickle Indian character to be sure that the prestige of the British name among the Creeks could not survive such an unexpected and signal defeat. What a fortunate beginning of his career under his new commission! And what an abundant justification he *now* had for the dashing movement he secretly contemplated! Every circumstance of the action combined to make his satisfaction with it perfect. The deserters, whom Major Lawrence had sent with the express, reported that Captain Percy had said he would give the fort twenty minutes to capitulate; and now his own ship lay a wreck under that fort's guns, while the stars and stripes waved above the ramparts from that immortal sponging-rod! What did Maurequez *now* think of his new allies, as they crept back into the harbor of Pensacola, the flag-ship missing, the Sophia damaged, Nichols without an eye, and Percy without a ship? It added something, perhaps, to the zest of Jackson's delight that two of the British naval commanders were the sons of British peers; Captain Percy the son of Lord Beverly, and Captain Spencer the son of Earl Spencer.

A warm and generous dispatch the General wrote the next morning to the Secretary of War. "The result of this engagement," he said in conclusion, "has stamped a charac-

ter on the war in this quarter highly favorable to the American arms; it is an event from which may be drawn the most favorable augury. An achievement so glorious in itself, and so important in its consequences, should be appreciated by the government; and those concerned are entitled to, and will doubtless receive, the most gratifying evidence of the approbation of their countrymen. In the words of Major Lawrence, 'Where all behaved well, it is unnecessary to discriminate.' But all being meritorious, I beg leave to annex the names of the officers who were engaged and present, and hope they will individually be deemed worthy of distinction. Major William Lawrence, second infantry, commanding; Captain Walsh of the artillery; Captains Chamberlain, Brownlow, and Bradley, of the second infantry; Captain Sands, deputy commissary of ordnance; Lieutenants Villard, Sturges, Conway, H. Sanders, T. R. Sanders, Brooks, Davis, and C. Sanders, all of the second infantry. I am confident that your own feelings will lead you to participate in my wishes on the subject. Permit me to suggest the propriety and justice of allowing to this gallant band the value of the vessel destroyed by them."

The defense of Fort Bowyer produced the effect upon the minds of the people of the Gulf States which might have been expected. It gave them *confidence* in themselves and in their means of defense. When the news reached New Orleans, the Committee of Public Defense, of which Edward Livingston was the chairman and animating soul, voted a saber to Major Lawrence, and thanks to his brave companions in victory.*

* A trifling incident connected with the attack on Fort Bowyer, related by Nolte, in his "Fifty Years in both Hemispheres," may serve to illustrate the time and scene. Nolte was then a cotton speculator of New Orleans. He was the owner, as will be seen by and by, of those immortal cotton bales which did *not* compose part of the "lines" on the day of a certain great battle.

"At Pensacola," says Nolte, "Louisiana cotton could not be procured by the English for less than from twenty-two to twenty-four cents per pound, while in New Orleans it cost only half that rate. Intercourse was then carried on between the country bordering the lakes, and even between New Orleans and Pensacola, by means of small craft, counting from ten to fifteen tons, which conveyed

A few days after the affair of Fort Bowyer, General Jackson received from New Orleans the account of Captain Lockyer's interview with Jean Lafitte, and a copy of Colonel Nichols' proclamation. The feelings which the latter document kindled in his already excited mind may be inferred from a counter-proclamation which he promptly issued, and sent flying over the southern States. September 21st was the date of this fiery composition :—

"LOUISIANIANS—The base, the perfidious Britons have attempted to invade your country. They had the temerity to attack Fort Bowyer with their incongruous horde of Indian and negro assassins. They seemed to have forgotten that this fort was defended by freemen. They were not long indulged in this error. The gallant Lawrence, with his little Spartan band, has given them a lecture that will last for ages; he has taught them what men can do when fighting for their liberties, when contending against

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flour, wine, spirituous liquors, etc., etc., to and fro. The whole flotilla amounted to about twenty-five sail. One morning I chartered the larger of these, loaded them with cotton, to the extent of about two hundred and fifty bales in all, and dispatched them to Mobile Bay, there to await my arrival. A day or two afterwards I reached the place in a small empty schooner, and lay close to Fort Mobile, before which a small English squadron was cruising, and at length began to make preparations for bombarding the fort. The attack came at last, and continued, right before my eyes, from one o'clock in the afternoon till seven in the evening. The little fort withstood the cannonade of five war vessels most bravely, and responded to it with such effect as evidently to occasion them very great damage. I now brought the whole of my little flotilla from the middle of the bay, close to the fort, and waited in my little clipper for the retreat of the British squadron. When this occurred, at sundown, I sailed along close at its heels, yet at a certain distance, and saw that it bore direct for Pensacola, where, thought I, they would be more likely to occupy themselves with repairing their damage than in capturing small craft like mine. So I returned to the bay, hauled out my flotilla, and, favored during the night by a cloudless moon and fair wind, brought it, by sunrise, safe into the harbor of Pensacola. Here I sold my cotton on the spot at twenty-two cents per pound, and in return purchased three packs of woolen blankets at five and a half to six dollars. With these I went through Mobile Bay and the small lakes back to New Orleans, where the blankets were worth from ten to eleven dollars. The proper period for the sale of that article is in December, at the beginning of the sugar crop. Everybody thought this little venture of mine a pretty thing, and greeted me on 'Change with, 'Ah, you have been to visit your friends, the English!'"

slaves. He has convinced Sir W. H. Percy that his companions in arms are not to be conquered by proclamations; that the strongest British bark is not invulnerable to the force of American artillery, directed by the steady nervous arm of a freeman.

"Louisianians!—The proud Briton, the natural and sworn enemies of all Frenchmen, has called upon you, by proclamation, to aid him in his tyranny, and to prostrate the holy temple of our liberty. Can Louisianians, can Frenchmen, can Americans, ever stoop to be the slaves or allies of Britain.

"The proud, vain-glorious boaster, Colonel Nichols, when he addressed you, Louisianians and Kentuckians, had forgotten that you were the votaries of freedom, or he would never have pledged the honor of a British officer for the faithful performance of his promise, to lure you from your fidelity to the government of your choice. I ask you, Louisianians, can we place any confidence in the honor of men who have courted an alliance with pirates and robbers? Have not these noble Britons, these honorable men, Colonel Nichols and the Honorable Captain W. H. Percy, the true representatives of their royal master, done this? Have they not made offers to the pirates of Barrataria to join them, and their holy cause? And have they not dared to insult you by calling on you to associate, as brethren, with them and this hellish banditti.

"Louisianians!—The government of your choice are engaged in a just and honorable contest for the security of your individual and her national rights. On you, a part of America, the only country on earth where every man enjoys freedom, where its blessings are alike extended to the poor and the rich, calls to protect these rights from the invading usurpation of Britain; and she calls not in vain. I well know that every man whose soul beats high at the proud title of freeman; that every Louisianian, either by birth or adoption, will promptly obey the voice of his country; will rally round the eagle of Columbia, secure it from the pending danger, or nobly die in the last ditch in its defense.

"The individual who refuses to defend his rights, when called upon by his government, deserves to be a slave, and must be punished as an enemy to his country, and a friend to her foe.

"The undersigned has been intrusted with the defense of your country. On you he relies to aid him in this important duty; in this reliance he hopes not to be mistaken. He trusts in the justice of his cause and the patriotism of his countrymen. Confident that any future attempt to invade our soil will be repelled as the last, he calls not upon either pirates or robbers to join him in the glorious cause.

"Your governor has been fully authorized by me to organize any volunteer company, battalion, or regiment which may proffer its services under this call, and is informed of their probable destination."

It was a poor return to the Lafittes to *use* the precious information they had given, and then call them a "hellish banditti." Jackson did them justice a few weeks later, and was glad enough of their help in the day of trial. The stinging epithets of the proclamation, however, sank deep into the mind of Jean Lafitte, and helped to drive him afterwards to exile and a watery grave.

It had been proposed, earlier in the war, to organize some battalions of free colored troops, as the British had long before done in the West India Islands. The plan was so strenuously objected to by some of the planters, that it was given up. The time had now come, however, when General Jackson deemed it essential to summon to the defense of the country its entire available strength. Hence, the proclamation annexed :—

"To the Free Colored Inhabitants of Louisiana:—Through a mistaken policy you have heretofore been deprived of a participation in the glorious struggle for national rights in which our country is engaged. This no longer shall exist.

"As sons of freedom, you are now called upon to defend our most inestimable blessing. As Americans, your country looks with confidence to her adopted children, for a valorous support, as a faithful return for the advantages enjoyed under her mild and equitable government. As fathers, husbands, and brothers, you are summoned to rally round the standard of the eagle to defend all which is dear in existence.

"Your country, although calling for your exertions, does not wish you to engage in her cause without amply remunerating you for the services rendered. Your intelligent minds are not to be led away by false representations. Your love of honor would cause you to despise the man who should attempt to deceive you. In the sincerity of a soldier, and the language of truth I address you.

"To every noble-hearted, generous freeman of color, volunteering to serve during the present contest with Great Britain, and no longer, there will be paid the same bounty in money and lands, now received by the white soldiers of the United States, viz., one hundred and twenty-four dollars in money, and one hundred and sixty acres of land. The non-commissioned officers and privates will also be entitled to the same monthly pay and daily rations and clothes, furnished to any American soldier.

"On enrolling yourselves in companies, the major general commanding will select officers for your government, from your white fellow-citizens. Your non-commissioned officers will be appointed from among yourselves.

"Due regard will be paid to the feelings of freemen and soldiers. You will not, by being associated with white men in the same corps, be exposed to improper comparisons or unjust sarcasm. As a distinct, independent battalion or regiment, pursuing the path of glory, you will, undivided, receive the applause and gratitude of your countrymen.

"To assure you of the sincerity of my intentions and my anxiety to engage your invaluable services to our country, I have communicated my wishes to the Governor of Louisiana, who is fully informed as to the manner of enrollment, and will give you every necessary information on the subject of this address."

These stirring appeals fell upon no reluctant ears. The whole South and West was awakening. Tennessee was already on the march. Kentucky was mustering her riflemen. Louisiana was getting ready to take the field. Mississippi was sending all her forces to Mobile. The drama was quickening its pace. Jackson and the troops at Mobile were burning with impatience to open the next scene, for which every thing was in readiness except that without which no scene in real or mimic war has much effect, "the army!"

CHAPTER LVII.

GENERAL JACKSON RETURNS COLONEL NICHOLS' VISIT.

Military events succeed one another with deceptive rapidity upon the printed page. In truth, the chief employment of a soldier's life is *waiting*. He waits half a lifetime for the breaking out of war; consuming his years in the dull barracks or the solitary fortress. He waits for months after the campaign opens for the day to arrive which decides its fate and his own. Through the long hours of the day of battle,

he waits, comprehending nothing of the hurly-burly around him, till it comes *his* turn to advance and be shot. He waits —how long he waits !—for his promotion ; waiting for dead men's epaulettes. On the parade, at the grand review, still he waits and waits for the slow development of the complicated maneuver. He is a man whose lifetime's work is done in a few thrilling hours or minutes, and the rest of his life is a waiting for those hours or minutes to come round.

After the defense of Fort Bowyer, General Jackson had to endure six weeks of most intolerable waiting. Nothing could be done before the arrival of the troops from Tennessee. To the tedium of delay was added a torturing uncertainty with regard to the nature, the extent, the proximity of the impending danger. The intelligence received through Lafitte had exasperated and roused the people ; but, after all, the Lafitte documents gave little available information. Might not these be the mere bluster of an ignorant and boastful officer, desirous to magnify his mission ? His puerile exploits at Mobile Point, his subsequent inactivity, the non-arrival of additional forces, seemed to favor the supposition. Yet other considerations, numerous and cogent, weighed against it, and kept all the General's anxiety alive. If a powerful expedition *should* arrive, which rumor with a thousand tongues foretold, to which so many probabilities pointed, New Orleans was open to its approach, and Fort Bowyer, with its battered ramparts and cracked guns, could make but a poor and brief resistance. It is not surprising that during these weeks, the chronic malady under which the General suffered should have given him many a pang, and frequently laid him prostrate for many successive hours. His attenuated form and yellow, haggard face struck every one with surprise who saw him then for the first time.

And what news is this which comes, on one of the last days of September, from Fort Jackson, towards which the General was looking for the arrival of the Tennessee troops ? Another mutiny ! A revival of the old dispute about the length of the term of service ! Two hundred men, of those

who had been called out three months before to garrison the post, defying all authority, went off rioting and tumultuous toward home! This mutiny, occurring at such an important crisis, at a station that lay in the path by which the new levies would necessarily march, kindled in Jackson's breast such rage and disgust as nothing could appease. He was absent in body from the fort, but he soon, by his orders and dispatches, made himself so powerfully present in spirit, that a large number of the deserters, if deserters they were, voluntarily returned to duty, for fear that worse might befall them. Worse did befall them. Jackson resolved to prosecute the affair to the utmost. A court martial was ordered; nearly two hundred men were placed under arrest; the trials proceeded. It will be time enough to give the particulars of this mutiny when the course of our narrative brings us to the hideous tragedy to which it led. It is mentioned here, that the reader may know precisely when it was, and in what circumstances it was, that the tidings of an outbreak, so dangerous and formidable, reached Jackson's intensely excited mind.

On the 25th of November, came, at length, an express from General Coffee, announcing his arrival on the Mobile river, with an army of twenty-eight hundred men. The next day Jackson joined him and took the command. Including the troops led by General Coffee, the garrison of Mobile, a body of mounted Mississippians, and a small number of Creek Indians, General Jackson found himself, by the 1st of November, in command of an army of four thousand men; of whom, perhaps, one thousand were troops of the regular service. A large proportion of the volunteers, not less than fifteen hundred, were mounted. It is mentioned as a signal proof of their zeal in the service, that they willingly left their horses to pasture on the Mobile river, and served as infantry during the subsequent operations; forage being scarce on the way they were next to go.

General Jackson had resolved, without waiting for any further development of the enemy's plans, to "rout the En-

glish out of Pensacola," as he was wont to express it. The press and the people of the southern States had been clamoring for this, with increasing vehemence and unanimity, ever since they had heard of the landing of Colonel Nichols. Jackson was nothing loth. In the whole range of military enterprise, no expedition could have been suggested which he would have undertaken with so keen a zest as a march upon Pensacola. If a Dante had desired to invent a heaven for Andrew Jackson at this period of his life, he would have had to assign him an endless series of Spanish governors, to whom he could dictate rasping letters *ad libitum*, and end the controversy with each successive governor by marching an army of Tennesseeans into his province, and dictating terms of submission in the streets of his capital. The western people generally shared this antipathy. Governor Blount, in one of his letters during the Creek war, says, that difficult as it was to raise men for *that* service, yet if any thing were intended against *Pensacola*, there would be no difficulty in mustering any number of troops that might be desired.

The treasure-chest being empty, Jackson was compelled to purchase supplies, partly with money of his own, and partly on the credit of the government. On the 3d of November, rations for eight days having been distributed, he marched, with three thousand men, unincumbered with baggage, toward Pensacola, and halted, on the evening of the 6th, within a mile and a half of the place.

Not less prudent than impetuous on great occasions, Jackson immediately sent forward Major Piere, of the forty-fourth infantry, with a flag, to confer with Governor Maurequez. He was ordered to give a friendly and candid explanation of the object of General Jackson; which was, not to make war upon a neutral power, nor to injure the town, nor needlessly to alarm the subjects of the Spanish king; but merely to deprive the enemies of the United States of a refuge and basis of offensive operations. Major Piere was also to demand the immediate surrender of the forts, which

General Jackson pledged himself to hold only *in trust*, and to restore uninjured as soon as the present peril of the Gulf ports was passed.

As the major approached Fort St. Michael, bearing the flag of truce, he was fired upon ; upon which he retired, and reported the fact to the General. Jackson then rode forward and discovered, upon inspecting the fort, that it was garrisoned both by British and Spanish troops, though only the Spanish ensign now floated from the flagstaff. Ordering the troops to bivouac for the night, he resolved, on the following day, to storm the town. Upon reflecting, however, that the firing upon the flag was probably the work of the English part of the garrison, he made another attempt in the course of the evening to reach the governor and bring him to terms. A Spanish corporal had been taken on the march, to whom Jackson now entrusted a message to the governor, asking an explanation of the insult to the flag. Late in the evening, the corporal returned with a verbal communication from the governor, to the effect that he was powerless in the hands of the British, who alone had been concerned in firing upon the flag of truce, and that he would gladly receive any overtures the American general might be pleased to make. Jackson, rejoicing in the prospect of a bloodless and speedy success, at once dispatched Major Piere again to the town, who was soon in the governor's presence, performing his mission. Jackson had hastily written a letter to Maurequez, summing up his demands and purposes in his brief, decisive way. "I come," said he, "not as the enemy of Spain ; not to make war, but to ask for peace ; to demand security for my country, and that respect to which she is entitled and must receive. My force is sufficient, and my determination taken, to prevent a future repetition of the injuries she has received. I demand, therefore, the possession of the Barrancas, and other fortifications, with all your munitions of war. If delivered peaceably, the whole will be receipted for and become the subject of future arrangement by our respective governments ; while the property, laws, and religion of your citizens shall be re-

spected. But if taken by an appeal to arms, let the blood of your subjects be upon your own head. I will not hold myself responsible for the conduct of my enraged soldiers. One hour is given you for deliberation, when your determination must be had."

The governor left Major Piere alone, and consulted with his officers. He returned after a short absence, and said, apparently with reluctance, for the man was in a sore strait between two, and cared only for the preservation of his town, that the terms proposed by General Jackson could not be acceded to. In the small hours of the morning, Major Piere returned to the General, and reported the governor's answer.

"Turn out the troops," was Jackson's sole commentary upon the events of the night.

An hour before daylight, the men were under arms and ready to advance. They had slept upon the main road leading into the town; a road commanded by Fort St. Michael, and exposed to the full force of a cannonade of seven British men-of-war that lay at anchor in the harbor. But let the General himself state the events of the morning:—

"On the morning of the 7th," he wrote to Governor Blount, a few days after, "I marched with the effective regulars of the third, thirty-ninth and fourth infantry, part of General Coffee's brigade, the Mississippi dragoons, and part of the West Tennessee regiment, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Hammonds (Colonel Lowry having deserted and gone home), and part of the Choctaws, led by Major Blue of the thirty-ninth, and Major Kennedy, of Mississippi Territory. Being encamped on the west of the town, I calculated they would expect the assault from that quarter, and be prepared to rake me from the fort, and the British armed vessels, seven in number, that lay in the bay. To cherish this idea, I sent out part of the mounted men to show themselves on the west, while I passed in rear of the fort undiscovered to the east of the town. When I appeared within a mile I was in full view. My pride was never more heightened than in viewing the uniform firmness of my troops, and with what undaunted

courage they advanced, with a strong fort ready to assail them on the right; seven armed vessels on the left; strong block houses and batteries of cannon in their front; but they still advanced with unshaken firmness, and entered the town, when a battery of two cannon was opened upon the center column, composed of regulars, with ball and grape, and a shower of musketry from the houses and gardens. The battery was immediately stormed by Captain Laval and his company, and carried, and the musketry was soon silenced by the steady and well-directed fire of the regulars."

In storming the battery, Captain Laval fell severely wounded, but the troops pressed forward into the town, and took a second battery before the party posted in it could more than three times reload. There was still some firing from behind houses and garden walls, when the governor, in utter consternation, ran out into the streets bearing a white flag to find the General. He came up first with Colonel Williamson and Colonel Smith, commanding the dismounted troops, to whom he addressed himself with faltering speech, entreating them to spare the town, and promising to consent to whatever terms the General in command might propose. Jackson, who had halted for a moment at the spot where Captain Laval had fallen, soon rode up, and hearing what had occurred, proceeded to the governor's house, where he received in person the assurance that all the forts should be instantly surrendered.

Hostilities ceased. Owing to what General Jackson styled "Spanish treachery," but probably to the confusion and bewilderment that prevailed, and the consequent misunderstanding of orders; or perhaps to the irresolution of the governor and his desire to stand excused in the eyes of his English friends, the forts were *not* instantly surrendered. More than once in the course of the day, Jackson, exasperated at the delay, was about to open fire upon them. But, one by one, the forts were given up, and late in the evening the town was fully his own.

The town, but not the *port*,—which was far more impor-

tant. Fort Barrancas, six miles distant, which commanded the mouth of the harbor, was in the hands of the English, and gave complete protection to their fleet. Maurequez had given a written order for its surrender, addressed to the nominal commandant, and Jackson was prepared to march, with the dawn of the next day, to receive it, if the order were obeyed ; to carry it by storm, if it were not.

He was still in hopes that by the prompt seizure of Fort Barrancas he could catch the British fleet as in a trap, and either force it to surrender, or do it terrible damage if it should attempt to escape. But before the dawn of day a tremendous explosion was heard in the direction of the mouth of the harbor. Then another explosion, not so loud ; and, a few seconds later, a third. There was little doubt what had occurred. Early in the morning a party that was sent out to reconnoiter returned with the intelligence that Fort Barrancas was a heap of ruins, and that the British vessels had disappeared from the bay. Colonel Nichols, Captain Woodbine, the garrison, and some hundreds of friendly Indians, had gone off with the ships, leaving their friend Maurequez to settle it with the American General as best he could.

It is remarkable that neither Nichols nor Woodbine, nor their regimented Indians, had been seen in the action of the day before—much to the surprise of the American troops, who had heard so much of the redoubtable "commander of his Majesty's forces at Pensacola." With regard to the Indians, the name of JACKSON had become such a terror to the southern tribes that probably no influence that could have been brought to bear upon their minds could have induced them to stand in arms against him. A striking anecdote related by that benevolent friend to the Indians, Colonel McHenry, may serve to illustrate this. He was sitting in his tent, on the banks of the lower Mississippi, several years after these events, when a party of half-drunken Indians came staggering and rioting up to his fire before the tent.

"One of them passing on," he says, "came to the door of my tent, and pulling aside the curtain, began to reel in, with gestures of a sort that intimated his intention to take possession. The light from the fire made every thing bright, almost as day. I knew one side or the other must be master; so I ran my fingers through the guards of two of the pistols, and springing to my feet, took him by the neck and gave him a shove. He lost his balance and tumbled heels over head; when the remaining five seizing, some their knives, and some their rifles, made for me. Seeing my pistols cocked, and pointed in the direction of the two foremost, a pause was made, accompanied by silence; when one, who had been too drunk to come up with the rest, rose upon his feet, and stretching out his arm, and pointing at me with his finger, said, in a loud voice, 'JACKSON!' That moment knives were put up, and rifles lowered, and I became the object of a general gaze. Shortly after, they all, in tolerable quiet, left the ground. My hair being gray, and having grown unusually long, and it having been always my practice to wear it thrown up from my forehead, this Indian, having doubtless seen General Jackson, and his hair also being gray, and worn after the same fashion, concluded that the General was sure enough before him. He had not only seen General Jackson, but was, there is little doubt, acquainted with his manner of handling Indians, and thought it best, therefore, with his comrades, not to place himself in a situation where the same sort of treatment might be enacted over again."

Governor Maurequez, justly indignant at the desertion of his allies, and his faith in their prowess, which had been shaken by their defeat at Fort Bowyer, being now completely destroyed, transferred his affections to General Jackson. He was profuse in his professions of friendship to the General, and extolled highly the conduct of his troops, who had scrupulously respected the property and the feelings of the inhabitants. When the British officers offered, a few weeks later, to assist in rebuilding Fort Barrancas, the governor is said to have refused the offer, adding that whenever he had need of assistance he should apply to his friend General Jackson.

The sudden departure of the British fleet was not less alarming than disappointing to the American General. Whither had they gone? The most probable supposition was that they were hastening away to attack Fort Bowyer

and capture Mobile in the absence of the troops! To retain Pensacola, in the circumstances, was equally needless and impossible. Sending off a dispatch to warn the garrison of Fort Bowyer of their danger, the General at once prepared to evacuate the town, and fly to the defense of Mobile. The next morning he was in full march. Not a man had been lost. Less than twenty of the troops had been wounded, of whom Captain Laval alone was obliged to be left behind to the care of Governor Maurequez. The gallant captain received every attention which his situation required. He recovered from his wound, and still lives, an honored citizen of Charleston, to tell the story of his own and his General's exploits.

This dash of General Jackson into Florida well illustrates his audacity and promptitude. Observe the dates: on the 3d of November he left the banks of the Mobile. On the 6th he reached Pensacola. On the 7th he was master of the town. On the 8th the British took the alarm and fled. On the 9th Jackson set out on his return. On the 11th he was again on the Mobile, ready for the reception of Colonel Nichols.

When the invasion of Florida was known at Washington, and in the northern States, it by no means met with general approval. The Federal papers, of course, denounced the act as a wanton violation of the soil of a friendly power, and one which was likely to lead to an immediate declaration of war on the part of Spain. The Spanish ambassador wrote a protesting dispatch. The administration itself was no doubt secretly displeased at having to encounter a new danger, and a new pretext of attack. The West, the South, the Democratic party, and the Democratic press, sustained and applauded the invasion.

To discuss the right or the wrong of so natural a *retort* to the attack on Fort Bowyer, would be to insult the understanding of the reader. A more right action was never done in war than the invasion of Florida in 1814. It was plain to every man in the South, that as long as the British held Pen-

sacola and used Pensacola as their own, issuing from it to attack, and retiring to it to recruit, at their pleasure, the coast of the Gulf of Mexico could not be safe from invasion for one day. It was folly to calculate upon Fort Bowyer's sustaining a second cannonade. With Mobile in the hands of the enemy, it would require all the little force that Jackson could hope to assemble, to overlook and hem him in *there ;* leaving New Orleans defenseless. And of what avail would it be to defend New Orleans, if the mouth of the Mobile and its great system of tributaries, extending hundreds of miles into the heart of the country, were held by an enemy ? No : it was a wise, it was a necessary movement ; and it was executed with as much prudence as audacity. Would that all of General Jackson's audacities were equally susceptible of justification !

Jackson waited in the vicinity of Mobile for ten days in expectation of the arrival of Colonel Nichols. That officer did not appear, and from the top of Fort Bowyer no approaching fleet was descried. At length, came intelligence that Nichols, Woodbine, and their Indians, had been landed at Appalachicola, where they were fortifying a position in all haste. Against them, Jackson dispatched a body of troops and friendly Creeks, under Major Blue, who, after many remarkable adventures and some severe fighting, drove the savages into the interior, and Colonel Nichols from the peninsula. He will return, however ; and we shall meet him there again, a few hundred pages hence, little wiser for the experience he had had of Florida campaigning.

General Jackson, now freed from apprehension for the safety of Mobile, could direct all his thoughts to the defense of New Orleans. He left Mobile in command of General Winchester of the regular army. Fort Bowyer was still intrusted to the brave Major Lawrence. General Coffee was ordered to move by easy marches towards New Orleans ; choosing the roads and the course that promised the best forage. On the 22d of November, the General, without any

escort but his staff, mounted horse and rode off in the same direction. He had a journey before him of a hundred and seventy miles, over the roads of forty-five years ago. Riding a little more than seventeen miles a day, he arrived within one short stage of New Orleans on the 1st of December.

APPENDICES.

I.

GENERAL JACKSON'S BIRTH-PLACE.

The following letter, received too late for use at the proper place, from James F. White, Esq., of Fort Mills, York District, South Carolina, is confirmatory of the early part of our narrative. Mr. White is a gentleman of the highest respectability, a very old resident near the boundary line of the Carolinas. He relates the recollections of an aunt, long since deceased:—

"I will first give you the age of the old aunt spoken of, from a family record. She was born in the year 1756, being eleven years old at the time of General Jackson's birth, quite old enough to recollect perfectly such an incident taking place at a short distance from her father's residence. Major Robert Crawford's wife and she were first cousins; at whose house, from her report, she frequently visited. She said that General Andrew Jackson was born at a place called Davis, in North Carolina; Davis might have been some original occupier of the place. She said, that a short time after the birth of her son, the widow moved over to the South Carolina side. She and her children became dependent on the charities of the Irish settlers of the Waxhaws, especially the Crawfords. She said that Andrew Jackson attended a school, taught in the Waxhaws, by one Humphreys. This school broke up about the time of General Gates' defeat, and was not resumed again. At this school General Jackson received his first and last Latin lessons. Shortly after the close of the war, General Jackson studied law in Salisbury, N. C., and, to the best of my recollection, she said that he (Jackson) commenced the practice of the law at Charlotte; have no recollection of hearing it said that the General ever taught school. Never heard of the father of Jackson being a landholder, but believe, from the old story about the family of Jackson, they must have been very poor, and of that class of Irish emigrants, denominated thriftless. My aunt persisted in asserting, to the day of her death, that General Jackson was born in North Carolina, a short distance east of the main road leading from Lancasterville

to Charlotte, and near where the said road crosses Waxhaw Creek. I do not recollect to have ever heard my aunt speak of the General's father. She seems to have become acquainted with the family about the time of the birth of Andrew Jackson. From her being acquainted with the removal of Jackson's mother to Waxhaw, and that too, so soon after the birth, it is fair to conclude that the father had died before the child was born. This is the sum of my knowledge of the parentage and early life of General Jackson, in the Waxhaws."

II.

EARLY LAW PRACTICE IN TENNESSEE.

The following extraordinary advertisement is copied from a Tennessee paper, and is respectfully dedicated to young practitioners at the Bar :

FIAT JUSTITIA.

Having adopted the above motto as early as I had the honor of admission to the bar, I have covenanted with myself that I will never knowingly depart from it, and on this foundation I have built a few maxims which afford my reflections an unspeakable satisfaction :

1. I will practice law because it offers to me opportunities of being a more useful member of society.

2. I will turn a deaf ear to no man because his purse is empty.

3. I will advise no man beyond my comprehension of his cause.

4. I will bring none into law who my conscience tells me should be kept out.

5. I will never be unmindful of the cause of humanity; and this comprehends the widows, fatherless, and those in bondage.

6. I will be faithful to my client, but never so unfaithful to myself as to become a party in his crime.

7. In criminal cases I will not underrate my own abilities; for if my client proves a rascal, his money is better in my hands; and if not, I hold the option.

8. I will never acknowledge the omnipotence of the Legislature; or consider their acts to be law beyond the spirit of the Constitution.

9. No man's greatness shall elevate him above the justice due to my client.

10. I will not consent to a compromise where I conceive a verdict essen-

tial to my client's future reputation or protection; for of this he can not be a complete judge.

11. I will advise the turbulent with candor, and if they will go to law against my advice, they must pardon me for volunteering it against them.

12. I will acknowledge every man's right to manage his own cause if he pleases.

The above are my rules of practice, and though I will not (at any critical juncture) promise to finish my business in person, if the public interest should require my removal from hence, I will do every thing in my power for those who like them, and endeavor to leave it in proper hands if I should be absent. WILLIAM TATHAM.

KNOXVILLE, *Tenn.*

—*Royal Gazette and Bahama Advertiser*, NASSUA, NEW PROVIDENCE, May 9th, 1818.

III.

THE CREEK WAR.

Statement of certain Tennessee Volunteers who Served under General Jackson in the Creek War.

ON the tenth of December, eighteen hundred and twelve, the Volunteers, in pursuance of orders from General Jackson, rendezvoused at Nashville, and were mustered into the service of the United States, by Robert Hays, muster master or inspector of the division, under whose direction and inspection, muster rolls were made out, designating the date of enrollment or enlistment, tenth of December, eighteen hundred and twelve, with the date at which their term of service would expire, tenth of December, eighteen hundred and thirteen. Copies of these rolls were furnished the inspectors and paymasters, and recorded in the company books of each captain. The acts of Congress of February sixth, eighteen hundred and twelve, authorizing the President to accept of fifty thousand volunteers, (of which these constituted a part,) after prescribing the mode of tender, acceptance, etc., provides that if they shall be called into actual service, they shall be bound to continue in service twelve months from the time they shall have arrived at the place of rendezvous, unless sooner discharged. From the provision in that law, it was believed by the whole detachment, that they could not be kept in service beyond the time limited by the muster rolls, the only written evidence of their engagement with government.

Under these impressions the volunteers descended the Mississippi, and arrived at Washington, at which place they were stationed until about the fifteenth of March, eighteen hundred and thirteen, when the General communicated to them an order said by him to have been just then received from the War Department, of which the following is (in substance) a copy:

"WAR DEPARTMENT, 15th January, 1813.

"The purposes for embodying and marching to New Orleans the troops under your command having ceased to exist, you will, on the receipt of this letter, dismiss them from public service and take measures for delivering over every article of public property in your possession to Major General Wilkinson. JOHN ARMSTRONG."

The General, for certain reasons, did not literally obey this order, but marched the detachment back to that section of country from which they had been taken, and after having them regularly mustered out of service, gave to each non-commissioned officer and private a certificate in the following words:

"I certify that A. B. enrolled himself as a volunteer under the acts of Congress, of February sixth and July sixth, eighteen hundred and twelve, and has served as such under my command, on a tour to the Natchez country, from the tenth of December, eighteen hundred and twelve, until the twentieth of April, eighteen hundred and thirteen, and is hereby discharged.

"ANDREW JACKSON, Major General."

Thus the volunteers thought themselves absolved from the obligation they had come under by their tender. This opinion was supported by the fact, that the arms which they had received from the government as a reward for their patriotism, they were permitted to carry with them without any injunction not to part from them; and if further evidence had been necessary to satisfy them of the validity of that certificate, as a complete discharge, the General's declarations on that day were conclusive, to wit: "The discharge was good and complete."

In this belief the men returned to their respective homes, not expecting again to be called on in virtue of their former tender. In September a campaign against the Creek Indians was determined on, and the volunteers ordered again to take the field. Whether this order originated in Nashville or in Washington city, is a question worthy of consideration. In this they were told they owed further service pursuant to their former tender They were also told, that the Secretary of War had informed General Jackson that they were not discharged, because the power of discharging

was not vested in him, nor had, as he believes, the President that power, until the term of service expired. Notwithstanding all this, there was a disinclination to obey the order of the General, not only on account of the sacrifice of personal consideration, but because they had been once discharged, and an attempt to bring them into service again under their former tender, was an abuse of their rights. A circumstance, however, which had taken place before the issuance of this order, had the greatest influence in bringing the volunteers to the belief that they owed further service. When a committee, composed of volunteer officers and others, met at Nashville in September last for the purpose of devising the most speedy and effectual means of affording aid to the settlers on Mobile and Tombigbee, a sub-committee was appointed to wait on General Jackson (then confined in his bed in town) for the purpose of obtaining his opinion on some particular points touching their deliberations. In the course of the conversation, a campaign against the Creek Indians was spoken of as the most effectual way of defending those settlements, and at the same time the United States Volunteers were named as a desirable force, on which a question arose as to the legality of calling them out, having been discharged from public service by the proper authority. The General replied to this, that the Secretary at War had settled that question, and produced a letter purporting to have been received from Mr. Campbell, in Congress, stating the Secretary at War had said the volunteers were not discharged, and that neither he nor the President had the power of discharging. To this the General added, that if they had not been discharged, they were still in service and entitled to pay for the whole time. This opinion of the General was circulated with great industry by all the officers, several of whom were present, and prevailed on the men to relinquish the idea of having been legally discharged, and to adopt that of being bound for further service. This latter opinion was the more readily adopted when it was recollected that the acts under which they had engaged placed them under the same rules and regulations which governed regular troops. The men now began to inquire at what time they would be entitled to a discharge, and from a view of the laws under which they engaged, and the muster rolls, no other conclusion could be drawn but that they would be entitled to a discharge on the tenth of December, eighteen hundred and thirteen. From these considerations, and with assurances from their officers that they would not, by any fair construction of the law, be kept longer than that time, the men were generally induced to enter the field. Taken at this surprise, and precipitated from their homes with only two or three days' notice, they were badly provided for a long winter campaign.

As the tenth of December approached, they began to speak of being discharged on that day, not in secret as men about to mutiny would do,

but publicly, as an indubitable right. This was communicated officially to the General, who replied (in substance) that the claim was founded in error; that they had engaged to serve one complete year, and denied ever having discharged them; that that year would not be completed for four or five months to come, and until it was he could not discharge them, without express authority from the President; that he had written to the Governor of Tennessee for permission to discharge them; that if he would even hint at such permission, he would obey it as a command; that so soon as Colonel Carroll arrived with reinforcements, soon expected (if the Governor should not have power to discharge,) he would permit those who were discontented to return home, and concluded by declaring that if they attempted to leave the camp it should be at the hazard of their lives. In vain they represented the time and manner of their engagement, their discharge in April last, their unexpected and sudden call to the field, their naked situation, the deranged condition of their domestic affairs, owing to their absence from home during the last campaign, and, last of all, they claimed to be discharged as their right. The General was reminded of what he had said on the validity of their discharges at Columbia. To this he replied with extreme intemperance, and the more they urged their claim, the more violence was opposed to it, until the night of the ninth December presented a scene to be remembered only with horror and indignation. The men quietly in their camps between eight and nine o'clock, P. M., were ordered to form in front of the fort for the purpose of being disarmed by the militia. After being formed, they were insultingly charged by the General with mutiny, desertion, and many other opprobrious expressions; he concluded by saying that the flash of the cannon should be the signal of their destruction. It was denied that the troops were in a state of mutiny; they only asked an indulgence of their rights. At this time the militia were in front of the line, for the purpose of disarming the volunteers, the cannon loaded, manned, and stationed, under the immediate direction of the General, so as to rake the line, and other arrangements made to carry on the work of death. After the General had disgorged his rage, he proposed their waiting the arrival of Major Searcy or Colonel Carroll, as before mentioned; this was assented to, and the brigade dismissed. On the thirteenth, the General addressed the volunteers in a manner calculated to insult and wound their feelings, and immediately issued an order to General Hall, commanding him to march the brigade to Nashville, and there await the orders of Governor Blount and the President of the United States. On the fourteenth the line of march was taken up, and on the twenty-fifth they arrived at Fayetteville, where, by the advice of the Governor, they were dismissed until further orders.

During the dispute between the volunteers and the General, *they* behaved with their usual subordination and decorum, having determined not

to disperse without an honorable discharge. They contended for this with a respectful firmness, not to be shaken by boisterous threats. Many of the officers advised the General to use conciliatory measures. They believed that although the men never would relinquish their right to be discharged, yet by proper management the services of a great part might be continued. This advice was treated as an idle tale, and none but coercive measures resorted to. Under these circumstances, the men felt as might be expected. When they were denied, by the arm of military power, the exercise of a right guaranteed by the laws and Constitution of the country, and traduced for modestly and respectfully asking the indulgence of that right, they could but feel the indignation to be expected from freemen. They felt mortified at leaving the service under existing circumstances, but a choice of evils only being left them, either to go off in the manner proposed, or passively submit to an unqualified abuse of their best rights, they preferred the former, believing that the example of the latter, when once set, would gain strength with the use, and be difficult to correct.

Wm. Hall, Brig. Gen. T. V.
E. Bradley, C. C. 1st R. T. V.
S. D. Lauderdale, Lt. C. T. V.
Wm. Martin, Lt. C. 2d R. T. V.
W. L. Alexander, Maj. 1st R. T. V.
H. L. Douglass, Capt. 1st R. T. V., and Aid-de-camp.
D. Humphreys, Brigade Major.
R. Alexander, Brig. Q. Master.

Gallatin, March 4, 1814.

IV.

TREATY OF FORT JACKSON.

Articles of Agreement and Capitulation made and concluded this 9th day of August, 1814, *between Major General Andrew Jackson, on behalf of the President of the United States of America, and the Chiefs, Deputies and Warriors of the Creek Nation.*

Whereas, an unprovoked, inhuman and sanguinary war, waged by the hostile Creeks against the United States, hath been repelled, prosecuted and determined successfully on the part of said States, in conformity with prin-

ciples of national justice and honorable warfare; and whereas, consideration is due to the rectitude of proceeding dictated by instructions relating to the reëstablishment of peace; be it remembered that, prior to the conquest of that part of the Creek nation hostile to the United States, numberless aggressions have been committed against the peace, the property and the lives of citizens of the United States, and those of the Creek nation in amity with her, at the mouth of Duck river, Fort Mims and elsewhere, contrary to national faith, and the regard due to an article of the treaty concluded at New York, in the year 1790, between the two nations; that the United States, previous to the perpetration of such outrages, did, in order to insure future amity and concord between the Creek nation and the said States, in conformity with the stipulations of former treaties, fulfill, with punctuality and good faith, her engagements to the said nation; that more than two thirds of the whole number of chiefs and warriors of the Creek nation, disregarding the genuine spirit of existing treaties, suffered themselves to be instigated to violations of their national honor, and the respect due to a part of their own nation, faithful to the United States and the principles of humanity, by impostors denominating themselves prophets, and by the duplicity and misrepresentation of foreign emissaries, whose governments are at war, open or understood, with the United States. Wherefore,

Article 1. The United States demand an equivalent for all expenses incurred in prosecuting the war to its termination, by a cession of all the territory belonging to the Creek nation within the territories of the United States lying west, south and south-eastwardly of a line to be run and described by persons duly authorized and appointed by the President of the United States, beginning at a point on the easterly bank of the Coosa river, where the south boundary line of the Cherokee nation crosses the same; running from thence down the said Coosa river, with its eastern bank, according to its various meanders, to a point one mile above the mouth of Cedar creek, at Fort Williams, thence east two miles, thence south two, thence west, to the eastern bank of the said Coosa river, thence down the eastern bank thereof, according to its various meanders to a point opposite the upper end of the great falls (called by the natives Woetumka), thence east, from a true meridian line, to a point due north of the Ofuceskee, thence south, by a like meridian line, to the mouth of the Ofuceskee, on the south side of the Tallapoosa river, thence up the same, according to its various meanders, to a point where a direct course will cross the same, at the distance of ten miles from the mouth thereof; thence a direct line to the mouth of Summochico creek, which empties into the Chatahouchie river on the east side thereof, below the Eufaulan town; thence east, from a true meridian line, to a point which shall intersect the line now dividing the lands claimed by the said Creek nation from those claimed and owned by

the State of Georgia: provided, nevertheless, that where any possession of any chief or warrior of the Creek nation, who shall have been friendly to the United States during the war, and taken an active part therein, shall be within the territory ceded by these articles to the United States, every such person shall be entitled to a reservation of land within the said territory, of one mile square, to include his improvements, as near the center thereof as may be, which shall inure to the said chief or warrior, and his descendants, so long as he or they shall continue to occupy the same, who shall be protected by and subject to the laws of the United States; but upon the voluntary abandonment thereof, by such possessor or his descendants, the right of occupancy or possession of said lands shall devolve to the United States, and be identified with the right of property ceded hereby.

Article 2. The United States will guarantee to the Creek nation the integrity of all their territory eastwardly and northwardly of the said line, to be run and described as mentioned in the first article.

Article 3. The United States demand that the Creek nation abandon all communication and cease to hold any intercourse with any British or Spanish post, garrison, or town; and that they shall not admit among them any agent or trader, who shall not derive authority to hold commercial, or other intercourse with them, by license from the President or authorized agent of the United States.

Article 4. The United States demand an acknowledgment of the right to establish military posts and trading houses and to open roads within the territory guarantied to the Creek nation by the second article, and a right to the free navigation of all its waters.

Article 5. The United States demand, that a surrender be immediately made, of all the persons and property taken from the citizens of the United States, the friendly part of the Creek nation, the Cherokee, Chickasaw, and Choctaw nations to the respective owners; and the United States will cause to be immediately restored to the formerly hostile Creeks, all property taken from them since their submission, either by the United States, or by any Indian nation in amity with the United States, together with all the prisoners taken from them during the war.

Article 6. The United States demand the caption and surrender of all the prophets and instigators of the war, whether foreigners or natives, who have not submitted to the arms of the United States, and become parties to these articles of capitulation, if ever they shall be found within the territory guarantied to the Creek nation by the second article.

Article 7. The Creek nation being reduced to extreme want, and not at present having the means of subsistence, the United States, from motives of humanity, will continue to furnish, gratuitously, the necessaries of life until the crops of corn can be considered competent to yield the nation a

supply, and will establish trading houses in the nation, at the discretion of the President of the United States, and at such places as he shall direct, to enable the nation, by industry and economy, to procure clothing.

Article 8. A permanent peace shall ensue from the date of these presents, for ever, between the Creek nation and the United States, and between the Creek nation and the Cherokee, Chickasaw, and Choctaw nations.

Article 9. If in running east from the mouth of Sumnochico creek, it shall so happen that the settlement of the Kinnards fall within the lines of the territory hereby ceded, then, and in that case, the line shall be run east in a true meridian, to Kitchofoonee creek, thence down the middle of said creek to its junction with Flint river, immediately below the Oakmulgee, town, thence up the middle of Flint river, to a point due east of that at which the above line struck the Kitchofoonee creek, thence east to the old line hereinbefore mentioned; to wit, the line dividing the lands claimed by the Creek nation from those claimed and owned by the State of Georgia.

The parties to these presents, after due consideration for themselves and their constituents, agree to ratify and confirm the preceding articles, and constitute them the basis of a permanent peace between the two nations; and they do hereby solemnly bind themselves, and all the parties concerned and interested, to a faithful performance of every stipulation contained therein.*

* Indian Treaties. Washington, 1826, p. 207.

END OF VOL. I.

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